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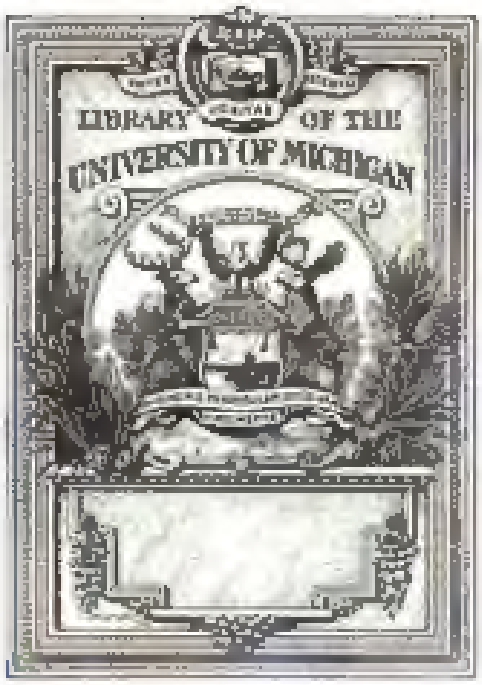

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THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY

CHARLES HANBURY-WILLIAMS

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THE INTELLECTUAL CONDITION OF THE LABOUR PARTY

(Concluding Article)

VII

I POINTED out, in the preceding article, how the Labour Members, who claim Ruskin as their master in social science, have, whilst adopting many opinions which Ruskin himself would have repudiated, faithfully reproduced the general faults of his method. I illustrated this by an examination of their conceptions of labour and capital, to the former of which they attribute a grotesquely exaggerated importance, whilst the essential function of the latter altogether escapes them, precisely as it escaped Ruskin. I shall presently turn to considerations of a wider and a different kind; but first I shall speak briefly of another matter immediately connected with the preceding—namely, Ruskin's conception of riches, and the art of getting personally rich, which has descended unquestioned to his eager disciples of to-day.

Ruskin's conception of the process in which riches originate is, as we have seen already, described by him in his oracular assertion that "the art of getting rich is necessarily and always the art of keeping your neighbour poor." As I observed when commenting on this utterance before, Ruskin might just as well have said that the art of teaching is necessarily the art of

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keeping your neighbours ignorant; or that the art of painting a great picture is necessarily the art of making other men paint bad ones. The error of Ruskin and of his disciples among the Labour Members is this. They look upon the art of getting rich as being essentially an art of acquisition, like the art of collecting old china. Fundamentally, essentially, and typically, it is something entirely different. It is fundamentally an art, not of acquisition but of creation. Directly or indirectly, the private fortunes of to-day represent, not acquisitions or abstractions from a total produced by others: they represent portions of an increment *retained* by the men who are themselves the cause of it, and without whose exceptional activities it would not have been produced at all. The facts indeed, in Ruskin's conception of them, are simply turned upside down; and this inverted conception, as adopted by the Labour Members of to-day, is constantly revealing its absurdity in their language as to practical questions.

Of this I will give two examples.

One is an assertion which is sure to figure in their speeches whenever the subject before them is the nationalisation of railways. The State in this country, so their assertion runs—and the wording of it is invariably the same—"has allowed private persons to seize on the national means of communication." Now "the national means of communication"—namely railways and locomotive engines—have not existed in this country or anywhere for a period so long as the normal lifetime of a man; and when they began to exist some seventy-five years ago, to what was their existence due? It was due to the genius and enterprise of a number of private persons. Without these private persons there would have been no railways at all; and so far was the State from allowing such persons to seize on them, that only under pressure and grudgingly did it allow private persons to create them. To say that any seizing took place in the case is like saying of a Socialist writing a book on Socialism that the State allowed him to seize on a national manuscript, or of any half-dozen of the greatest

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painters of to-day that the State was allowing them to seize on all the gems of contemporary art.

Another example of the same fatuous perversity is to be found in an assertion no less common than the above, the gist of which is that whatever may have been the agencies (such as the genius and enterprise of the few) to which the increase of modern wealth has owed its origin in the past, the increase is an accomplished fact; and the only problem now is how to redistribute it equitably. Here we have the Ruskinian conception of wealth as a permanent something which can be seized on and cut up anyhow, revealing its absurdity in another and yet more striking way. For even if the whole of the wealth at this moment existing in the world were susceptible of redivision by the political power of a democracy, to suppose that the end in view would be thus finally achieved is like supposing that the human race can be fed to the end of time by an equal division of the grain now in its granaries. By the end of the year the divided wealth will be gone and will have to be reproduced as though it had never existed. The means of production must once more be reorganised; and these are not so much a possession as a ceaseless living process, incomparably more complex than the products in which it issues. The consumable products result from it as fruit results from a tree; and the crop, however abundant it may be to-day, is liable to blight to-morrow if the life-giving process is interfered with.

So long as the aspirations of the Labour Party involve, as they do now, a neglect of these fundamental facts, they must either be barren of all results, or else lead (as they very possibly may do) to injuries to the industrial organism, of which labour will be the first victim.

It is, however, probable that the Labour Members, if appealed to privately, would deny that their ideas were so crude as those which have been here attributed to them. They would probably admit in private that mere manual labour is, under modern conditions, generally unproductive unless

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directed and co-ordinated; and that the business of directing labour is distinct from that of labour itself. We, have, however, not been concerning ourselves with the principles which they recognise in private, but with the principles which they appeal to as a body, in their public utterances and their programmes. The crudity of these has, in the preceding criticism, been underestimated, rather than exaggerated; but behind the principles to which at present they appeal in public, there certainly do lurk others waiting to be brought forward, by which this crudity may at first sight seem to be modified. We will now consider these. We shall find them to be no less completely, though perhaps less obviously fallacious than the others, and to show an even greater inacquaintance with the realities of human nature generally.

VIII

There is a body of men who, though not calling themselves a Labour Party, are endeavouring, by practical experiment, to solve the economic problem which the Labour Party in Parliament relegate to the sphere of political and legislative revolution. These are the men who have applied, and are still applying, to the business of actual production the principle which they call the "co-operative." Every process of production in which more than one man participates, is of course co-operative, but the word as thus used has a technical and distinctive meaning. It designates co-operation on equal or approximately equal terms. The ideal co-operative factory would be owned in equal shares by all those working in it, and each would draw an equal dividend. Each shareholder would, moreover, have an equal voice in its management. That management and labour are, however, distinct things, and that the difficulty lies in securing the former and not the latter, is a truth which co-operative producers are daily being taught to realise; and the remuneration of adequate managers and the powers with which it is necessary to invest them have always

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conflicted with the dreams and counsels of equality which is the aim of many, if not all, of the co-operators to realise. Co-operative factories, indeed, have always a tendency to assimilate themselves to factories of the ordinary type, in which wages are paid partly by profit-sharing, while the managers, in their powers and position, approximate to the private master.

In so far as such experiences of the instability of the co-operative principle are not accepted as final, the fighting article of the co-operator's creed is this: that managing ability of the highest possible kind will in the long run become procurable as it is wanted, without any of those accompanying inequalities which have distinguished its exercise hitherto. Now this belief or assumption, which is the beacon of the co-operator's hope, must mean one or other of the three following things. It may mean that the managing and directing ability, which has hitherto operated through exceptionally-gifted individuals, such as James Watt for example, will presently find its substitute in the organised common sense of the majority; or else that, if the talent of exceptional individuals remain necessary, such individuals will, in the presence of enlarged opportunities, prove to be so numerous as to command no special reward; or else that, even in the future they are no less rare than now, they will cease to expect the rewards which have hitherto crowned their efforts, and work for a penny as eagerly as they now work for a pound. Thus, on the first of these suppositions, every thousand factory-hands would possess in their joint wisdom all Watt's inventive faculties. According to the second supposition, the Watts would still be individuals, but from every thousand workmen we could pick them out by the hundred. According to the third, they would remain as rare as history has thus far shown them to be; but would, in contradiction to all their characteristics hitherto, continue as before to add millions to the world's wealth, but demand no other reward than the wages of a blacksmith or a bricklayer.

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The first and the second suppositions hardly require discussion, but the last, though when badly stated it sounds the most absurd of the three, cannot be profitably dismissed in quite so curt a way. It would only require, in order to render it true, a modification of what Ruskin describes as the "affectionate" elements in man's character; and it would not require that even this modification should be universal. It need only extend itself to one limited class of men—namely those who are exceptionally efficient in the domain of economic production—the mathematicians and chemists, the men of mechanical genius, who possess the special faculty of applying knowledge to the purposes of daily life, the men possessed of what M. Ribot has called "the commercial imagination," the men of concentrated purpose and strong practical will, the men with the tact and daring which enable them to marshal and guide others. It is these men only whose characters it would be necessary to modify. Hitherto these men as a class, all through the world's history, have exerted their power of wealth-production with a view to realising, retaining, and exerting it in other and more general forms. What co-operation (as understood by the "co-operator," the Socialist, or the Labour Member) requires is, that these men should become so changed in their dispositions that, whilst still as eager as ever to exert their distinctive power, they will exert it, not with a view to retaining it and using it themselves, but with a view to getting rid of it as fast as it is externalised in its results, of emptying themselves of it, and allowing it to diffuse itself amongst others; and here and there men have no doubt arisen, who, moved by imagination and emotion, have in some degree acted thus; but even with them this emptying of themselves has been very far from complete. They have been willing to surrender their wealth, but there has been dictatorship in the very act of surrender. They have surrendered it, but on their own terms, not on the terms of any rival enthusiast. A variation from the present normal type, which was not complete even in isolated cases such as these, the utopia of the

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co-operator and the Labour Member would require to be complete, permanent, and instinctive, in the case of all such exceptional men alike.

Now, is there any chance of this general change taking place? Here we have a question the answer to which can be derived from one source only, namely a knowledge of human nature, founded on observation, experience, and the evidence of human history; and the human nature with which we are here concerned is human nature as it exhibits itself in the particular class in question. In such knowledge the leaders of the Labour movement are not only notoriously deficient, but they are evidently unaware of its necessity. Their knowledge, such as it is, is a knowledge of the ordinary man; and they take his motives, without any qualification, as a type of motive in general. Amongst ordinary men they doubtless come across numbers who are persuaded that they, if they could produce great wealth themselves, would gladly do so for the pleasure of giving it away; but they fail to produce it, for they cannot; and if they could, their faculties and their characters would be different from what they are. If we want to know what the exceptional men will do, it is the exceptional men that we must consider. We must consider what kinds of "affection" accompany their distinctive efficiencies; and if we examine the behaviour of such men, as they are and as they always have been, nothing is more certain that, isolated cases apart, they instinctively demand those precise social rewards to which the programme of the co-operators and the Labour Party require that they should become indifferent. A curious acknowledgment of this fact may be found in a work by Tolstoy, to which reference has been made already. Tolstoy admits, in a moment of unusual insight, that exceptional fortunes have owed their origin, as a rule, to the individual efforts of exceptionally strong men; but inequalities in wealth, he says, are mainly due, not to the fact that such men have produced exceptional fortunes, but to the fact that, having produced them, they have insisted on transmitting them to

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their children. Let them, he continues, only cease to do this, and the greater inequalities of fortune will at once begin to disappear. In other words, let them perform the simple feat of eradicating from their natures that passion, namely the family passion, which, on Tolstoy's own admission, has proved itself to be obstinately ineradicable. Tolstoy's naive supposition that a change like this is not only not impossible, but easy, is an excellent type of the reasoning which is implied, if not expressed, in the principles and anticipations of our own Labour Members to-day, and the practical aims of those who are experimenting in co-operative production. The efforts of these last bring us into touch with reality. Attempts at co-operative production, in this country and elsewhere, have again and again been made for something like eighty years; and they have met, by this time, with a sufficient measure of success to enable us to compare their results with those of individual enterprise. The moral of the comparison is that which a dispassionate observer would have predicted. There has notoriously been a singular difference between the fortunes of co-operative shop-keeping, and actual co-operative production. There has been a still greater difference between the fortunes of co-operative production and production as carried on by the normal methods of capitalism. Modern capitalism assumed its existing form concurrently with the mechanical inventions of the close of the eighteenth century; and in eighty years that system had spread itself throughout the civilised world. Co-operative production has, during a similar period, only succeeded in contributing to the world's wealth fractions which, though in themselves they are quite large enough to be appreciable, remain microscopic when compared with the total output. The cause of this historical difference in the efficiency of the two systems must naturally be sought for in the point which constitutes the essential difference between the two systems themselves: and this difference is that the one system is calculated, and the other system is not calculated, to stimulate, to secure, and give full

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play to the efficiencies of exceptionally able men. To each of such men the capitalistic system offers a reward proportionate to his productive powers. The co-operative system, in so far as it differs radically from the capitalistic, reduces this reward to a minimum, and aims at eliminating it altogether. This is its distinctive feature; and history shows us what are its distinctive results. In proportion as it succeeds in minimising the rewards of ability, it fails to secure the services of exceptionally able men. Its failure is not complete; but its success is relatively insignificant. If the inducements which it offers to Ability were practically sufficient to secure it—to call forth and stimulate the highest industrial genius, and give the highest industrial energy the scope which such energy demands —the whole productive businesses of the world would have been co-operative long ago. As a matter of fact nothing of the kind has happened. Co-operation has piped to the able men; but the able men, as a body, have resolutely refused to dance. The difficulty of the co-operators, the difficulty of the Labour Party, is not that of changing the general opinions of the many. It is the difficulty of changing the entire characters of the few.

Here and there, in individual cases, such a change has been no doubt accomplished; but there is nothing to suggest that such cases will ever be otherwise than sporadic. They have been cases of men in whose characters some practical ability has been united with a temperament which amongst such men is rare—a temperament wanting in balance, uncritical, and sometimes approaching to insanity. The immediate cause which has prompted them to exert their industrial talents on terms other than those demanded by the majority of able men, has been philanthropy touched by religion, or so fervid as to take the place of it; and if it is possible to conceive of any influence by means of which the characters of all strong practical men could be assimilated in this respect to those of the supersensitive, this influence would without doubt be a religion which made them as solicitous for the welfare of all their

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fellow men as for their own. There is, however, a reason, which escapes the socialistic enthusiast, why, in the case of men who reason as well as feel, this supposed influence of religion would be neutralised by religion itself. If religion on the one hand prompted the great creator of wealth to surrender and diffuse the material superfluities created by him, rather than to retain them for himself, it would on the other hand bring home to him that, to man as a religious being material superfluities are of very little importance; and though religion would impose on him as a primary moral duty the endeavour to secure for all men an approximately equal competence, it would not impose on him as any duty at all the endeavour to secure for them any equality in respect of superfluous luxuries. To secure garments for those who had none would be a duty. It would be no man's duty, from the point of view of religion, to secure golden embroideries for those who were incompetent to secure them for themselves. And here we come at last to a new class of considerations, which leads us, when possibly the reader will least expect it, from the fallacies involved in the aspirations of the Labour Party, to the truth which undoubtedly underlies them, and which it is desirable that all should recognise.

IX

When analysing and criticising the work "Unto This Last," in which Ruskin came forward as the champion of the claims of labour, I admitted that, fallacious and misleading as were most of his arguments in detail, he was all the while endeavouring to deliver himself of an important truth; and that even his individual criticisms were occasionally brilliant and illuminating. I will now explain the points to which I was then referring.

Under the manifold perversities and errors by which Ruskin's reasoning is vitiated, the vital truth which he sought to assert was this: that though men, as engaged in the actual processes

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of production, are nothing more than so many intelligent mechanisms, economic production is merely a part of life, and is subsidiary to others which alone render this part valuable. The statesman is more than a mere legislative machine; the great general is more than a mere fighting machine. In the same way the humblest manual worker is more than a machine for ploughing or for shaping metals, which requires to be fed with wages, as a steam-engine is fed with coal. In other words, he has a moral life, distinct from, and yet inseparable from, his technical life. Unless we deny to human nature, as such, all inherent moral dignity whatsoever, and ascribe what we call a "soul" to a minority of the human species only, we must recognise a soul in "this last" just as we recognise it in these first. We must recognise that the humblest amongst the manual workers has a life of the conscience and the affections beyond that of the workshop. In so far as this is admitted, he has a claim on society that his needs as a man should be satisfied, no less than his needs as a workman; and in this respect the claims of all men are equal. They are equal because men, however great the differences between one man and another otherwise, are substantially equal in respect of their primary affections and obligations, no less than they are in the primary requirements of their bodies. As a son, a husband, a father, a being with religious duties, the needs of a peasant are relatively the same as those of an emperor. In order to enable him to become what is called a good man, as distinct from an able-bodied workman, he needs a certain environment, which will give free play to his moral as well as to his industrial faculties.

This is the vital truth which Ruskin is trying to utter, and which gives to his eloquence its high and appealing fervour. It is a truth, however, which he fails to isolate; and he gives it to us entangled and disguised in a network of economic fallacies; but—let me say it again—amongst these perverse fallacies he sometimes utters a criticism which is like a torch lit in a fog, though himself he makes scanty use of the lights

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which he has thus kindled; and two of them go to the very heart of the question which is now before us.

It is easy in a general way to recognise that, as moral beings, all men need a material or economic environment which is, within limits, equal; but when we come to particulars, the problem is more complex; for it is not so easy to determine what these limits are. Every family which comprises boys and girls needs for purposes of decency a house with more than one room. This is obviously just as true of one family as of another. But is the minimum number of rooms thus generally needed by a family of a given size two, or three, or four, or five, or ten, or how many? A similar question arises as to all material things; and the general facts of human nature on which our answer must be founded are in this case not so obvious. An answer as to these is given by Ruskin in a passage which is admirable for the insight displayed in it and for the poignant terseness of its expression. We must, he says, realise that there is a fundamental distinction in the nature of things between the economic commodities which we "need" and the economic commodities which we "wish for." "Three-fourths of the demands existing in the world are," he proceeds, "romantic. They are founded on visions, idealisms, hopes, and affections; and the regulation of the purse is, in its essence, regulation of the imagination and the heart."

It is a curious fact that, in making these observations, Ruskin fails himself to realise how wide is their application. He makes them in a kind of parenthesis; and applies them himself to nothing but the elucidation of the phenomena of price. They really indicate in outline one of the most important facts which lie at the base of all human civilisation. This is the fact that the economic "demands" of mankind, as Ruskin calls them, are divisible into two classes, one of which represents needs, the other wishes or desires: and that the former are for all men practically equal and unalterable, whilst the latter are unequal and also indefinitely variable, often changing with times and circumstances in the case of the same

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persons. Thus the nutriment needed by the human body for health has certain limits which are approximately the same for all men. The amount of nutriment which is compatible with health has limits which are similar, and no less general, also. The same is the case with clothing. Some men, no doubt, are more hardy than others; but there is an average amount of warmth and protection to the skin which the peasant needs for health and comfort no less than the prince; whilst the prince needs as much as, and no more of them, than the peasant. This is not a matter of opinion; it is an anthropological fact. There is a certain minimum of needs, the satisfaction of which, if only it be regular and obtained without over-exertion, will, in the absence of special and disturbing causes, keep any man in health and comfort, and allow of his being good and happy. And this minimum is practically the same for all men, because it depends on things in respect of which all men are naturally similar. The first of these is the constitution of the human body. The second is the simpler operations of the human mind and affections. The mathematical genius of a Newton transcends that of the great mass of mankind; but the mind of a Newton and of the most ordinary boy at a Board school operate alike when they are doing a simple addition sum. In other words, up to a certain point—and within that limit are comprised the essentials of humanity as such—all men are approximately equal, and the conditions which men need to do justice to their common humanity are for that reason approximately equal also. They do not go beyond a certain limit, because the equality of their natures does not go beyond a certain limit.

But when we pass from their needs to what Ruskin calls their "wishes" and "desires," we encounter facts of a widely different kind; and the essential and unmistakable feature which proclaims their difference is this: that, whilst men's needs are similar and limited, their desires are divided into different types and classes, they are often contrasted in character, they vary indefinitely in intensity, and are subject to

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indefinite modifications. If we took any thousand men at random, we should find that their hunger, and their need of such food, and their thoughts about such food, as would satisfy it, conformed to a common type; but one of these men might desire to be a sailor, one a student, one a poet or a painter, one an owner or a rider of racehorses, one a traveller in strange countries, one a great statesman, or leader of his fellow men. One may dream of a cottage and a quiet garden; one may dream of palaces, and a life amongst brilliant crowds. Moreover such desires and dreams would, in the case of some, be mere fancies with which the imagination played; in the case of some they would translate themselves into mordant wants, which would either nerve them to such action as might bring about their own fulfilment, or else leave them embittered with rebellious but barren discontent. Here we are in that world which Ruskin aptly calls the "romantic"—a world of economic demands which depend on "visions and idealisms," and on the manner in which the imagination is rationally or irrationally regulated.

Now satisfaction of men's equal needs is an object to which, though it may never be completely realised, every Government may and ought to address itself. It is definite, practical, and constant; approximations may be made to it; but what shall we say of this world of romance and imaginative desires? By examining these desires more closely, we shall see our way to an answer.

We shall find that, in spite of their variety, they divide themselves into two classes, and are mainly determined by two definite causes. Thus there are, we will suppose, two hundred men who could all make an adequate livelihood by following the same industrial occupation; but their romantic idiosyncrasies are such, however, that one hundred desire to be soldiers, and the other hundred to be sailors. But of each of these two bodies of men we may ask the same question. What is the ultimate object on which their ambition fixes itself? Do they desire to be generals and admirals, or ordinary soldiers and

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seamen? That is to say, does each member of each of these two bodies set his heart on an object which is attainable by all those of his companions whose romance is similar to his own? Or does he set his heart on some position of command which can, from its very nature, be achieved by a few only? Every one whose romance urges him in such directions may conceivably find employment as a soldier or a sailor of some sort; but to rise to the position of a commander is possible only for a few; for nobody can become a commander unless he has others to command. And as to all the desires of men which transcend their equal needs, there is the same question to be asked. A man sees before him a vision, an ideal picture, of a house, a household, a way of daily life, which he wishes were his own. Do these involve, we must ask, the possession of servants, a garden tended by gardeners, his own liberation from the routine of manual toil? If they do, he desires what may possibly be attainable by himself, but his desire is one which, if all men entertained it equally, could to most of them cause nothing but disappointment, because the attainment of it could by no possibility be universal. All men cannot have servants. To suppose that they could is a contradiction in terms. All men cannot liberate themselves from a life of manual labour. The majority must labour in any case, or the whole human race would cease.

Accordingly, when we consider the romantic demands of men, we must discriminate between those the objects of which are capable of realisation by the whole of each class demanding them; and those the objects of which, like prizes competed for in a race, must, if they are gained by some, be necessarily lost by most. Now by far the larger part of the romantic demands of men do, as a fact, belong to this latter class. Their desires, in so far as they transcend the satisfaction of their equal needs, point to objects which can be gained by excelling only; by the fact of some men doing what other men cannot do so well; and which consist in the possession by some men of what cannot be possessed by all. This fact is illustrated by

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the personal demands of the Labour Members. They declare that all wealth is produced by manual labour; but they demand to be liberated from manual labour themselves. Such phrases as "equality of opportunity"—that battle-cry of modern democracy—show us the same thing. Equality of opportunity does not mean equality of achievement. It merely means the escape of an enlarged minority from conditions which must remain in any case those of ninety out of every hundred. How, then, should a Government treat such demands as these? One thing it should certainly not do. It should not attempt to stifle or to thwart them altogether. The entire progress of what we call civilisation depends on them. The poet, the musician, the scientific discoverer, the inventor, the great organiser of industry, not only do what others desire to do, and cannot; they work for, and they demand rewards which others can never gain, and whose very rarity is a part of their romantic value. Is, then, the situation hopeless? So far as the general happiness of the human race is concerned, are the services of the successful few counterbalanced by the disappointments of the many? Is the average human lot intolerable because a few only can escape from it? It may, for this reason, be made intolerable to some; but there is no reason in the nature of things why this result should be general.

In the first place, these romantic desires—even such of them as are most generally felt, and point most obviously to objects which cannot be generally realised—vary, as I have said already, very greatly in intensity. Often they are, indeed, not so much desires as fancies; and whilst the image of their fulfilment may please or amuse the imagination, their non-fulfilment produces no sense of want. So long as they are merely fancies, they raise no practical question. They raise a practical question only when their insistence is such that their non-fulfilment produces an active sense of privation; and whether, in the case of any given individual, they reach this pitch of intensity, depends upon two things. One of these is the individual's congenital temperament, his talents, his strength of will, and

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the vividness or vagueness of his imagination. The other is his education. In respect of their congenital qualities individuals vary greatly; and the strength of their romantic desires bears naturally some proportion to their own capacities for attempting to satisfy these desires for themselves. Few men, for instance, have naturally a strong desire for conditions which will enable them to exercise exceptional power, unless they are conscious of possessing some exceptional powers to exercise. Hence though this consciousness is in many cases deceptive, the struggle of men for power is confined within certain limits; and the disappointments which embitter those who fail to attain it are naturally confined within similar limits also. So long as matters stand thus, the majority of men are unaffected. But desires which naturally are confined to men more or less capable of realising them, are susceptible of artificial extension to others who are not so qualified—to the weak as well as to the strong; and in the case of the weak, the result which they produce is different. They do not make a man resolve to secure such and such a prize to himself. They make him demand of society that society shall secure them for him: and the agency which stimulates and generalises desires of this kind is education. I am not referring here to the dissemination of useful knowledge. I mean by education the indiscriminate dissemination of ideas, the consequence of which is an artificial enlargement of expectation. An active craving is produced for possessions and modes of life, which the average man otherwise would never have wasted a thought upon, is produced in him by his being taught that he has a right to them—that they can and ought to be his. The efficacy of this idea of rights in creating a desire when none would have existed otherwise is frequently illustrated by cases in which men, who for half their lives have deemed themselves fortunate in the possession of moderate affluence, have suddenly seen reason to suppose themselves the heirs of peerages or great estates, and have died insane or bankrupt in consequence of their vain endeavours to secure rank or property which would otherwise have affected them no more than the moon does.

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Much of the education of to-day operates in a similar manner. So long as the romantic desires of men—their desires for possessions or positions which transcend the needs common to all, and which could never be attained by all—so long as their desires for things which are in their nature exceptional, are proportionate on the whole, as they naturally are, to the powers possessed by the individual of obtaining these things for himself, these desires are, by stimulating his productive faculties, a source of satisfaction to him, and a source of advantage to the community; but in proportion as these desires are stimulated, as a false education stimulates them, amongst men who possess no faculties by which the objects of their desire can be realised, the sole result produced is a barren and gratuitous discontent. If all men are taught to regard themselves as born with an equal right to possessions and positions which are possible for a few only, the majority will of necessity be doomed to the gratuitous misery of despising and resenting that with which they would have been otherwise satisfied as much as a human being is ever satisfied with anything. So long as the equal needs of men's equal natures are satisfied, the true end of education, as a means of general happiness, is to limit their ideas of their rights, and consequently their expectations and their desires, in accordance with their practical capacities, so that general expectation may coincide with the possibilities of general achievement.

How true this is, and how necessary it is to remember this, may be seen by the curious manner in which Ruskin himself disregards it, and the trenchant wisdom with which he, having disregarded it in one place, condemns unconsciously in another his own conduct in having done so. In an early part of his work, "Unto This Last," Ruskin declares that "the worst of the disabilities" under which at present the manual labourer suffers, are those which prevent him from "rising above his position." Now, no one ever saw or insisted more clearly and strongly than Ruskin that manual labour is

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the normal lot of man—that the majority, whatever happens, so long as the earth requires to be tilled, metals worked, and cloths woven, must be manual labourers always. In saying, therefore, that the labourer's worst disabilities are those which prevent him from rising above his position as a labourer, he is inviting all men indiscriminately to fix their hopes of happiness on escaping from conditions from which a few can escape only, and to resent as a sign of failure the conditions which for most men are inevitable. Let us now see what he says in his closing pages :

> All effectual advancement towards this true felicity of the human race must be by individual, not by public effort. . . . The measure and law which have to be determined are those of each man's home. . . . The maxim that men should remain content with the station in which Providence has placed them is, on the whole, a good one. . . . It is very much your business that you should remain content with your own. What is chiefly needed [he continues] in England at the present day is to show the quantity of pleasure that may be obtained by a consistent, well-administered competence, modest, confessed, laborious. . . . We need people who, leaving Heaven to decide whether they are to rise in the world, have resolved to seek not higher fortune, but deeper felicity.

How different a doctrine is this from that which was quoted previously ! Here we have the moral or the human claims of the labourer, of the average man, stated in their true form—in a form which exhibits them as a guide to sane political action. The wealth of any country depends upon two things—the exceptional efforts of the few, and the average efforts of the many. The few, so long as their energies are not unreasonably impeded, nor their personal ambitions curtailed, may be trusted, being the stronger, to take sufficient care of their personal welfare for themselves ; but, as a matter of statesmanship, no less than of humanity, it is incumbent on the State to concern itself with the personal welfare of the many, so that for ninety men out of every hundred the average lot of the labourer may be not a lot to escape from, but a lot from which the average labourer will feel no desire to escape

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Here we have an object for which the coldest statesman should work, if he is wise, no less than the most fervid enthusiast, the reason being that a general contentment amongst the majority is the only sound foundation on which the welfare of all, and the wealth of any, can rest.

W. H. Mallock.

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NATIONAL TRAINING AND A NATIONAL ARMY

THE programme of the National Service League, so constantly and so courageously advocated by Lord Roberts, although, in itself, entirely commendable, nevertheless involves a very real danger to the State, owing to the ignorance and fatuity of a very large proportion of the British people. At all the National Service League meetings much is said of the great benefits that would arise from the creation—as the result of universal training—of a great "National Reserve." Certainly it would be of great assistance to the future military resources of this Kingdom and Empire, if every able-bodied youth had been more or less trained to arms, so that in the event of his services being required they would, if tendered, be of some immediate value; but it is well to bear in mind that a National Reserve, however numerous, and however well trained the individuals composing it, can be of very little use unless there is an army, organised in established units, upon which the reservists can be grafted. Scratch units hastily formed of never so excellent materials, are quite incapable of contending with properly organised opponents; the army that would win victories must have been previously trained and disciplined as an army, in times of peace, since otherwise it is fit to fight none but undisciplined hordes such as itself.

We have only to look at the history of the American Civil War, in order to realise the truth of the above contention.

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The men who ran away, rather than face comparatively trifling losses, at Bull's Run, were no whit less brave individuals than the glorious heroes of Gettysburg; the difference in behaviour was owing to the fact that, since Bull's Run, the mere mobs of armed men had become highly trained fighting units. The Confederates won at Bull's Run simply because the men of the Southern States being sportsmen, like the Boers, were individually possessed of natural aptitude which was lacking in the citizens of the great manufacturing towns of the North; moreover, the personality of Stonewall Jackson was a tower of strength which would nevertheless have been overthrown had the Federals been aided by the presence on the battlefield of even one more battalion of United States Regulars. Finally, it is very generally admitted by Confederates as well as by Federals, that if President Lincoln had been able in the first place to mobilise even 50,000 Regulars, the Rebellion would have been nipped in the bud; as it was, *both* sides had to wait until something more or less resembling an army had been raised, and neither side being trained nor disciplined, that which contained the most adaptable raw material was at first victorious, in spite of inferior numbers; until both armies having been schooled in war, that which enjoyed numerical superiority proved eventually the winner. The ultimate success of the Federals amounts to no more than an example of "muddling through" at colossal expense. Such an example is one for us to profit by rather than to imitate—in spite of our long established predilection for chronic unreadiness.

It is imperative to impress very seriously and constantly upon the people of this country, that although universal training would most certainly be exceedingly beneficial as a means of developing the physique of our young men, and would, moreover, tend to furnish more immediately useful recruits for national defence, it must prove only a half-measure, and a very delusive one at that, unless we also arrange for the enrolment of the necessary proportion of those trained in permanent units available for service beyond the seas in case of

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need. It is not by the millions of *individuals* however well trained with a view merely to home defence, but by the hundreds of thousands available for service abroad in their trained *units*, that our future security can be assured. Moreover, even for the much talked of home defence, real soldiers are very necessary; mobs of armed citizens would prove no more than food for powder. Invasion, although highly improbable, is perfectly possible, and we may feel quite certain that if the naval conditions of the moment ever permit an attempt at a *coup-de-main*, such an attempt will most certainly be made. In preparing for home defence if the preparations are of an efficient character, we should at the same time be preparing for the offensive defence that must be adopted unless we are content that a war should be of ruinous duration; and similarly if we raise an army that is fit and adequate for an over-sea war, we shall also have provided for home defence; because until after winning command of the sea, we dare not risk an army on board ship, and when the sea had become safe for our own troops, the passage of it by a hostile army would have been rendered impossible. As for "raids," the Volunteers, aided by armed citizens, might be trusted to deal with most of them.

It is altogether idle to discuss schemes for no more than home defence: strategically as well as tactically, "no defence is worthy of the name that does not provide for counter-attack." Next to the continuance of peace the best thing to be hoped for is the speedy conclusion of a war, and we cannot reasonably expect to compel an adversary to accept terms advantageous to ourselves if we elect to hide like a rat in its hole. A "hooligan" who desires to acquire a watch and money by means of highway robbery finds it convenient to hit his victim in the wind as a useful preliminary to searching his pockets; an air cushion worn over the pit of the stomach might indeed afford partial protection, but a far more effectual defence is to hit the assailant between the eyes. Home defence is analogous to wearing an air cushion, while the

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preparation of an army for counter-attack is in accordance with the sounder idea of knocking out the adversary and thus rendering him harmless.

It is perfectly clear that we cannot afford to maintain, in addition to a great navy, a regular army large enough to deal successfully with all possible or probable eventualities; moreover, it is quite impossible to endow the small army we actually have with powers of expansion sufficient for the purpose. Expansion for war can be arranged only by means of *cadres*, which on mobilisation are to be made up to war strength from the Reserve; but immediate efficiency for active service is irreconcilable with the employment of *cadres* requiring the addition of more than 50 per cent. of Reservists, and in the French and German armies the *cadres* of the frontier army corps represent about 70 per cent. of the war establishment. Herein lay the weakness of Mr. Arnold Forster's army scheme, under which without actually providing even the numerical strength required, the efficiency of the home service branch of the proposed "new model" army would have been entirely sacrificed, owing to the inordinate weakness of its *cadres*.

Nobody would be so foolish as to suggest that a partly trained militiaman is as valuable a soldier as a fully trained regular, but it is, nevertheless, a fact that an existing battalion of militiamen becomes superior to an improvised battalion of regulars, if the *cadres*, upon which the latter has been formed, are so weak that cohesion is wanting. The efficiency of a military unit of whatever kind depends upon a dual basis: (1) The standard of training that has been attained by the individuals composing it, and (2) the extent to which those individuals have been welded together, by intimate association, in the bonds of discipline. It will, I assume, be granted by every one that the ideal battalion for immediate service would be one capable of taking the field, exactly as it stood, at the full war establishment; and that in proportion to the number of strangers introduced, however well trained they may be, the

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standard of immediate efficiency becomes lower; that is to say if the addition made exceeds about one-fourth of the strength, and consequently represents more than the mere replacement of immature lads by seasoned reservists. If this be granted, then it seems to follow that even a militia battalion, in spite of the men composing it being less well trained than the regulars, must also have a value proportionate to its immediately available strength of serving soldiers. Thus, there must somewhere be a point of equality, whereat the efficiency due to a high standard of individual training balances with that due to established "collectivism"—in spite of a lower standard of individual attainments. In my opinion, a militia battalion composed of 1000 men, who, as recruits, had been thoroughly trained for six months, and subsequently associated for a few years in the performance of further training given intermittently on the volunteer system, would be found to be a better disciplined unit, and generally as fit for active service as a regular battalion made up to the strength of 1000 by the addition of say 700 reservists to 300 serving soldiers. I may be wrong about this; I may have placed the point of equality too high or too low, but I do not think it will be denied that such a point exists, and that a militia battalion standing above it would be preferable, as a fighting machine, to a regular battalion lying below it. We all know that a comparatively inferior football team, accustomed to play together, will beat a scratch team composed of individually far better players, or will at all events have the best of the game during the first half of it. The same principle applies in reference to the comparative merits of already established and improvised military units. There can be no reliable discipline in a unit, unless the officers and non-commissioned officers know their men and are known by them, owing to the fairly constant association of commanders and commanded. Merely putting "stripes" on a man's arm does not give him real authority, his position as a non-commissioned officer needs to be established by time, and the sergeants at all events must

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belong to an older military generation than the bulk of the men.

I myself have recently had an experience which has taught me much in reference to the secret springs of discipline. In the late *Spectator* Experimental Company the young men under instruction gave from the very beginning complete unquestioning obedience to their sergeant-instructors; only twice throughout the training were there cases of insolence, and only upon one occasion after the first week. But although the cadet-sergeants and corporals who were appointed towards the end of the course, by selecting the best—partly as the result of a written examination and partly by a general review of their merits—were perfectly able to command sections on parade or at manœuvres, I clearly recognised that it would be very unsafe to allow them to exercise authority at other times. For example, I dared not have placed a cadet-sergeant in charge of a fatigue party cleaning up the barracks; to the end, the sergeant-instructors had to superintend all such work, and generally keep order. With their sergeant-instructors as section commanders, and with a small stiffening of old soldiers in the ranks, I believe that the *Spectator* Company would have been found to be an efficient fighting unit, but not otherwise; under the cadet non-commissioned officers I feel sure that discipline would have almost perished before it could have re-asserted itself after many men had been "in trouble."

Let us now suppose the *Spectator* Company to have been a permanent organisation, under the existing militia system of annual training. Having been disembodied in September 1906 it would have been re-assembled for training in the following summer for twenty-seven days. After the interval in civil life, the authority of the young sergeants and corporals, so far from having improved, would have suffered considerable deterioration, and in the course of the training could scarcely be expected to do more than recover lost ground. But, upon the other hand, let us suppose that instead of the militia system we apply that of the Volunteers. Frequently through-

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out the year, the commanders and commanded would have been commanding and drilling, or being commanded and drilled, and in my judgment, after an interval of twelve months the company, if assembled for a week in camp, would have been found to have advanced considerably in its discipline, for the reasons already stated; that is to say, Sergeant Atkins would have become more or less accustomed to command, and Private Atkins to obey. Had the *Spectator* Company consisted wholly of grown men, instead of to a great extent of mere boys, the situation would have been scarcely less difficult; the man who has hitherto been upon terms of absolute equality with his own contemporaries cannot, merely by a notification in orders that he has been promoted to the rank of sergeant, immediately become endowed with the needful influence. Even in a scratch unit hastily improvised in time of war, as in the case of South Africa, the situation is easier; because in such a case the non-commissioned officers are selected right away from among those who have previously soldiered or are otherwise the best qualified, and not after (by association on terms of perfect equality) familiarity has had time to breed contempt. Thus the N.C.O.s in such a case get a fair start, and future selections for promotion elevate men who have in actual war proved their capabilities, and thus are, one by one, not all at once, grafted upon an established nucleus.

Finally, I would sum up my contentions as briefly as possible, together with some proposals arising from them:

(1) We have not, and cannot have, a regular army large enough to meet our probable necessities.

(2) We must render ourselves capable of assuming the offensive if we have any real intention of defending ourselves effectively and without ruinous expense.

(3) As we cannot have a sufficiently numerous regular army we must perforce turn to the Militia, which should become the active service branch of a National Army. Home Defence should be the special duty of the Volunteer Force, but

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individual Volunteers should be eligible to serve, in Service Companies or otherwise, with the Regulars and Militia.

(4) The Militia to be recruited from the superior instead of from the inferior classes of the community, the terms of service being altered so as to allow a good citizen, in regular employment, to become also a reliable soldier, without detriment to his opportunities of earning his livelihood.

(5) The strength of the Militia to be, say, 800,000 of all ranks, with a reserve of not less than 150,000.

(6) The terms of service to be twelve years, of which seven, inclusive of a six months' training of the recruit, to be with the colours (on the Volunteer system of yearly training), and five years in the Reserve. The Militia to be liable for service in any part of the world in case of a great war. None but men of thorough respectability to be enlisted, and any found guilty, afterwards, of offences affecting their characters, to be at once discharged. A large manufacturer who employs 10,000 hands has assured me that he would gladly encourage *all* his apprentices on completion of their apprenticeships—about 300 annually—to join the Militia on the above terms, whereas under the existing system he could not possibly allow this, even if the men desired it.

(7) The militiaman to be paid for his work to the amount of fourteen days' pay and allowances annually; this money to be disbursed by the commanding officer in daily pay in camp, and in small sums or in the purchase of refreshments for those attending drills or exercises and musketry practice throughout the year. Tables and further particulars in reference to these proposals will be found in an article by me which was published in the *Contemporary Review* for June 1906.

(8) Physical development and instruction in elementary drill and musketry should be compulsorily provided for under the Education Act. Musketry instruction should, however, be confined to secondary schools. The result would be to promote a desire for further military experience, and also to render the future recruits capable of proceeding further

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with their training, within the six months' period of their recruits' course, than if they had not already learned the rudiments. Miniature ranges should be provided in which service ammunition and Morris tube could both be used as required.

(9) The first duty of the reformed Militia, on the outbreak of a great war, should be to relieve from garrison duty at home and abroad, to any required extent, the Regular troops who could not otherwise have been available for service before the enemy. The Militia should also furnish the necessary forces for the lines of communication, so that every Regular unit at the seat of war might be free to proceed to the front. Finally, after a few weeks special training, the Militia should be fit to take its place, if required, on the battlefield itself.

All this is perfectly possible under conditions of service that the right sort of men can accept. I assert that I have named such conditions, and the men of the late *Spectator* experimental company, who were of the classes required, unanimously supported me in this view; they represented fifty-one different trades and occupations.

A. W. A. Pollock.

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CANADA, UNDER WHAT FLAG?

AT a meeting of the Royal Colonial Institute, held on November 13, Mr. Richard Jebb read an extraordinarily able paper entitled "Notes on Imperial Organisation." During the discussion which followed, Mr. C. Waley Cohen made a remark which, judging by the printed report, appears hardly to have attracted the attention it deserves. He said:

> I do not think sufficient importance has been attached to the voters who are behind the representatives of the Colonies, and who are the real power at the back of those who have to deal with them in this country. With all respect the crux of the whole question is not the opinions of such an audience as this. . . . If you were to take a census of those here I do not think you would find any difference of opinion on the broad question of Imperialism, but when you approach a definite decision, when you have Colonial Premiers and the Colonial Office negotiating, the difficulty is that there is a lack of complete sympathy between the people whom they represent . . . If a greater spirit of sympathy could be brought about between the working men in this country and the Colonies, if more knowledge of colonial conditions and sentiments could be brought home to the workmen of this country, and *vice versâ*, you would make much more easy the solution of the question which we are considering.

Personally, my experience of the Colonies is limited to the Dominion of Canada. But in a broad general question of this kind I take it that one self-governing colony is very like another, and I hold that Mr. Cohen is unquestionably right. I would not even restrict myself to "voters" and "working

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men," but would include all men of sufficient intelligence to understand the subject, as well as their wives and families.

Imperial Conference, Imperial Defence, State-owned Cables, Preferential Trade, Tariff Reform, each specific is advertised in turn as though it were a panacea, while the family history and general constitution of the patient may be set aside as negligible factors.

Just lately certain Englishmen at home, and a few more now resident in the United States, seem to have woken with a start to the extraordinary increase in the volume of immigration from the latter country into North-Western Canada. Although the movement has been in steady progress for the last half a dozen years the men who are only now beginning to realise its extent are raising a cry of alarm. Some of them have rushed into print and prophesied the imminent denationalisation of Manitoba and the North-West Provinces, if not of the entire Dominion.

On the other hand, the Canadian authorities have hastened to reassure them by counter assertions to the effect that the new immigrants, in crossing the air-line which is the boundary between the two countries, will immediately change their political prejudices, while the sky above them remains much the same. And each party can produce strong arguments to show that its own particular view is correct.

The first will pelt you with statistics, proving to their own complete satisfaction that the predictions of certain American journals are irrefutable, and that in a very few years the Stars and Stripes will be floating above the little school-houses dotted over the great prairies, while the National Anthem of the next generation will be "My Country 'Tis of Thee," or "Yankee Doodle," or "The Star-Spangled Banner," or whatever ditty may then be the official public hymn in the United States. They will point out that the annual influx over the border has increased from 712 in 1897 to 58,816 in the fiscal year July 1, 1905–June 30, 1906; that many of the new settlements are entirely American, and that, therefore, their members have

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little opportunity of merging their nationality in that of their neighbours. To all of which the stock answer is that, firstly, most of the new arrivals are returned Canadians; secondly, that the rest of them are perfectly satisfied to live under the English flag; and thirdly that your American is a born politician and not going to deprive himself of his vote by omitting to take out his naturalisation papers.

The stay-at-home Englishman shrugs his shoulders and is quite content to leave the matter to the newspapers, or to the Colonial Office, or the Dominion Government. He reads with perfect equanimity that a police magistrate has offered to let a criminal off a term of imprisonment if he will consent to emigrate to Canada; very much as though you were to throw snails over the wall into your neighbour's garden, and expect to be patted on the back for your humanity to the snails. He thinks he has done as much as can be expected of him for the next decade, if he lowers the postal rates for English publications, so as to enable them to compete on something like equal terms with the flood of cheap American literature which has already well nigh submerged the entire Dominion.

Foretelling the political future of a new country is risky work. Even a trained specialist like Mr. H. G. Wells has returned from a few months' visit to the States, acknowledging frankly that, as an oracle, he is pretty much where he started. But the globe-trotter, who has hurried over the C.P.R. between Montreal and Vancouver will pose with cheerful alacrity as an authority at home. He has discovered that Canada is quite a big country in point of size, much bigger than he expected, somehow. He is rarely at a loss for an answer to any question you may address to him. "I was talking to a Canadian in the 'smoker' and he told me, &c. &c." If he can add that the Canadian was a business man (and they all are) that settles the matter at once, because it is an obvious guarantee of the soundness of his judgment and of his political foresight.

The ordinary newspaper correspondent is not very much

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better. He does not confine himself, it is true, to the *obiter dicta* of casual travellers in the train; he seeks out bankers and politicians and "business men" generally in their offices. Where he fails is that he does not appreciate the fact that most of these authorities see dozens of him every year. If only to save themselves trouble they have the stereotyped smile, the stereotyped invitation to lunch, and the stereotyped opinion on the future of the country, all ready to be handed over at a moment's notice. The journalist is profuse in his thanks and feels himself equipped to write columns of exclusive information from the man on the spot.

I can give him a hint that may afford him a little innocent amusement if he has a few minutes to spare in his quest for news. Go into the office of a man interested in real estate, in that city which is called the bull's-eye of the Dominion. [It would be more correct to call it the bull's-eye of the North American Continent, a point which Englishmen hardly realise.] He will smile at you, with the added touch of cordiality born of the consciousness of superior knowledge, which makes us so civil in pointing out his way to a total stranger. He will ask you to lunch, for his hospitality is innate, and he will wait for the question inevitable at this moment:

"What do you think about the American Immigration Movement?"

He knew it was coming, and is quite ready with his answer:

The American farmer is the best immigrant we can have. He is a pioneer to begin with, and he understands the condition of things out here. As to his Americanising Canada, that is all nonsense. He is a politician, &c. (*see above*); he finds that his individual freedom here is at least as unhampered as in the States; that the taxation is less; that our judges are incorruptible; and that the land is rather superior for his purposes. Besides that a very large proportion of this influx consists of returned Canadians, and a certain number of Europeans who happen to have landed at an American port, but have decided to move on here.

Generally speaking you thank your friend, and take up your hat and go. But if you are guileful you will add as an afterthought:

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I am particularly grateful for the opinion, coming from a man like yourself, because it relieves me of a certain sense of responsibility. From what I heard elsewhere I had begun to think it was my duty to urge on the authorities at home the necessity of taking special steps to stimulate British immigration in order to offset that from the U.S.A.

Then watch him squirm. (It is so difficult to write of things Western in Addisonian English.)

So long as he thinks that the fear of the American movement will act as a deterrent to British immigrants he is anxious to pooh-pooh the whole thing. If you point out to him that this fear might be used as an instrument to produce exactly the contrary effect he is torn with conflicting emotions. The truth is, of course, that his first consideration is the importance of increasing his business, and the best way to do that is by filling up the country. With the ultimate consequences he is very little more concerned than is the average business man in London. He *may* have a definite, well-thought-out opinion on the subject. But if so, he will probably want to know more about you than he will learn from a mere letter of introduction before he will impart it. And you will probably want a good deal more knowledge of the country than you can pick up in a flying journey before you can properly gauge the value of that opinion.

You may even interview a prominent railway official, a prominent banker, an officer of the Hudson's Bay Company, a well-known merchant, and so on, and then strike an average. Even so, you will only arrive at a vague generalisation. For each man's opinion will be coloured, sensibly or not, by his own individual interest. Every time I cross the Rocky Mountains I am filled with renewed admiration for the astonishing nerve which enabled men even to propose building a railway across such a country, to say nothing of the extraordinary skill required to carry the project into effect. I am proud to number some of the C.P.R. officials among my personal friends, but I know that in answering a general question of this kind their first thought is: "How is my reply going

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to affect the interests of the railway?" For all these men have something to sell, be it money, or transport, or dry goods, or what not; and their bias is in favour of what will immediately increase the number and purchasing capacity of their customers. Anyway there is plenty of time yet before the crisis becomes acute.

After what I have said it will probably be guessed that I have no solution of my own to offer; I can only add to the above list—with much diffidence—the ideas of a spectator who has seen a good deal of the game, and whose views have perhaps, a certain detachment, which those of the man on the spot must necessarily lack.

The question of Canadian loyalty is a difficult and delicate one to deal with. Generally speaking their sentiment is, as it should be "Canada first." After that I should say that to-day the very large majority of Canadians prefer the British connection to the American, mostly from inherited prejudices, and a little because, until lately, the attitude of the latter towards the Dominion has been a trifle too condescending. If you particularise the French Canadians, the answer is not quite so simple. The stereotyped answer is, of course, that they naturally hold by their French traditions, but that you may always depend on them to be loyal to the Union Jack as against the Stars and Stripes, because the priests well know that the hold they have over their parishioners would be immensely weakened, if not altogether loosened by annexation to the United States. This is very largely true (although the most fervent advocate of "annexation" I ever met was a French Canadian priest in Nova Scotia), but if you try to go deeper into the matter you run up against religious and racial differences. The stereotyped answer is considerably modified; for instance, when you raise the question of the Dual Language, and politicians are much influenced by the probability that anything they may say will be repeated in the ears of constituents. Business men in Montreal will point out that two-thirds of the population of that city is French,

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and that two-thirds of its wealth is in the hands of the English section. You may draw whatever inference you please from this. The education of the children is practically entirely in the hands of the priests, who can hardly inculcate a fervent loyalty to the anti-Clerical France of to-day. But the tricolour waves over their schools and public buildings, especially in Lower Canada, and you hear more of the *panache blanc* than you do of the meteor flag of England in after-dinner speeches. A large employer of French labour in the Province of Quebec told me once that only some three dozen of his men volunteered for service with the South African contingents, adding significantly that none of their friends went down to the wharf to see them off. The scene was very different on their return, for the men had made themselves very popular with their English fellow soldiers and had been treated on terms of perfect *camaraderie*. The inborn French love of military glory no doubt helped to promote the enthusiasm of their friends and relations at home. The result is gratifying, but it is a matter for reflection that a somewhat violent twist of Fortune's wheel was required to bring it about.

An independent French-speaking Canada is an impossible dream, but an independent Canada is quite a different thing. The painter has not yet been cut; may, quite probably, not be cut during the present generation; but it has been pretty badly frayed. The feeling that Canadians should make their own treaties has been growing more and more acute in the Dominion, and it has even been suggested in London newspapers that Sir Mortimer Durand's successor at Washington should be a Canadian. If you ask one of them how he proposes to enforce those treaties he falls back eventually on the Monroe Doctrine, which is simply annexation writ large. I am not here to argue about the justice of the decisions in the matter of the Alaskan Boundary, or in that of the Newfoundland treaties, but I know full well that the general impression which those decisions left on the minds of Canadians was that Great Britain was afraid of the United States, that whenever there might arise a conflict between the interests of the two

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powers in the North American Continent those of the Dominion would have to go to the wall, so long as the arbitrament lay with the Mother of Parliaments.

Canada's contributions to Imperial Defence—I am not including her services in the late war—are rather taking the line now of "relieving the Imperial Government of the expense of maintaining troops at Halifax and Esquimalt," and of dispensing with the services of the North Pacific Squadron. That is a very nice way of putting it, and doubtless it is a step towards the future development of an independent army and navy, but meanwhile it means another strand in the painter rubbed through. A long time must elapse before Canada can afford a standing army, a navy, a diplomatic corps of her own; she needs all her spare cash at present for industrial purposes, but she can afford to keep it there, because she is in the happy position of having two strings to her bow, the Mother Country, or, as an ultimate resort, the Monroe Doctrine.

North West Canada, sentiment apart, is already more American, than English. What else can you expect, when there is nothing but an airline between a country with five or six million inhabitants, and a country with eighty millions? They lead the same lives, worship the same God, talk the same language, play the same games. The reduction in postal rates, and consequent popularisation of English periodical literature in Canada is a move in the right direction, but it is futile to suppose that it will wipe out the effect of the Alaskan boundary decision, or that it will even seriously diminish the sale of American books and newspapers. Let me illustrate what I mean.

I pick up an American ten-cent magazine, published in New York, and come across a few expressions such as these:

"Simoleons"; "start a rough house"; "wise guys"; "a husky mitt"; "the main squeeze of this burg."

How many Englishmen could translate them at sight, even if they read them with the context? But almost any Canadian farmer, or immigrant of a few years' standing in the West, understands them with perfect ease, and is very likely in the

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habit of using them daily. The fact is that directly he lands in Canada an Englishman begins to learn a new language, and that this language is much more "American" than "English."

For one Canadian who could name the winner of last year's Derby there are dozens who could tell you off-hand the holder of the mile trotting record. Canadian race-meetings are held under the rule of an American Turf Club; American rinks curl annually at the great Canadian bonspiels; Canadian crews row for American championships on American waters; the best dogs in the State enter for the Manitoba Field Trials. A few years ago the number of Canadians settled on the south side of the border was computed at a million and a half. Is the ordinary Western farmer going to stop buying Sunday numbers of Chicago papers, or to cut off his subscription to New York "dime" magazines in order to read about county cricket, or football leagues, or the doings of Park Lane magnates? I trow not.

There are people who will say that all this has been going on for years, and that the late influx into the North-West will not appreciably affect the general results. I cannot agree with them any more than I can hold that the optimistic view of rapid and imperceptible absorption is final and incontestable. The annual immigration from the United States into Canada has increased by eight thousand per cent. in the last nine years. The percentage in the case of the North-West is certainly higher, for the reason that three quarters of these new arrivals settle there in preference to Lower Canada and British Columbia. Of the European immigrants only about one half come to Manitoba and the New Provinces. It *must be* that a movement of this kind should have far-reaching results.

One of these results is already visible to any experienced eye. In speaking of the attitude of Americans towards Canadians, I implied a certain reservation by using the words "until lately." Nine years ago the leading grain exporters in New York and Chicago were, by their own confession, quite extraordinarily ignorant of the condition of things in Canada.

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Western Americans generally knew even less than the experts, because their leading newspapers were subsidised to tell astounding lies, with the object of diverting the flood of immigration to the Western States, and keeping it there. When American capitalists found it necessary that the tide should flow over into the Dominion the newspapers also found that they had to change their tone, or lose their advertisements. I do not suppose it even occurred to them to hesitate. They began at once to print sixteen-page sheets in crude colours, which bore about the same relation to the actual state of affairs as do the pictures outside a country circus to the performance going on within. The Canadian farmer was startled by this *volte-face*, and a trifle incredulous, but on the whole flattered.

Nor did the enterprise of the American land speculator end with the newspapers. He is probably more patriotic than the average Englishman, but he is not going to allow chauvinism to interfere with business, nor will he flick you in the face with the Stars and Stripes if that action is going to hinder him from selling you something. He started branch offices in Winnipeg and elsewhere, coming over himself from Chicago, and St. Paul's and Minneapolis, and Duluth, to establish them and to study the conditions of his new extension on the spot. In many cases he decided to remain, and began immediately, with that wonderful American versatility, to adapt himself to the ways of the country. You can see it in little things. I have watched one of them smoking a pipe; he would take it out of his mouth at brief intervals, blow a cloud of smoke, and put it back again; anybody could tell at a glance that he was a cigar smoker. Now, a few years ago, an Englishman producing a pipe in the "smoker" of a Pullman was quite likely to be ordered by the conductor to put it away. It is true that the statue of Liberty is a prominent object in New York harbour, and also that the smell of cigars at two for five cents ("two-fers," they are affectionately called) is more offensive to some people than an ordinary pipe. But "if you want to smoke you may smoke a cigar. We've no use for pipes here." It generally ended in the Englishman doing what he was told. The use of pipes,

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and the wearing of knickerbocker breeches and stockings, came over with golf, first into the Eastern States, then, more slowly, out West. But my American friend was in Canada, on business, and Canada is British, and so is pipe smoking, therefore he would learn to smoke a pipe. His reasoning was not quite correct, but his intention was good, and he stuck to his pipe with a persistency that was sometimes pathetic. He gave up girding at British institutions, was probably honestly surprised to find out how much less there was to sneer at than he had been bred to believe. He discovered that the men he had to deal with were very good fellows, and they took to him at once. He became a member of a Canadian club, finding himself quite at home in the poker-room, and built his branch office, and is working there at the present moment. And he is only one of hundreds, or thousands, who are doing these things.

The Englishman at home says:

This is all very well, but your American lives next door, so to speak, we have the Atlantic to cross. Do you seriously maintain that it would have been a good thing for us, or for Canada, had we gone to war with the States over their irreducible minimum in such a case as that of Alaska or of Newfoundland? Would the game have been worth the candle? What do you expect us to do? You made a proposal about the reduction of certain rates of postage, and we have shown our willingness to meet you. What more do you want?

Well, one answer to the first part of the argument is simple.

Cross the Atlantic. Numbers of Canadians are doing so year after year; they have less money than you, very often, and are at least as busy. If they can do it, why not you? The Canadian who has been in England almost invariably returns home more of an Anglophil than he was before he started. Go and return the call, instead of playing your everlasting lawn tennis at Homburg, or mobbing your sovereign at Marienbad. Go and shoot moose, and prairie chicken, by way of a change from red-deer and grouse; really hunting for chicken is more amusing than standing in a butt waiting for a line of beaters to drive your game up to you.

The second part of your remarks involves a certain amount of the *petitio principii*. You assume that the refusal of the "irreducible minimum" would inevitably have plunged us into war. My friend, until you have played poker with him, you have not begun to fathom the consummate skill of the American

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bluff. You contend that the material loss to the Canadian is small, and that therefore his discontent and irritation will be merely transient. There you are wrong; he may forgive, but it will be a long time before he will forget. Very likely the game would not have been worth the candle, but I think you showed an inclination to minimise the importance of the game, and were a little premature in your conclusion that it could not have been played by daylight after all. Canadians, at this moment, find a somewhat grim amusement in the thought that the war you avoided by a successful "climb down" might possibly be forced upon you because Japanese children are not allowed to attend public schools in San Francisco. However, your partner is playing this hand, and he is not easily bluffed. Let us hope that Newfoundland has realised the folly of expecting John Bull to attend to other people's troubles over the telephone, while he is so dreadfully worried about who is to hear the children their catechism at home.

I do want something more. I want you, the individual Englishman, to do your share, to put yourself out somewhat; if by so doing you may get to know your Canadian brother better than you do. The mere exercise of an effusive and somewhat patronising hospitality is of little use; you must take him on equal terms. If you visit him, don't take it for granted that because your social position at home is assured you will find it equally easy to get on with people there. You won't; you will be constantly treading on their toes, though they may be too polite to tell you so. They will tread on yours too, and will be equally surprised if you flinch or remonstrate; but the more you see of one another the better you will get on.

For there are faults on both sides. Only a day or two ago I read a letter in a London newspaper, from an Australian, complaining of English ignorance of Australian geography, adding that the Australian child knew far more of the geography of England than did the ordinary Englishman of that of Australia. I have had similar remarks made to me in Canada, dozens of times. Let me tell you, between ourselves, they are not true. Probably, of course, the average child anywhere knows more geography than the average man, because the latter has forgotten it. There was a time when, if a Canadian jeered at me because some prominent English journal had mixed up Ontario and Saskatchewan, I smiled deprecatingly, and apologised. I don't now; I retort with a question about the geography of New Zealand, or I spring on him a few problems about this Island, such as the relative longitude of Edinburgh and Liverpool. Then I advise him to learn a

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little more about his sister Colonies before he attacks the Mother Country for her ignorance of her children's nurseries. Still the fact remains that more Canadians, in proportion to means and population, come over here than you will find Englishmen visiting Canada; the question of settling there is, of course, a different thing.

After all, you may have the geography of a country, and the statistics of her Year Book, at your fingers' ends, and yet know very little of the real nature of her inhabitants. You, the English reader, may even leave this country and settle in Canada for good; you may cut adrift from all home ties, and form fresh ones in your new home: but, to the day of your death, you will never become a Canadian in the sense that your children, born out there, would be. You won't find other people's feet getting in the way of yours, after a few years, anything like so much they did at first; but you will never be perfectly sure that, at any moment, you may not give or receive an unexpected jar, for which you were totally unprepared by your English training and education. This remark was first made to me by a public official, who died not long ago in Canada, at the age of over seventy, having lived there since he was eighteen, and I have never seen cause to doubt its complete accuracy. It is the little things that count in the comradeship that comes from thorough mutual understanding; the little trivialities that are considered good form on one side of the water but wrong on the other, and *vice versâ*. The very fact of our essential similarity emphasises and underlines our diversity in trifling details, which we disregard as of no account, but which are part and parcel of our nature; and whose importance we only realise when we discover that a friend will often forgive an injury sooner than a fancied slight.

The Englishman in the Colonies is in a minority, and must be prepared to suffer accordingly, to be looked upon as fair game, and to stand good-humouredly derogatory remarks concerning his native land, which would be very hotly resented were the position reversed. He is constantly reproached for not making sufficient allowance for the different conditions of

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life "out there" by the very man who habitually forgets that an Englishman's views must necessarily be coloured by the circumstances of his birth and breeding. To the man born on the banks of the St. Lawrence, the very word "river" does not bear the same significance as it does to the man born on the banks of the Thames or the Tweed.

People who undertake a journey from Montreal to Winnipeg, in the same casual spirit that a Londoner travels to Liverpool, are apt to conclude that because they cover more ground they must necessarily learn more of "the world"—a dangerously ambiguous expression, because a London shoeblack who has never been outside the four-mile radius, may also be said to know "more of the world" than does the farmer on the prairie. Parochialism cuts a poor figure when laughing at insularity.

It may be paradoxical to say so, but one of the greatest obstacles to complete sympathy is the existence of a leisure class in the older country, a class that is practically unknown in the daughter colonies. We still retain here to a much greater extent than we realise the old idea, due to the "militant régime," that the man who works for his living is socially inferior to the man who lives on inherited means. The colonist's idea is not only contradictory but contrary; his attitude towards the man of leisure is one of impatient contempt, tinged with a half irritated envy of the superior culture—I suppose I must use the word—which the latter has had time and wealth enough to acquire. The millionaire railway magnate thinks regretfully of what he might have been with the advantages of a public school and university education, forgetting that the time he put in as a section hand, or on a survey gang, has been of far more practical value to him than if it had been spent in the study of the classics.

Not long ago a Canadian was discussing certain investments with a member of one of our great families. Incidentally the Englishman remarked that he had never worked, and never would, adding as a reason that none of his family ever had. It would be hopeless to attempt to put those two men on terms of mutual comprehension. The Canadian

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regarded the remark as being almost equivalent to a confession of hereditary insanity, and considered that the man who made it was an object for pity, possibly for contempt. The Englishman made it carelessly, with no particular swagger, as one stating a fact that was self-evident, and certainly needed no apology.

Again, a Canadian girl (who, by the way, subsequently married an Englishman) told me once that the class whom she despised most in the old country was that of the English country gentleman. Probably the average Englishman would conclude that she was either a Socialist or a fool. She was neither, she had thought a good deal on the relationship between the two countries, but really the only defence I had to offer was that she had misunderstood their position, and that an English squire did an immense amount of useful public work for nothing. I am not discussing the actual merits of the case at issue; my point is simply that a girl, clever, well educated, and ranking in Canada on about the same level as a girl of good "county family" in England, looked down on a particular class in this country, which certainly thinks itself at least equal to the higher professions, socially speaking. She would consider that a squire might be a very pleasant person to meet, but that he would hardly be entitled to as much respect as the bank manager in a provincial town.

The leisure classes in England, relieved of the necessity of earning their daily bread, have been able to devote time and attention to the decorative side of life, and to oiling the wheels so that the machinery runs smoothly. That is why American heiresses marry into the peerage, and why American millionaires (retired) buy country houses and settle on this side of the Atlantic. The American love of a lord has become almost a byword with us, the real truth being that a seat in the Upper House is a social asset in Newport, but a handicap in Texas, and Texas is bigger than Newport; but we still distribute an occasional peerage, with knighthoods we are more lavish, among prominent Colonists, fondly imagining

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that these gifts are not only accepted with gratitude by the individual on whom they are bestowed, but are regarded as a personal compliment by the majority of his fellow countrymen. The fallacy lies in the assumption that a title makes the same impression on the man on the broncho as it does on the man on the 'bus. The Colonies are under the industrial *régime*, which estimates by a very different standard the value of trappings.

What will be the upshot of it all? I hope I am not injuring Canadian *amour propre* when I hold that the independent autonomy of the Dominion must, for reasons which I have stated, be still in the distant future.

Judged merely by geographical considerations the ultimate political union of Canada and the United States is not more improbable to-day than was that of England and Scotland, say a couple of centuries and a couple of decades ago, but geography is only one factor in the question. Another, and a very powerful one, is the *argumentum ad crumenam*. If an intermediate tariff, involving a yet closer relationship with the U.S.A., is going materially to increase the income of the individual Canadian, he naturally begins to think about his duty to his wife and children, and to weigh the prospective advantages of complete political union.

The present status is only a stage in evolution, and cannot continue indefinitely. Possibly, as a Canadian friend suggests, the final solution lies in the hands of certain Chinese students now in Tokio. There are thirteen thousand of them there to-day trying to find out how the Japanese managed to more than hold their own against a first-class White Power. If they succeed, and if they impart the lesson to their four hundred million fellow countrymen, Canada in a few generations may be neither under the Union Jack, nor under the Stars and Stripes, but under a new heraldic combination of the two, charged with the maple leaf and the Southern Cross, and other strange devices possibly non-existent to-day.

"C."

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THE SEVEN TRAVELLERS IN THE TREASURE-BOAT

ON New Year's Eve, in Old Japan, great were the rejoicings in every humble household, for were not the Oni, the Evil Spirits, put to flight with a shower of beans, and had not the seven merry little Jins come into port in the Treasure-boat, with the Takaramono, the Precious Objects, on board! Every worthy artisan cried a welcome to them, especially to Daikoku, Fuku-roku-jiu, and to Ébisu, the givers of wealth, long life, and daily food. Whatever might be their various pursuits, the recurrence of New Year's Eve always brought the seven genii of good fortune together, for they had many important matters to settle, their most serious business being to sort and pair bundles of white and red silk threads, representing the men and women to be married in the coming year, and woe betide the fate of the couples when the sorters became weary of their task and tangled the threads, till at last they ceased in despair and gave themselves up to merriment, including the drinking of "saki" and games of "go-bang."

The Shichi-fuku-jin, the seven gods, or rather genii, or good spirits of felicity and all manner of worldly prosperity, who, with the ludicrous and childish myths which surround them, form such a curious addition to Japanese Buddhism, are noteworthy not only archæologically, but on account of the enormous degree of attention that sculptors, modellers, and draughtsmen of the Popular and Artisan Schools have paid to

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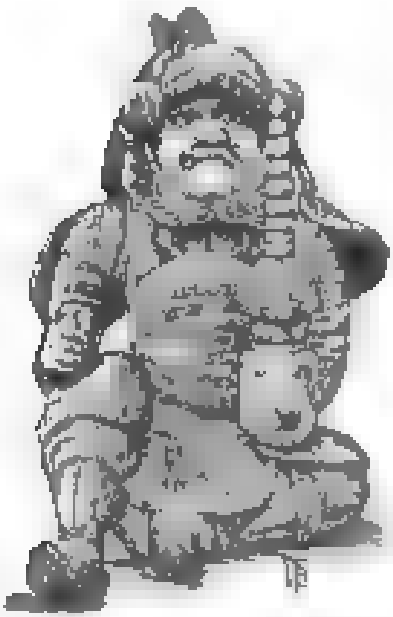
Daikoku. Japanese Porcelain in the British Museum

Hotei. Japanese Porcelain in the British Museum



Hotei. Japanese Porcelain in the British Museum

Hotei. Japanese Porcelain in the British Museum

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them during the last three or four centuries. The image of at least one member of the group is found on the "Kami-Dana," or god-shelf, in nearly every Japanese house, and "kakimonos" of two or three of them are frequently suspended on the walls above a couple of larger effigies, which are the household gods, before whom the marriage contracts are made. No matter what the medium be, the representations are invariably grotesque and dwarfish, except in the case of Benten, the only lady of the party; and story-tellers and artists seem to have taken equal liberties with their favourite subjects; but none have suffered more at the hands of admirers than Hotei, of whom the British Museum possesses no fewer than twenty-seven large and small figures in stone-ware, Japanese and Chinese porcelain, bronze, or ivory.

Three of the group, Daikoku, Benten, and Bishamon, are deserving of study, for they are curious illustrations of the religious history of Japan.

Daikoku, as the presiding genius of worldly prosperity, generally stands or sits on rice bales, with a great sack or Inexhaustible Purse, containing whatever a fortunate man desires, at a blow from the mallet or Hammer of Chaos, the striking surface of which is stamped with the design of the Precious Jewel of the ebbing and flowing tides, which bring the merchandise safely into harbour. He wears a black cap, and frequently the high boots and costume of a wealthy Chinese burgher of the olden times, and is always of a jovial countenance and not seldom accompanied by a rat, as in our illustration from a little Japanese porcelain figure in the British Museum. Originally the rat was in no way connected with him except that the day set apart in Daikoku's honour chanced to be the "Day of the Rat" in the Japanese calendar, the word "*kohu*," or "black," and the *rat* being the colour and emblem of the northern point of the compass. However, as time went on stories sprang up to account not only for the worship of Daikoku by Buddhists, but to show that the rat was his special attendant. Buddhism was introduced into Japan from Korea

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in the sixth century A.D. and was the dominant religion in the ninth, but had lost the purity of Gautama Buddha's doctrines and became entirely modified by the incorporation of local deities as incarnations of the great teacher. According to a popular tale, the idols of Buddha were seriously annoyed to find that, although they succeeded in supplanting the worship of many of the gods of the country, they were impotent as regarded the god of riches, so they gave power to Yemma, the hideous judge of Hell, to destroy Daikoku, and he entrusted the task to Shino the craftiest of the Oni. Though the name was in everybody's mouth, Shino sought through all the land in vain, till at last he came to a palace fashioned like a rice-measure, and there he spied Daikoku among his bales, and lay in hiding for a space. Daikoku quickly suspecting his presence, told his rat to turn out the intruder. The rat skurried into the garden and returned with a sprig of holly, with which he belaboured the unfortunate Oni till he fled precipitately to the nether regions, hence to this day sprigs of holly are placed at the door-posts of artisans' dwellings in Japan on New Year's Eve to keep all the evil spirits away, just as for the same purpose sprigs of Perforated St. John's-wort are hung up on the Eve of St. John in some parts of Germany. The genius of riches could not be exterminated, so he had to be absorbed by the new religion, and the priests taught the people that Daikoku-jiu, "the great black god," was no other than Mahâkâla (the name having the same meaning), "the destroying and dissolving power in nature" (*i.e.*, Kal. or death, the superior of all created beings), and guardian of the Three Treasures (symbolic of the trinity, Buddha, his Word, and the Church) in the Great Heaven, whose grim image with blackened face was placed near the entrance of Indian and Chinese temples.

In "I Setti Genii Della Felicità" Signor Carlo Puini translates a passage from a Japanese religious work, which relates how, in the great convents of India, a wooden image of Daikoku was placed near the pillars of the refectory at the door of the pantries.

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Often when these statues are two or three feet high they are accustomed to make for them a kind of small altar, which is called "the bed of the King of the Genii." He is represented seated, with his legs crossed, holding in his hand a sack of gold, or more often sitting on a little seat with one leg hanging. Then the brethren have the habit of each going to gently rub and anoint the images of Daikoku with oil, so that the colour of these becomes dark.

Hence is derived the name Mahâkâla, the black Death of the Hindus, and the black Lord-Demon of the Lamas of Thibet. "When it is feast time the brethren burn incense devoutly to him, and then according to the food they have put a portion before him."

As Mahâkâla there is a large statue on a high carved stand in Room III., in the British Museum, representing a dwarf with black face and hands standing on two rice bales, and near it are three statuettes of Daikoku, two of dark brown porcelain, made at Tokio, the one by Kawa-ze Bunshi and the other by Benshi Yu-to-ku-sai. The collection of brown Bizen ware, the hard stoneware pottery of Japan, in the Asiatic saloon includes several other modern examples.

European archæologists have sought to portion out too exactly to each of the seven jins special functions which in reality they share more or less in common. Hence, in spite of Bishamon's armour and ferocious aspect, he is not more especially the god of war than is Daikoku, and quite as much the god of riches as he, being identical with the Brahmanic Kuvera, who was supposed to have been converted by the preaching of Buddha to his doctrine, and can grant long life as readily as Fuku-roku-jiu himself, and wisdom is as much his gift as Jurō-jiu's. In modern Japanese art he is generally fully armed, and bears in his hand a small pagoda containing relics of Buddha, as the little porcelain figure we have chosen as our illustration, or he may be recognised simply by his scowl as in the stone-ware example also in the British Museum. There, too, is a large wooden statue of him, thickly painted and gilded, where as Vâis'ravana, one of the four Dêvarâjahs, or Heavenly Kings, he tramples a demon under foot. This strange, short-legged,

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black-faced St. Michael of the Far East is a nobler and earlier presentment of him as guardian of the northern quarter of Mount Sumeru. Signor Puini says:

> Mêru is the central mountain which, according to Buddhist cosmology, serves as axis to the universe, and around this the celestial bodies circulate. It is surrounded by seven continents in form of concentric circles, separated from one another by oceans. Of the four sides of the mountain, that on the east is of gold, that on the west of silver, that on the south of lapis-lazuli, and that on the north of glass.

The Japanese first had faith in Bishamon because his miraculous apparition saved the life of the Prince Shōtoku Taishi in battle against Morija, the opponent of Buddhism, the prince having previously offered sacrifice to the four Dêva-râjahs, besides wearing little images of them in his helmet.

Among the evidences of *Ryobu*, or mixed Buddhism of Japan, in the Museum, are a small gilded shrine containing a minute standing figure of Bishamon, a large group in which he stands furious between two attendants, two other shrines, one enclosing a similar group, and the other the single figure, and a curious and most elaborate wooden carving of Benten seated between smaller standing figures of Bishamon and Daikoku, while below are the seventeen children of Benten, symbolic of the principal occupations of life. Room III. also contains metal statuettes of the four Dêvarâjahs in connection with Buddhism in China.

Benten is known by several other names, and is a form of Sarasvatî, the wife of Brahma, but in works of art she is most frequently seen in the character of Miô-ou Ten, "the goddess with the beautiful voice," when she has a *vcena*, or violin, made of Indian gourds, emblematic of harmony. She is frequently accompanied by a snake or dragon, as in the central ivory toggle, "the Day of the Snake" being sacred to her, as the anniversary of her first appearance in Japan. Like that of Daikoku's rat, a legend became widespread to account for the mysterious presence in older works of art. It ran that in the reign of Kimmei Tennō (A.D. 540–571) the children of the

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1. Beaten. 2. Refrigerant. 3. Flour. 4. Baking-powder. 5. Jam-jar. 6. Hotel. 7. Dalkeith. (From Bateman's Sketch-Book.)

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The Three Great Deities. From Hokusai's Sketch-Book

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village of Koshigoyé were often carried off by a terrible sea-monster, till at last there was a great earthquake, when the island of Enoshima rose out of the waters, and upon it the goddess Benten descended from the midst of a cloud. Her generosity in marrying the Dragon brought future security from his ravages for the inhabitants.

Our three principal protagonists sometimes appear in pictures, chiefly in religious works, combined as the *San-men Daikoku*, or the "Three-faced Daikoku," owing to the apparition in the Dream of Dengiô Daishi, but such representations are generally regarded as heretical by strict Buddhists. Our example is from Hokusai's "Rough Sketches." There is one body, that of Daikoku, standing on rice bales, the seals of which, like the mallet, are impressed with the Design of the Precious Jewel, which forms Benten's head-dress, but of Bishamon only the head and arms holding the spear and sceptre, on the left, and those of Benten with the sacred Key and Precious Ball, on the right, are visible. The robes of the triple-headed deity are embroidered with the *shippo* or "weight."

Ébisu, a relic of Shinto Hero-worship, the third and crippled son of the Primæval couple, Isanaghi and Isanami, the creators of Heaven and earth, and brother of the Sun-goddess, usually wears the high cap of a court noble, and has a fishing-rod and the large red *tai* (*Chrysophris cardinalis*). This much-relished fish and millet-cakes are among the presents which shopkeepers interchange on the tenth day of the month, which is dedicated to Ébisu. In the British Museum two figures of him may be observed in Room III., the smaller one of porcelain, the subject of our illustration, and the larger merely a grotesque dwarf, consisting of little except head and feet; and he is frequent among the netsukés.

Hotei is considered to be an incarnation of Miroku Botsatsu, or Mâitrêya, the future Buddha of kindness, and is sometimes called the god of Contentment, but was in fact a tenth-century Chinese priest of Mount Shimei, who was chiefly

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remembered on account of his extraordinary stoutness and for his love of children. Being a mendicant, he wandered about with a large cloth bag, to which he owed his name, and this became the inexhaustible sack of the legend which spread the report of how he never allowed water to touch his body, though he had no objection to, or difficulty in, sleeping in snow, and of his powers as a soothsayer. He is generally seen with a Chinese fan, rosary, and priest's dress open in front, and playing with children, but our illustration of him is from a small shrine in Room III., with gilded doors, each adorned by a painting of a boy, wherein the ugliness of the bronze figure is fortunately subdued by shadow.

Fuku-roku-jiu and Jurō-jiu are especially the genii of Longevity, and though they are the sixth and seventh travellers in the Treasure-boat, probably their two names were originally applied to the same person. The attributes of the genii of Longevity are a hairy-tailed tortoise, a white crane, a fir-tree, bamboo, a sacred gem, a white deer, a manuscript roll, and a short curved rod or sceptre, of which the three last are also emblems of Jurô, Fuku-roku-jiu being chiefly recognisable by his low stature, which measured only three feet, his tall head forming the half of it.

Jurō is the most sedate of the little party, but our illustration is an exception to the usual rule of portraying him. It is from a seated figure of Japanese porcelain, nine and a half inches in height, in the Asiatic saloon. The face and hands are in brown biscuit, the dress in dark green celadon, and the cap in pale celadon. On the bottom is engraved a Japanese inscription to the following effect: "The Virtuoso of Kiôto, Kijū of Kinko-do (or Kinkohall) made this in the sixth year of Bunsei, the ninth month of the Autumn" (*i.e.*, A.D. 1823).

The British Museum contains four other little figures of Jurō in Japanese porcelain. Among the objects connected with the Shinto religion in Japan (in wall case 41, Room IV., are two porcelain figures of the god of Longevity, one of which is made of coloured Chinese porcelain, the dress being

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Amenophis The Son of Hapu (Sculpture Fountain in the British Museum

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Plate 4a.—Netsuke (ivory) Japanese Porcelain in the British Museum

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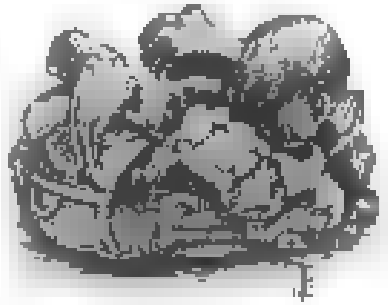
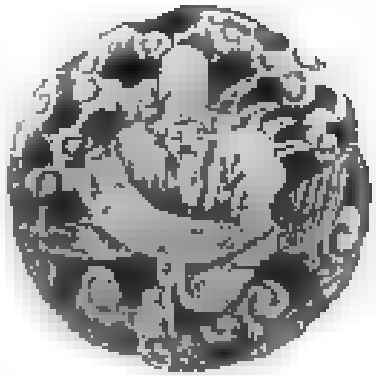
Benten

Ebisu

Ivory toggles from Sir A. W. Franks bequest of Japanese netsukes in the British Museum



The Previous Object: Ivory in the British Museum



Fuku-roku jiu

a "yellow robe, on which are repeated various forms of the character 'Sheu' longevity."

Our drawing of Fuku-roku-jiu riding on a great tortoise is from a large figure of eighteenth-century greyish Japanese porcelain, partially lacquered with brown and gilded. In a similar group, a deer's head protrudes from the tortoise's shell, thus combining the attributes; and in a third and extremely interesting group, Fuku-roku-jiu appears as a little shrivelled-up beardless old man on a huge tortoise, both more realistic studies from nature. There are three other figures of him, one being an incense-burner of Chinese porcelain, seventeen inches high.

The three ivory toggles of Fuku-roku-jiu, Ébisu, and Benten, representing the Takaramono, or Precious Objects, are among the netsukés bequeathed by Sir A. W. Franks to the Museum, but by far the finest and most artistic rendering of Fuku-roku-jiu is No. 2346 of the Print Room collection of kakimonos, and is really a portrait of the artist Kekuchi Yosai, in that character, the sceptre and roll being dashed in and the high head merely suggested. It is a rapid sketch, slightly tinted, everything kept exceedingly vague, except the face seen in three-quarters view looking down, and appearing that of a very wrinkled old man, with a dignified but not happy expression. He is bearded, with hooked nose and narrow black eyes, and the artist professes to be "one hundred and fifty years old."

In the magnificent work on the "Pictorial Arts of Japan" (by William Anderson, F.R.C.S.) on page 289 is a reproduction of a drawing by Isai (1866) of "Daikoku playing with rats"; on page 144, Fig. 63, is a "Burlesque of Ebisu and Daikoku" from a woodcut after Hishigawa Moronobu (of the Popular School about 1680), "the first artist of any repute who made a speciality of book illustration." Hotei forms the subjects of pages 72, 236, 289, and 260, the last being from a Chinese painting of the Ming dynasty, with which Chinese pictorial art began to decay. On page 250, is a reproduction of a woodcut by Hokusai of the "*Takaramono*," consisting of

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the "Hat, Hammer, Key, Straw-coat, Bag or Purse, Sacred Gem, the Rolls, Clove (*Chōji*), the formal design called the '*Shippo*,' and the '*Fundo*' or weight (for balances)." The objects are enclosed in an oblong, and produce a decorative effect by the repetition of each three times, in heavy black, in thin outline, and in a thicker outline.

It is only in comparatively modern pictures that all the Shichi-fuku-jin are grouped together. One of the oldest is No. 206, of the Print Room kakimonos, painted in colours by Tosa Mitsu-suké, about 1700 A.D. Our little group of the seven jins is from the "Rough Sketches" of Hokusai.

Though it is chiefly the artisans who now adore the Shichi-fuku-jiu, their emblems at least, such as little silver tortoises and cranes, still find a place on the tables of the rich at wedding-breakfasts; and who can deny that the rice thrown for "good luck" at English weddings is a gift from the bales of Daikoku?

L. Beatrice Thompson.

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Shrine containing a Bronze Figure of Hōjō Jō[illegible] in the British Museum

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TEMPERANCE AND THE STATUTE BOOK

IT is customary to smile at the narrowness of outlook of brewers, distillers, vintners and licensed victuallers when they speak of their group of industries as "the Trade"; but a justification of the exclusive epithet seems to be found in the Statute book: the number of Acts of Parliament which have dealt with the trade in alcoholic liquors is so great that the most industrious student can scarce number them. And the end is not yet. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's Government promises to attempt a further addition to the interminable list, and we are being led to expect that the new addition will be a more formidable contribution than has hitherto been essayed. To the average man it must seem that if there is one department of commercial and social life which might fairly claim to have had its meed of notice from the Legislature, and to have earned a period of repose, it is that which is comprehended under the generic term of "Licensing," and which has already been loaded with so many and burdensome attentions, including two important, and several minor, statutes within the past few years.

If rumour be true, the new Bill will have a double aspect or object: it will try to codify the existing law, and it will inaugurate new law, of a widely extended and revolutionary character. As to the codification, that, if it were done properly, would confer a boon upon the community; it would

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help to re-establish the waning reputation of the present Government, and would cause it to be gratefully remembered in after years; and the work would be sufficiently complicated and important to occupy so much of its time as Parliament could fairly be asked to give in one session. But as to the further proposals, with the exception of such new enactments as are necessary to simplify and bring up to date the existing law, and one or two other matters which will be referred to later in this paper, it is difficult to find justification.

A word further regarding the talked-of codification. The current rumours, and even the Ministerial hints and declarations as to the new law to be proposed, indicate but too plainly that the codification will be a farcical perversion of what is meant by the term. To codify the law upon a subject is to gather and marshal in orderly sequence in a statute the scraps of legislation already existing, together with the applicable principles derived from the common law and judicial decisions. Good examples are to be found in the Bills of Exchange Act, 1882, and the Sale of Goods Act, 1893, and as both these statutes were the work of Liberal Governments and Parliaments, their example is specially pertinent now. Neither of these Acts altered to any material extent the law on the subject dealt with as it existed at the time of passing the Act; they did little more than bring together in one document provisions in isolated Acts, endow with statutory authority principles of common law upon which the Courts were then acting, give precision to certain rules and definitions, and weld together these various principles and provisions and rules into a harmonious code, published under legislative sanction. Such a useful process might be applied to our licensing laws; but it will not be. A Government which expresses its horror at much of the existing law, and announces its intention to introduce a measure of so-called "temperance reform," openly based upon deference to the wishes of certain bodies of agitators whose professional function is to revile the existing law, and scream

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for sweeping changes in it (including the sweeping away of the trade itself which is the subject-matter of the law), cannot intend an honest codification, and the public will be well advised, therefore, not to be inveigled into an attitude of sympathy towards the coming Bill by any promise of codification. The Bill must be regarded as what in fact it will be—an attempt to destroy the recent settlement of the licensing question, and to subject the licensing trades, and therewith the public to serve which those trades exist, to drastic and intentionally hampering and pecuniarily burdensome changes in the present law.

Pending the production of the measure it will be useful to inquire how the law works now, and whether any, and if so what, changes are needed.

The Purpose of Licensing Laws

Licensing laws have a triple purpose: first, to regulate the trade in alcoholic liquors in the interest of public order and sobriety; secondly, to ensure the provision for the public of "entertainment," to adopt the old but sufficiently plain, technical term; thirdly, to provide out of the licensed trades revenue for the State. It is not often seriously alleged (never by other than fanatics to whom a public-house is a den of iniquity) that the existing laws fail of their first purpose. Indeed, there is reason to fear that the Legislature has over-reached itself, and that in the stringency and ramifications of some of its provisions for compelling sobriety it has retarded rather than advanced the growth of temperance. Sunday-closing in Wales, to take an example, has led not to less drinking so much as to what is in effect illicit drinking in clubs, which have been established in great numbers for the purpose of affording working men the opportunity of drinking throughout the day, unrestrained by police supervision or the closing hours which were enforced in public-houses when the law permitted them to be open for certain hours on Sunday. Again, the

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Licensing Act of 1902, under which magistrates are given power to refuse extensions of existing licensed premises, is being used in places for the purpose of checking the movement to widen the business of the licensed victualler—a movement which, by improving public-houses, and making them more like refreshment-houses or cafés, and less in the nature of uncomfortable and not over-reputable places for the mere drinking of intoxicants, would promote temperance and order and respectability.

A cursory glance at the existing law for regulating licensed premises will show how complete are the provisions already made by the Legislature to that end. By the Licensing Act of 1872 it is an offence, punishable by a fine, to sell spirits, to be consumed on the premises, to any person apparently under the age of sixteen, and though the fines are not heavy, they represent but a comparatively trifling part of the punishment; the serious and restraining punishment is the endorsement of the publican's licence, endangering its renewal, which follows conviction. This consideration applies to all offences against the orderly conduct of the business. Every licensed holder who knowingly sells at his house any intoxicating liquor to a child under the age of fourteen, except in a corked and sealed vessel, for consumption off the premises, is, by the Child Messenger Act of 1901, guilty of an offence punishable by fine. If a publican knowingly sells intoxicating liquor to a person who has been convicted as an habitual drunkard under the Inebriates Act of 1898, he is liable to be fined, under the Licensing Act of 1902. And the last-mentioned Act makes it an offence, punishable by fine or imprisonment (which may be with hard labour), to attempt to procure intoxicating liquor for a drunken person. The Licensing Act of 1872 exposes to penalties any publican permitting drunkenness, or any violent, quarrelsome, or riotous conduct, upon his premises, and under this provision selling intoxicating liquor to a drunken person is included, even though the publican is not aware of the person's condition. The same Act imposes penalties

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upon any publican who suffers any gaming or any unlawful game or betting to be carried on on his premises, and so particular is the law upon this point, that the licensee may not even "game" in his private room with his friends. The Act of 1872 further makes it an offence for a publican knowingly to permit his house to become the habitual resort of prostitutes, even though they do not resort to the public-house for the purposes of prostitution; while if he permits his premises to be used as a brothel he not only commits an indictable offence, for which he may be punished, but he thereupon forfeits (not merely endangers) his licence, and is disqualified for ever after from holding any licence for the sale of intoxicating liquors. Penalties also under the same Act attach to any bribing of policemen, or knowingly suffering them to remain on the premises when they ought to be on duty, or supplying them with liquor when they are on duty. A glance, too, may be given at such provisions as those which subject to forfeiture any licence whose holder makes or uses an internal communication between his premises and unlicensed premises used for public entertainment or resort, or who makes, without previously given authority, any alteration in his premises for furnishing increased drinking facilities. When to such laws as I have just recounted are added the meticulous provisions as to the hours of opening and closing licensed houses, and the system of endorsing convictions on licences, with the justices' power of refusing renewal or transfer of licences if the premises have been ill conducted, or there is something against the character or fitness of the proposed holder of the licence, it will surely be admitted that the first purpose of licensing laws is amply served by existing legislation. Offences occur from time to time—no law can absolutely prevent the commission of an offence—but they are for the most part rigorously and effectively dealt with by the police and magistracy; and considering the large number of possible offences and the difficulties which necessarily attach to complete observance of such laws, the existing conduct of public-

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houses furnishes a model to any section even of the naturally law-abiding English community.

Regarding the second purpose of licensing laws—the ensuring due provision of public "entertainment"—it will not be necessary to recount at length the duties which the State has imposed upon innkeepers; but in these days of attempts to legislate the tavern out of existence, it is important to recall the attention of the self-styled temperance reformers to this aspect of the business. A public-house is not—as one is in danger of being led to suppose—an iniquitous establishment set up by a conscienceless ruffian for the purpose of inducing passers-by to drink themselves into a disgusting condition, so that the publican may make vast gains out of their viciousness. It is a place where a duly licensed person is allowed to conduct the business of supplying the public with bodily refreshment, and the fact that the most generally asked-for refreshment is some alcoholised beverage is only an incident—though one, by the way, indicative of the universal demand for fermented drinks. Some of these licensed houses are also inns, and in such the innkeeper is bound to receive as guests all travellers as long as he has accommodation for them, and he is responsible for the safe custody of the goods they bring with them. Other houses, as well as those which are technically inns, are subject to use by the Government for the billeting of soldiers. And the whole system of licensing is based upon the principle of arranging for the legitimate satisfaction of a public demand for houses where members of the public may rest and refresh themselves. The very name—public-house—indicates the function which these licensed houses fulfil. In so far as those functions have become unduly narrowed to the extent of making a large number of public-houses merely comfortless places for the rapid consumption of beer or spirits, the habits of the community have been very largely responsible; but there is now generally observable a movement towards better things, as witness the elegant and comfortable decoration and appointments of so many houses, and the frequent provision of

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lunches and afternoon tea. That this movement has not proceeded further is in no small measure to be attributed to the administration of the law itself, and the deliberate discouragement upon the part of many licensing justices of any alterations in licensed premises which, in the stock phrase now current, "will furnish increased facilities for drinking."

The Provision of Public Revenue

The allegation is made by a section of the teetotal agitators that the licensed trades do not yield adequate revenue to the State, and it is important, therefore, to glance shortly at the extent to which the third purpose of the licensing laws—the provision of public revenue—is effected under the existing arrangements.

Every barrel of beer pays a duty of 7*s.* 9*d.*; upon every gallon of spirits a duty of 11*s.* is imposed; import duties are placed upon wines, varying according to the degree of proof spirit they contain, from 1*s.* 8*d.* per gallon upwards, the heavier wines, those whose proof spirit is between 30° and 42° paying 8*s.* per gallon, and 8*d.* is added for every degree beyond 42°, while if the wine comes in bottles extra duties of 1*s.* in the case of still, and 2*s.* 6*d.* in the case of sparkling wines are added. The revenue accruing from these various duties reached during the fiscal year 1905–6 the following totals:

Beer	£12,982,876
Spirits	17,765,352
Wine	1,177,614
	£31,925,842

And the year named was a comparatively lean year, earlier years showing higher contributions.

Moreover, the duties named above by no means exhaust the contributions to the public revenue, which are drawn from the licensed trades. There are the various excise licences to be added. The setting of these out in detail would make a

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complicated table; it will be sufficient to mention as examples of the less important among them the brewer's annual licence of £1, and the distiller's of £10 10*s*. More important are the grocers' spirit licences, varying according to the rateable value of the premises, from £9 18*s*. 6*d*. to £14 6*s*. 7*d*. per annum. But most important are the ordinary publicans' licences, which vary according to the rateable value of the premises, from £4 10*s*. to £60 per annum. The total yield of all these excise licences in the fiscal year 1905–6 was £2,222,527. Thus, of the enormous revenue needed for the administration of the country's government, over 34 millions, equal to nearly a quarter, was directly furnished by alcoholic liquors, and those engaged in their manufacture and sale. In point of fact, the amount furnished was yet greater, and considerably greater. Every pound of profit made in the licensed trades (save in regard to such exemptions as the law grants to persons of small incomes) paid a shilling of income tax. The estate of every brewer or publican, wine merchant or distiller, who died, paid the onerous death duties; and as most breweries, not to mention distilleries and hotels, have in recent years been formed into public companies, vast sums have been taken by the State for registration and stamp duties. Whenever £100 of the many millions of brewery debentures changes hands the State continues to draw its half-crown on the transaction, not to speak of the duties upon the transfer of shares. Further, licensed premises are generous contributors to local rates, and there can be scarcely a parish in the kingdom whose rates would not be increased were the public-houses in its midst withdrawn from the assessment list. Finally, there is the new compensation charge imposed under the Act of 1904, which amounts for the current year to something like a million and a quarter, a fund drawn from the trade for the purpose of satisfying the just claims of owners and occupiers of licensed premises who are dispossessed by the State.

It is customary to talk of the great wealth of the Trade; justice demands that a thought should sometimes be given

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to the great amount of that wealth which the community diverts into its own coffers. It is customary to rail at a man who depletes his pocket by drinking: it should produce a chastening of some of these diatribes to remember that much of this individual depletion goes into the communal treasury. Our present teetotal-favouring Government would find itself in awkward straits were its protegés' principles to triumph, and the helping hand of the Trade to be withdrawn.

The Reduction of Licences.

Licensing law has of late concerned itself with yet a fourth matter—viz., reduction in the number of existing licences. How far the number of licences existing in the country exceeded, and continue to exceed, the requirements of the public is a question with regard to which anything like uniformity is unattainable in the present divided state of public opinion; but it is sufficient for our present purpose to chronicle the fact that the existence of some amount of redundancy has been admitted, even by the Trade. Now in ordinary trades a surplusage of providers is not a matter with which the State would concern itself, but owing to the peculiar position of the licensed trades, the community is supposed to be specially concerned with the number of public-houses. Each house has to be licensed, and a redundancy of houses has been assumed to lead to a redundancy of drinking. Therefore efforts have for some years past been made to effect reductions forcibly, without waiting for superfluous licences to fall in by the natural process of surrender. A custom was growing up, under the impulsion of what is known as temperance opinion, to refuse renewal of licences, even though the licensees saw their way to a continued living in the business, and though there was no complaint against them or their houses in respect to character or conduct. But such refusals to renew licences obviously wrought hardship upon the persons dispossessed (it amounted indeed to confiscation

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of what was in common, and even in official, practice regarded as property), since no compensation was paid upon the withdrawal of the licence. The injustice of this omission was accentuated by reason of the circumstance that in 1890 Mr. Goschen had imposed an additional 8d. a barrel duty upon beer and 6d. a gallon on spirits, with the idea that the revenue, or part of it, should be used for purchasing licences, and the Bill included a clause allocating £440,000 a year for use by County Councils in purchasing such licences as the owners might be willing to sell, and at prices which might be agreed upon. But the clause in question was dropped before the Bill became an Act, though the additional duties having been imposed they were continued—it was supposed until the next Budget only. They were not, however, remitted in the next Budget, and the Trade continued to bear the extra burden. Then licences began to be reduced without compensation. Had provision been made for compensation more would have been reduced, but though the decision in 1891, in the case of *Sharpe v. Wakefield*, with its intimation that licences might be refused apart from the bad character of the licensee or his house, induced not a little suppression of licences, it was rightly felt by magistrates enjoying a sense of justice that in the existing circumstances the refusal of renewal when no fault was alleged was an arbitrary and unjust act, uncommonly resembling a violent destruction of legitimate property rights.

So the Act of 1904 was passed. It established a compensation fund, out of which dispossessed licensees and owners of licensed property might be paid whenever, on the application of the licensing justices, Quarter Sessions might refuse renewal of a licence on grounds unconnected with the character of the licensee or his house. But this fund was not to be furnished by the State, the public revenue was not to contribute a sixpence towards it; the whole was to be provided by the Trade itself through a rateable levy upon licensed property, even the expenses of administration being borne out of the fund. The scheme, therefore, is best described as one of mutual insurance

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among those interested rather than as compensation according to the ordinary meaning of that term. The Act further provided that in the case of new licences which might be hereafter granted the licensing authorities were to extort, as a condition of the grant of the licence, such sums as should represent what is called the "monopoly value" of the licence—that is, the difference between the value of the premises licensed and their value unlicensed.

The Act has been attacked on two grounds: it has been labelled a "Brewers' Endowment Act"; and angry protest has been raised against the transfer of the power to refuse licences on grounds unconnected with the fitness of the licensee or his house, from the licensing justices to the justices assembled in Quarter Sessions. The groundlessness in point of simple fact of the first charge is too palpable to need controverting. As to the second complaint, there is surely nothing unreasonable in putting in the hands of the largest and most responsible local judicial body available so important a matter as the refusal to allow an existing and well-conducted business to continue. Moreover, the deprivation of power from licensing justices is more apparent than real. Before the Act they had the power to deprive (and owing to the absence of compensation were, if they were just men, very slow to use it); but their decisions were subject to appeal to Quarter Sessions; moreover, they had not power at all to refuse, except for misconduct, the licences of the many beer-houses—about nine-tenths of the total number—known as the "ante-1869 beer-houses," and comprising about a third of the licensed houses in the country. Under the Act the licensing justices may refer licences to Quarter Sessions for refusal on grounds of redundancy—may make a formal recommendation, that is to say, to a body of which they are themselves members, and refusal by Quarter Sessions is practically the same thing as the old reversal on appeal; and the licensing justices may, and do, in very considerable measure, refer ante-1869 beer-house licences, hitherto beyond their reach.

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The result of the Act is a large and much accelerated reduction in the number of public-houses. The number of on-licences taken away in 1903 on the ground of redundancy was 126; in 1904 it was 57; but in 1905, the first year of the Act's operation, 514 were so refused; it is estimated that the number this year will amount to nearly 1600. In the face of these figures, Miss Agnes Slack, the English secretary to the World's Women's Christian Temperance Union, has reported to the recent Convention of the Union in America, that the Act of 1904 is "a great obstacle to the cause of temperance reform." It is difficult adequately to characterise such a statement, coming from a lady; the only excuse which can be urged on her behalf is that others of her way of thinking have made like statements.

Desirable Changes.

The above is a sketch of the existing state of the licensing laws, into which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's Government proposes to intrude a "comprehensive" measure of reform; and the plain citizen must indeed rub his eyes, and wonder where is the ground and opportunity for "comprehensive reform." The State takes the most comprehensive and detailed provisions for regulating the conduct of the Trade, and fortifies its laws with the most severe sanction—the penalty of loss of livelihood for offences. The State taxes the Trade to an enormous extent, to such an extent that a quarter of the revenue is derived from it directly, and much more indirectly; and on its fiscal side, too, the State action would therefore appear to be already comprehensive enough to satisfy all reasonable requirements. It is not as though the evils of drunkenness were increasing, so justifying the turning of men's eyes to the Legislature for a remedy. Statistical returns and common observation alike show that the evil is already in process of steady and marked diminution. Still, no human law is perfect, and there are directions in which our licensing laws might with advantage be amended. Apart from codification, with which I have

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dealt at the beginning of this article, and the simplification which might accompany codification, there are one or two amendments of the law which might well be made. Further treatment of clubs is desirable. Though the Licensing Act of 1902 tried to deal with the nuisance of drinking clubs, the provisions of that statute have proved insufficient to check the rapid increase of clubs whose chief purpose, or one of whose chief purposes, is the evasion of the law which prohibits the sale of intoxicating drink within certain hours. Section 28 of the 1902 Act gives power to Courts of Summary Jurisdiction to strike off the register clubs in which, *inter alia*, there is frequent drunkenness; but these powers do not seem to be as effectual as could be wished. It is notorious that much of the heavy drinking goes on in clubs—heavier drinking than in public-houses; that the members enjoy an immunity from supervision which public-houses have not; and that very many of them exist on this immunity, particularly in the matter of late night and Sunday drinking. It is only fair to publicans that some effort after equality of treatment should be made in regard to the clubs which have sprung up for the purpose of enabling the working classes to drink at times when public-houses are perforce closed. At the same time, the existence of these clubs, which, from a standpoint of police supervision, cannot be as well looked after as public-houses, is a warning against over restriction of individual liberty in the matter of drinking habits. Undue restriction multiplies clubs, and clubs are a greater danger to temperance than public-houses.

Again, the abuse of the powers conferred upon justices by sec. 11, sub-sec. 2 of the Licensing Act, 1902, calls for the amendment or repeal of that provision, under which alterations in licensed premises cannot be made without the consent of the justices. The frequent withholding of this consent, on the ground that larger facilities for drinking ought not to be given, has the effect of checking the most wholesome movement towards improving public-houses, and making them agreeable and respectable resorts, in which refreshment and entertainment

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of a more varied nature might be given, to the promotion of temperance. Many instances of the policy at present pursued by justices might be quoted. Here is the most recent to hand at the time of writing. At the Session of the London Compensation Authority on November 1 last, the reference by the licensing justices of a beer on-licence for a house called the "Old House at Home," at Wandsworth, was considered. The only reason the justices had for selecting this house for extinction was that it was very old, and was alleged to be in very bad repair. Yet it was elicited, in cross-examination of the justices' principal witness, that applications for permission to rebuild the premises had been made to the justices, and refused by them. And having thus insisted upon the house being kept in a forlorn condition, they used that condition as their principal argument for refusing to continue its licence; and the Compensation Authority acquiesced in the argument. This is how brewers and publicans are encouraged to make their houses decent.

Similarly, the existing restrictions upon music in public-houses should be removed. The law tries to separate musical entertainment from access to alcoholic beverages; by this policy it does nothing to keep the abstemious sober or to make the drunkard a sober man. If the drunkard (the only person whose liberty to drink can justly be restricted) has to choose between music and drink, he is not going to choose music. On the other hand, a decent musical entertainment in a public-house would act as a restraint on excessive drinking; it would give frequenters of public-houses something else to do than merely drink, and generally would put them on their best behaviour. A music licence should be attached to every public-house licence as a matter of course, and a dancing licence also, where the premises are suitable, and there is some guarantee that they will also be respectable. And publicans should be actively encouraged by the magistrates to provide such entertainment. In any case these music licences should be granted to houses which have only wine and beer licences, for in them

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it is almost impossible to get drunk, modern beers being—though not teetotal—practically temperance beverages.

The mention of beer-houses is a reminder of another change in the law which is needed. Under the Act of 1904 the Compensation Authority is given power to close beer-houses, including the old protected ante-1869 houses, as well as the houses where spirits are sold, and the proceedings in the licensing courts show that magistrates have fastened particularly upon beer-houses for destruction, an overwhelming proportion of the "referred" houses being of this order. The object of the justices is, of course, to make a bigger show in the way of reductions, for beer-houses are cheaper than fully licensed houses, and so more of them can be got rid of for the same money. But this is essentially a wrong policy. The only purpose which the Legislature had in view in providing machinery for the reduction of public-houses was, by such reduction, to diminish the temptations to drunkenness. I do not advocate the abolition of all fully licensed houses, but I desire to call attention to the simple fact that if spirit houses were to disappear and beer-houses to remain, England, in so far as the intoxicating drink is obtained at public-houses, would become a sober country. The power to "refer" houses for licence extinction should, by an amendment of the Act, be confined to fully licensed houses.

Finally, that piece of inept sentimentalism, the Child Messenger Act, should be repealed. The fetching the supper beer in a jug did not make children drunkards, but the prohibition of the practice has the tendency to make their parents drunkards. As the liquor has to be bought in bottles, the parents are tempted to send for a bottle of something stronger than beer. They are also tempted to go themselves instead of sending the child, and it was Lady Henry Somerset who told a temperance meeting the story of a little girl who said to a teetotal reformer, "I hate you teetotalers. You passed a law to prevent children from going for the dinner beer. I used to go. Now mother goes, and never comes home till night."

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The Government's Threat

But the Government proposes to go beyond these reforms or, rather with the exception of club law reform, to leave such useful reforms altogether on one side. What the Government Bill is to contain we have yet to see, and it would be premature to embark upon a detailed criticism of the proposals as they are being foreshadowed now in the Press and on the platform. But there is reason to fear. A rejoicing teetotal writer in the *Liverpool Post* assured us recently that "of this Parliament almost anything may be expected." Unfortunately it may, and there is every expectation that Parliament will be invited to pass a measure enacting the extinction of licences without compensation after a named period—a measure of confiscation which is likely, if passed, to produce one of the worst crashes which our commercial history has witnessed for a long time; for it would mean the destruction of the property which forms almost the sole security for many millions of debentures, and the devastation thus wrought in the great licensed trades would spread far and wide. There is every expectation also that Parliament will also be asked to sanction the turning of thousands of barmaids into the street; to create a new licensing authority more accessible to teetotal busybodies; and altogether to close public-houses on Sunday, to the unjustified curtailment of the liberty and convenience of the subject, and the increase of secret drinking. The prospect is not a cheerful one, but the proposals can be examined more profitably when the Government produces its Bill—at the behest of teetotalers who form a small minority of the population, and are at present, it may be added, divided among themselves, as busily employed in calling each other uncharitable names as they are in hatching demands for foolish interference with the reasonable freedom of the people.

Ernest E. Williams.

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GHOSTS OF PICCADILLY

81 AND 82

SIDE by side, with only the width of Bolton Street between them, there stand two houses in Piccadilly, of which one is most famous as a ruinous gambling club and the other as a scene of blameless lionising, with Thomas Carlyle for the chief king of beasts—one must be allowed to note the contrast.

Captain Gronow, whose reminiscences no lover of gossip about great names and no student of strange differences in manners should miss reading, gives the following account of Watier's Club. He says that some members of White's and Brooks's were dining with the Prince Regent, and were asked by him what sort of dinners they got at their clubs. They grumbled, of course, as members of clubs are wont to grumble, and Sir Thomas Stepney told him that their dinners were always the same: "the eternal joints, or beefsteaks, the boiled fowl with oyster sauce, and an apple tart—this is what we have, sir, at our clubs, and very monotonous fare it is." The Prince, "without further remark," continues Gronow—no doubt he was too deeply moved to speak—"rang the bell for his cook, Wattier, and in the presence of those who dined at the royal table, asked him whether he would take a house and organise a dinner club. Wattier assented, and named Madison, the Prince's page, manager, and Labourie, the cook, from the

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royal kitchen." (The usual accounts, by the way, speak of Watier's club as one originally established, in 1807, by Lord Headford and other young men for musical concerts. But it can hardly have been "Wattier's" before the advent of the Prince's cook.)

Hence the famous Watier's Club, where the dinners were exquisite—"the best Parisian cooks could not beat Labourie" —and where Captain Gronow had the happiness of frequently seeing His Royal Highness the Duke of York. And hence alas! many tears, for the play was terrible and in a few years had ruined most of the members, among them the prince of all dandies.

George Brummell was made perpetual president of the club. One cannot say that justice has never been done Brummell—is there not Barbey d'Aurevilly's classic "Du Dandysme et de Georges Brummell"?—but in English, at least, he has more often been written about in a slighting manner, which seems to me to show little judgment of character. It is absurd to suppose that Brummell, whose grandfather let lodgings in Bury Street, achieved his position in the English society of that time by foppery and impudence. It is possible that to strive and care for such a position is hardly the mark of a great mind; that is another question; the point is that it was most difficult to achieve and that Brummell achieved it. True that the best of English society has seldom been superficially exclusive, but it did not in the early nineteenth century open its doors to men of "no birth" merely because they knocked at them in smart clothes. Also it is one thing to dine with or visit a society and another to lay down laws for it and be really intimate with its governing members. Even after Brummell had been cut by the Regent he continued to stay with his brother the Duke of York at Oatlands, and was the friend of the Duchess till her death. The Duchess of Devonshire, Georgiana herself, Erskine, Sheridan, FitzPatrick (Charles Fox's greatest friend), William

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Lamb, afterwards the Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne, and Byron all wrote verses for Brummell's album—which is quite a different thing from his writing in theirs. Beyond doubt he was a popular leader of the society he lived in. He did not achieve this by foppery. Brummell's foppery, indeed, consisted merely in a quite artistic effort to improve the ugly dress of his time and in seeking something of grace and elegance in the common things men used. The Regent was his enthusiastic pupil in these matters, and was for ever trying his bulky person in coats designed by Mr. Brummell and executed by Mr. Weston of Old Bond Street, the artist whom Mr. Brummell favoured. Alas! As the delightful Captain tells us, "The hours of meditative agony which each dedicated to the odious fashions of the day have left no monument save the coloured caricatures in which these illustrious persons have appeared." But Brummell's ideal of dress was never extravagant, rather was it a sort of finished simplicity—"exquisite propriety" was Byron's phrase for it—and his leading maxim, "fresh linen and plenty of it," might be commended to the sternest of rationalists.

Nor did he gain his position by impudence. Impudent he was on occasion, no doubt, with that sort of comical self-exaggeration, or emphasis of the foibles accredited to him, which has been the gay humour characteristic of other poseurs on the surface—Irishmen, as a rule, and I cannot help thinking that nobody who had not Irish blood in him could push folly with a serious face as did Brummell now and then. Only a man's enemies or too intensely Saxon people call that kind of humour effrontery. As for a different sort of impudence, the sort of the famous "Who's your fat friend?" given the circumstances, I call that courage and a kind of practical wit.

Brummell was handsome—he broke his nose, being thrown from his horse at Brighton, while his regiment, the 10th Hussars, was being reviewed, but that did not signify—handsome and well-made, and with an address that com-

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mended him to women. At Eton he was an Admirable Crichton, apparently both a wet Bob and dry Bob, "the best scholar, the best boatman, the best cricketer," and laid there the foundation of his social success. He was a man of taste in other things than dress, could sing and draw, dance beautifully, and write agreeable verses. Recorded jokes of another age are always stupid, and Brummell's are no exception. Real wit that endures, cut and dried, is rare. I am happy to have known some of the wittiest people of my time, and don't remember half a dozen jokes that were worth writing down; it is always the manner, the humour of the occasion, the right touch of folly, that make one's merriment. It is little against the wit of another age that we, who were not there, cannot laugh at it, and it is certain that George Brummell had the essentials of good company.

Beyond all that, however, I think we must credit him with some genuine force of character, and a sense of perspective and values which kept his head steady where another's might have been easily turned. I grant the triviality of the ambition to which these qualities were applied. Yet I cannot imagine Brummell as the ordinary aspiring snob, rather would I say that he collected dukes and duchesses as he collected snuff-boxes, and there's a difference. Certainly he had character. Lady Hester Stanhope—she who led that strange life in the East—a woman of independent judgment, and the last person to be influenced by fashion and foppery, wrote that "the man was no fool," and "I should like to see him again."

Brummell died mad, as we know, and it is likely that his affliction was coming on him before his ruin in London. The recklessness of his latter course there looks like it, and it is quite possible that when his saner balance was gone the gay mock-assertiveness became bare impudence and the wit buffoonery. He was ruined at Watier's, in the same year that saw Byron's voluntary but inevitable banishment. Scrope Davies, the buck and "man about town," who was

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Byron's intimate, had this letter from him at the last. "My dear Scrope, lend me two hundred pounds; the banks are shut, and all my money is in three per cents. It shall be repaid to-morrow morning. Yours, George Brummell." And Scrope Davies answered, "My dear George, 'Tis very unfortunate, but all my money is in the three per cents. Yours, S. Davies." One is disposed to like Scrope Davies because he stuck to Byron, with Hobhouse, Lady Jersey, and very few more, in the time of the scandal, but the heartlessness of that note offends taste as much as sentiment, and one remembers that even in Byron's case many stories of absurdities came from this same Scrope Davies.

The two most famous stories about Brummell illustrate the uncertainty of such traditions. There is that about his telling the Regent to ring the bell, and the Prince's doing so, and ordering his guest's carriage. He denied it, and Jesse in his "Life" gives the explanation, that being asked at Carlton House by the Prince to ring the bell, and being deep in talk with Lord Moira at the moment, he said without thinking, "Your Royal Highness is close to it," whereupon the easily enraged Prince rang the bell and ordered Brummell's carriage, but was placated by Lord Moira. Captain Gronow, however, gives a different story, which was told him by Sir Arthur Upton, present at the time. The Regent heard that Brummell had won £20,000 from George Drummond—a partner in the famous bank, and turned out for this exploit—playing whist at White's, and characteristically impressed, asked the Beau to dinner. They had quarrelled, but Brummell, I suppose, who was certainly the better gentleman of the two, thought it a reconciliation and went. The Prince's bad blood and bad breeding—I call his great champion, Mr. Beerbohm's attention to these phrases, which are mine, not Gronow's—came out in full force: he took advantage of Brummell's growing a little gay with wine to say to the Duke of York, "I think we had better order Mr. Brummell's carriage before he gets drunk." Both stories, of course, may be true. As for

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the "fat friend," anecdote. Jesse says the Prince was walking with Lord Moira and Brummell with Alvanley, but Gronow makes the scene a ball, and the Prince's companion Lady Worcester, in which case "Prinney's" wrath is the more intelligible.

Poor Brummell! We get a last vivid glimpse of him at Calais in 1880, in the memoirs of Charles Greville, who must have met him often at Oatlands. "I found him in his old lodging, dressing; some pretty pieces of old furniture in the room, an entire toilet of silver, and a large green macaw perched on the back of a tattered silk chair with faded gilding," and he adds, in a phrase of rare eloquence, "full of gaiety, impudence, and misery." He was to sink lower, in the ten years left of his existence, to a debtor's prison at Caen, and its asylum of the *Bon Sauveur*. God rest him, but if his ghost walks he shakes his fist at 81 Piccadilly.

It is time that we returned there. Byron was a member as he tells us in his "Detached Thoughts."

I liked the Dandies; they were always very civil to me. . . . I knew them all more or less, and they made me a member of Wattier's (a superb club at that time), being, I take it, the only literary man (except two others, both men of the world, M. and S.) in it.

He means Thomas More and William Spencer, and the passage is a little odd, since to a "literary man," *quà* that, Watier's could hardly have been a desirable resort. Byron, however, did not play there, or not to any extent. He had given it up since cards replaced dice, and macao was the game at Watier's.

I was very fond of it when young, that is to say, of "Hazard"; for I hate all *card* games, even Faro. When Macco (or whatever they spell it) was introduced, I gave up the whole thing; for I loved and missed the *rattle* and *dash* of the box and dice, and the glorious uncertainty, not only of good luck or bad luck, but of *any luck at all*, as one had sometimes to throw *often* to decide at all. . . . Since one and twenty years of age I played but little, and then never above a hundred or two, or three—

which would not have gone far at Watier's.

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So it was not all gambling there; some men, no doubt, went for the good eating, as some went in later years to Crockford's. We hear also of a masquerade given by Watier's to the Duke of Wellington and the conquering sovereigns—"Wellington & Co." is Byron's irreverent phrase—in 1814. There was a curious representation of this masquerade given at Drury Lane a year later, when some of the Drury Lane Committee—it was run something as Covent Garden is now—Byron included, went on the stage among the supers.

Watier's came to an end in 1819; apparently the members had succeeded in ruining each other. But the association of gambling with 81 Piccadilly was not over, and one great name yet illustrates the house. That is none other than Crockford himself. It is not quite certain, but I believe is almost so, that among other hells in which this financial genius was interested, *en route* from the fish-shop where his fortunes began to the most famous of all English gambling-places, in St. James's Street, was one held at 81 Piccadilly. It was a "French hazard" bank, and the partners cleared £200,000. The use of false dice was charged against them, indeed actual false dice, said to have been used at 81, were exhibited later in Bond Street.

So much for 81 Piccadilly. I know not who lives there now, but I trust that in honour of Watier's an occasional game of cards is played on the premises.

We cross from the east to the west side of Bolton Street, and come to 82, which was and is Bath House. The original house was built by the Earl of Bath, William Pulteney, the statesman of George the Second's time, Sir Robert Walpole's opponent. His is not a personality of much interest to me, but I am glad he lived in Piccadilly, because by virtue of a quarrel he gives me fair ground to linger for one brief moment over an old study of mine, John, Lord Hervey. Besides, they fought their duel in the Green Park opposite.

John, Lord Hervey—Baron Hervey of Ickworth, the

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second title of Lord Bristol, whose eldest son he was, not Lord John Hervey, as inaccurate writers have called him—has left us some of the best memoirs in the language. You must skip the details of politics no longer alive for us, but you have left one of the most real and living pictures of a Court and the society round it ever penned. He was most intimately of the world he shows us, but by gift of intellect and an ironical temperament could stand apart and take a view of it. Something of a pessimist and with a native scorn of humanity, he offended the sentiment of Thackeray. "There is John Hervey, with his deadly smile and ghastly, painted face—I hate him." I cannot hate people who interest me and amuse me so much, and I doubt if he was hateful. A man intellectually and personally fastidious in a coarse age is sure to be accused of effeminacy. Hervey married a famous beauty, Molly Lepel, and fought his duel—though he thought it a silly custom—like a man, and as for painting his face, he did it to save his friends the horror of the intense white illness had painted it first. Truly a remarkable family, those eighteenth-century Herveys. "God made men, women and Herveys," as Lady Townshend said. One of them was said by rumour to be the real father of Horace Walpole, another was the first husband of the bigamous Duchess of Kingston—there were giants of scandal in those days!—and another was the Tom Hervey who printed rude advertisements about his wife, but was so beloved by Dr. Johnson that "if you called a dog Hervey," said the Doctor, "I should love him."

I come back with a sigh and an apology to my Lord Bath. Hervey wrote the dedication to a pamphlet attacking him; he replied with another, in which Pope may have found hints for his own epithets for Hervey, "Sporus," the Emperor Nero's eunuch, and "Lord Fanny"; Hervey had no option but to fight him, and a bloodless duel in the Green Park followed, and Lord Bath had only to cross the road to be at home again.

The Barings succeeded the Pulteneys, and Alexander

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Baring, the first Lord Ashburton, built the house we know—or at least can see for a moment if we turn up Bolton Street when its gates are open—in 1821. He was, of course, the head of Baring Brothers, so that with Sir Julius Wernher, the present occupant, Bath House does but continue a tradition of successful finance.

It is from Harriet, the wife of the second Lord Ashburton, that Bath House has its celebrity, the Lady Ashburton who there and at the Grange was the admired hostess of all the literati and illuminati, poets, philosophers, men of science, of her day—or "Lady Ashburton's printers," as Lady Jersey, quite sublimely exclusive, preferred to call them. She, truly, is a gracious presence among the shades of Piccadilly. Her name sounds in a chorus of praise through the letters of the time. "A magnanimous and a beautiful soul," said Carlyle, and Monckton Milnes that "one hardly knew whether it was the woman or the wit that was so charming." It is provoking of Charles Greville to have dropped his acid into this cup, to have left us his opinion that she was capricious and quarrelsome. Let us be sure that their quarrel was his fault, he has the grace to admit her goodness when she was dead.

Lady Ashburton's ghost has a right to walk in Piccadilly, but I am doubtful about her society of geniuses. It was, on the whole, so sure that the wisdom of all the ages had flowered in it, so convinced of the golden time of "progress," so truly respectable and really good, that I doubt it would frighten away some other shades we have met. That is, it ought to frighten them, but I fear they would be stubborn, have their point of view and hold their ground. No, Tennyson and Carlyle and Mrs. Carlyle and Bishop Wilberforce do not belong to Piccadilly. More peaceful spaces, less worldly memories are theirs.

G. S. Street.

by Google

JANE, DUCHESS OF GORDON

IN one of the most interesting periods of Edinburgh history, about the year 1748, the exact date is uncertain, Magdalen Blair, of Blair, wife of Sir William Maxwell, of Monreith, gave birth to her second daughter, Jenny of Monreith, whose beauty later on gave her the name of "The Flower of Galloway," and who was destined to become famous not only for her beauty but for her personal charms, wit and cleverness, and through these to gain an exalted rank. Her parents held a good social position, but were not overburdened by this world's goods. They lived in Hyndford's Close, Edinburgh, in a second-floor flat of one of its tall houses, which were then inhabited by the best families in Scotland, and here Jenny first saw daylight.

Hyndford's Close, which leads out of High Street and the Old Town, still exists. Jenny and her sister Betty, afterwards Lady Wallace of Craigie, had seemingly a rough education; and their high spirits and boisterous ways were beyond the control of their mother, as is evident by one of the girls' amusements being to ride on the backs of pigs turned out from a neighbouring Close, all up the High Street. In illustration of this an anecdote is told by the author of "The Traditions of Edinburgh" that the first time an old gentleman, a relative of the Maxwells, saw the young ladies was in the High Street of Edinburgh, where

Miss Jane was riding on a sow belonging to Peter Ramsey, the stabler of St. Mary's Wynd, and which her sister Betty thumped lustily behind with a

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stick. The two romps used to watch the animals as they were let loose in the forenoon from the stable yard, and get upon their backs the moment they issued from the Close.

As time went by, Jenny sobered down, and her energy and determination found vent in political family intrigues, which will be referred to presently.

Years sped along, and Jenny's charms increased with them, and in 1767 she captivated the fancy of Alexander, fourth Duke of Gordon, who was then twenty-three, and one of the handsomest men of his age, and was described by Lord Kames as the greatest subject in Great Britain, in regard not only in extent of his rent-roll, but of the number of persons depending on his rule and protection. He appears to have been an easy-going man, and not gifted with any great abilities. He interfered little in politics, and chiefly occupied himself in rural affairs and field sports. He was one of the last noblemen in Scotland to keep hawks, and was noted for his breed of deer-hounds. He seems to have had a slight gift for poetry, as is shown by his well-known song of "There's cauld kail in Aberdeen," and he encouraged the musical genius of his butler, Marshall, called by Burns, "the first composer of strathspeys of the age."

The Duke proposed, and, needless to say, was accepted by the beautiful Jenny; and on October 28, 1767, the handsome couple were married in Edinburgh at No. 2, Argyle Square, then occupied by Mr. Fordyce, who married the third daughter of Sir William Maxwell.

A grand marriage this was for Jenny, and she fully entered into all the glories and interest of her new position. Ambition and the love of power swayed her life; and immediately after her marriage she took the management of the fortunes of the family into her own hands, and during her whole life systematically pursued a career which had one sole object in view—family aggrandisement. Her beauty has been depicted in her portrait, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds in 1775, which has been often engraved. Wraxwell, who knew her well, says that

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though far inferior to the Duchess of Devonshire in grace and accomplishments, she possessed indomitable pertinacity, importunity, and unconventionality; that she had excellent business capacity, good nature and ready wit, marred however by a singular coarseness of speech; and he goes on to say:

Few women have performed a more conspicuous part or occupied a higher place than herself in the public theatre of fashion, politics and dissipation. I shall speak of her with great impartiality from long personal acquaintance. The song, "Jenny of Monreith," which I have heard the present Duke of Gordon sing, was composed to celebrate her charms. In my estimate of female attractions she always wanted one essential component part of beauty. Neither in her person, manner, or mind was there any feminine expression. She might have aptly represented the Juno of Homer, but not Horace's "O quae beatem Diva tenens Cyprum!" The features, however noble, pleasing and regular, always animated, constantly in play, never deficient in vivacity or intelligence, yet displayed no timidity. They were sometimes overclouded by occasional frowns of anger or vexation, much more frequently lighted up with smiles. Her conversation bore a very strong analogy to her intellectual formation. Exempted by her sex, rank and beauty from those restraints imposed on women by the generally recognised usages of society, the Duchess of Gordon frequently dispensed with their observance. Unlike the Duchess of Devonshire, who, with the tumult of elections, faro and party triumphs, could mix love, poetry and a passion for the fine arts, the Scottish Duchess would reserve all the energy of her character for political purposes.

Jenny's life was divided between Edinburgh, where she was the sole arbitress of fashion, as powerful in her sway over the Assembly Rooms as the famous Miss Nicky Murray,[1] London,

[1] The Assembly Rooms, in the old Assembly Close, were the scenes of those rigid and awe-inspiring functions, presided over by some lady of rank and mistress of the unwritten laws of etiquette, of which Goldsmith and Captain Topham have both left such graphic accounts, and which form the theme of one of the chapters in Chambers's "Traditions of Edinburgh."

Then the Assembly Close received the fair:
Order and elegance presided there,
Each gay Right Honourable had her place,
To walk a minuet with becoming grace.
No racing to the dance with rival hurry—
Such was thy sway, O famed Miss Nicky Murray!

Miss Nicky Murray was indeed famed. She was a sister of the Earl o

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and beautiful Castle Gordon, situated on the Murrayshire bank of the River Spey, and close to the village of Fochabers, the charms of whose site are immortalised by Burns in a poem he composed in gratitude for the kind hospitality with which he was greeted by the Duke, just before his marriage, the final verse of which runs as follows:

Streams that glide in Orient plains,
Never bound by Winter's chains,
Glowing here on golden sands,
There commixed with foulest stains,
From Tyranny's empurpled hands.

These their richly gleaming waves
Leave to tyrants and their slaves.
Give me the stream that sweetly laves
The banks of Castle Gordon.

From Burns's "Memoirs" this visit appears to have been shorter than was intended by his host, who after entertaining him at dinner, earnestly invited him to remain for a time. Burns, to his regret, had to explain to the Duke that he had left a friend—a schoolmaster—at the inn at Fochabers, whom he would not desert. Burns's noble host offered to send a servant to conduct Mr. Nicholls to the Castle, but Burns insisted on performing that office himself. However, a gentleman was sent with him from the Castle to deliver an invitation from the Duke to Mr. Nicholls with all the forms of politeness. But the pride of the schoolmaster had already been inflamed to a high pitch by the desertion of his friend and the imagined neglect. He had ordered the horses to be put in the chaise, having decided to proceed on his journey alone, and they found him parading before the door of the inn, venting his anger on the postillion for his slowness in executing his commands

Mansfield, and lived in Bailie Fyfe's Close, and there "finished" young lady cousins from the country, and introduced them into society. It is said that Miss Murray, on hearing a young lady's name pronounced for the first time, would say: "Miss —— of what?" If no territorial addition could be made, she manifestly cooled. In 1824 the Assembly Rooms, where Miss Nicky Murray had ruled, were burnt down.

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Burns, therefore, took his seat beside Nicholls in the post-chaise and turned his back on Castle Gordon with mortification and regret, to which he gave vent in a letter written to Mr. Hoy, the Duke's librarian:

> I shall certainly, among my legacies, leave my latest curse on that unlucky predicament which hurried—tore me away from Castle Gordon. May that obstinate son of Latin prose be cursed to Scotch mile periods, and damned to seven-leagued paragraphs, while declension and conjugation, gender, number and case under the rugged banners of dissonance and disarrangement eternally rank against him in hostile array.

It is well known that a most intimate friendship existed between the beautiful Jenny and Burns. From the earliest days of their acquaintance she made no secret of her intense admiration for and appreciation of the Ayrshire poet, and she gloried more over triumph over his heart than in the many other triumphs she had had over those her equals in birth; she always said that no man carried her off her feet as he did. The admiration and devotion felt for the Duchess by Burns was fully as great as hers for him. In many of his poems there are allusions to her, and we can picture to ourselves the warm-hearted poet of Nature sitting at her feet in her room at Castle Gordon overlooking the river Spey, gazing into her eyes and pouring forth his soul in verse while she accompanied him on her guitar or bent over her embroidery frame drinking in her adorer's admiration. Whether their friendship, which gave rise to much gossip at the time, ever stepped beyond the limits of Platonic friendship is a matter of question, and can only be known to the descendants of both families, in whose hands is the correspondence of the two friends.

In Burns's diary in 1787 he says:

> Crossed the Spey to Fochabers—beautiful palace, worthy of the generous proprietor—company, Duke and Duchess, Ladies Charlotte and Magdalen, Colonel Abercromby and Lady, Mr. Gordon and a clergyman, a venerable aged figure, a Mr. Hoy. The Duke makes me happier than ever great man did. Noble, princely, yet mild, condescending and affably gay and kind—the Duchess charming, witty and sensible, God bless them.

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For many years the Duke and Duchess appear to have lived in London more than anywhere; else and here, besides forming a centre for the Tory party, she obtained a political power which few women in this country have ever reached. At their house in Pall Mall, belonging to the Marquis of Buckingham, she received large gatherings of the hangers-on to Government, during the last fourteen years of Pitt's first administration. Wraxwell writes: "Desirous of participating in the blessings which the Treasury alone can dispense and with enrolling the name of Gordon with those of Pitt and of Dundas, if not in the rolls of fame, at least in the substantial list of Court favour and benefaction, the Administration did not possess a more active and determined partisan." Her discernment enabled her to perceive that Fox, whatever dignities or employments might be reserved for him by fortune under the reign of George IV., would probably remain excluded from power so long as the sceptre remained in the hands of George III. This principle or conviction seemed never to be absent from her mind. The Duchess indeed entertained the project of marrying her eldest daughter to Pitt. Lady Charlotte was then about eighteen years of age; and though not a Hebe, yet her youth, her high birth and her accomplishments might not improbably, as her mother thought, effect this conquest. In fact, Pitt, however little constitutionally inclined to the passion of love, yet manifested some partiality towards her, and showed her many attentions. The Duchess, desirous of improving so promising a commencement, used frequently to drive to the Dundas's house at Wimbledon, "accompanied by Lady Charlotte, at times when she knew that Pitt and his greatest friend were there."

Pitt hardly ever failed, on quitting the Treasury Bench, to throw himself in Dundas's post-chaise and accompany him to Wimbledon, where, at whatever hour they arrived, they sat down to supper and never failed to drink each his bottle, and the Minister found his sleep more sound as well as more refreshing at Wimbledon than in Downing Street. However

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violent may have been the previous agitation of his mind, yet in a very few minutes after he laid his head on his pillow he sank into profound repose. So difficult indeed was it to waken him that his valet usually shook him before he could be aroused from sleep. One night, Pitt, having been much disturbed by a variety of political occurrences, drove out to pass the night with Dundas at Wimbledon, and after supper withdrew to his chamber, giving his servant directions to call him at seven on the ensuing morning. No sooner had he retired than Dundas, conscious how much his mind stood in need of repose, repaired to his apartment, locked the door and put the key in his pocket, at the same time enjoining the valet on no consideration to disturb his master, but to allow him to sleep as long as nature required. It is the truth that Pitt neither woke nor called any person till half-past four in the afternoon of the following day, when Dundas, entering his room together with his servant, found him still in so deep a sleep that it became necessary to shake in order to awaken him. He had slept uninterruptedly during more than sixteen hours.

Dundas, who was more clear-sighted than most men, and didn't wish his friend to form a matrimonial connection which must have given the Duchess a sort of maternal ascendency over him, determined to counteract her design, and for that purpose he could devise no expedient more efficacious than affecting the decision to lay his own person and fortune at Lady Charlotte's feet. He was then a widower, having been divorced from his first wife, Elizabeth Rennie. Pitt, who never had displayed more than a slight inclination towards the lady, ceased his assiduities; and Dundas's object being achieved, his pretensions, which never were clearly pronounced, expired, without producing any ostensible effect. Singular or doubtful as these facts may appear, I have good reason for believing them to be founded on truth. They came from high authority. Two years later the Duchess of Gordon succeeded in procuring the hand of Colonel Lennox, afterwards Duke of Richmond, for her daughter Charlotte.

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The attention of Parliament and, indeed, of all England was in 1787 called to the debts of the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.), which, within the space of less than four years, were becoming intolerable, and oppressive to himself. All application to the Sovereign for assistance being ineffectual, it was determined by his secret advisers, at whose head presided Lord Loughborough, Fox, and Sheridan, to trust him at once to the generosity of the House of Commons. But the concluding words of the Minister's speech on April 30, 1787, sufficiently indicated that at St. James's there existed a disposition to accommodate matters without making disclosures in the House of Commons, equally painful to the King and Prince. It only required a friendly interposition to animate his inclination, and the Duchess of Gordon undertook the office. She passed a part of almost every evening in society with the heir-apparent, whom she was accustomed in conversation to treat with the utmost freedom, even upon points of great delicacy. Her exhortations and remonstrances to Ministers produced the desired effect. His embarrassments amounted to full £200,000. Dundas finally arranged an interview with the Prince, and matters were settled without a public disclosure.

Her conjugal duties pressed on her heart with less force than did her maternal solicitudes, and little by little disagreement arose between her and the Duke, in great part with reference to money, in which he appears to have treated her badly, which ended in complete estrangement from him. But in her daughters she centred her ambitious cares. For their elevation no sacrifice was too great, no exertion too laborious, no renunciation too severe. It would, indeed, be vain to seek any other instance in our history of a woman who out of five daughters married three to dukes and one to a marquis. Charlotte, as we have said, married the Duke of Richmond; Susan, the Duke of Manchester; and Georgina, the youngest, the Duke of Bedford. The daughters in question inherited nothing, not even their mother's personal beauty, and so to her

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and her influence alone they owed their grand alliances, and she was regarded by her friends as successful beyond precedent in match-making.

During the short peace of 1802, the Duchess took her family over to Paris to secure Eugene Beauharnais for her youngest daughter Georgina, but failed in her purpose, and Lady Georgina became Duchess of Bedford. On her return from Paris, the Duchess was accused of having said she hoped to see "Bonaparte breakfast in Ireland, dine in London, and sup at Gordon Castle." Such stories, though probably untrue, added to her quarrels with her husband, and little by little dethroned her from her high position. She became estranged from most of her family, and led a wandering and almost homeless life. Some of her letters written at this period (extracts of which I give at end of article) to Francis Farquharson, of Houghton (1804–1806), accountant, give a clearer insight into her misfortunes.[1] He was confidential adviser to both parties.

It seems to have been proposed to refer points and disputes between the Duke and Duchess to Sir Henry Erskine Montgomery, but the former's efforts appear to have been unsatisfactory. The poor Duchess, her beauty and her power gone, died in London at Pulteney's Hotel, Piccadilly, with her eldest son and her other children beside her, on April 14, 1812, in the sixty-fourth year of her age. She lay in state for three days, and was buried, according to her request, at Kinrara, Inverness-shire. Her death is thus regarded by one who knew her well:

> So the great leader of fashion is gone at last—the Duchess of Gordon. Her last party, poor woman, came to the Pulteney Hotel to see her coffin. She lay in state three days in crimson velvet, and she died more satisfactory than one could have expected. She had an Old Scots Presbyterian minister to attend her, who spoke very freely to her, I heard, and she took it very well. She received the Sacrament a few hours before her death.

[1] Printed in Glasgow, 1864.

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Thus ended a life whose career presents a true instance of the fleeting character of all human greatness.

Faults there may have been on her side to bring the estrangement from her husband, but on his there seem to have been many more, not only in regard to meanness and stinginess, but also in intimacies he had with other women, above all with Mrs. Jane Christie, with whom he had been for years on terms of more than intimacy, and whom he married in 1820.

I

To F. FARQUHARSON, Esq.

Gordon Castle,
Jan. 13, 1804.

I hoped to hear from you after all the perils and dangers we shared together—be assured I often think of your kind visit with much satisfaction. I enclose you one of the papers which you have seen, and were so good as to protect. You know how much I am interested in introducing industry into that country, where the bravest people in the world are idle and often deprived of even the common comforts of life; what am I to do as to the Highland Society? I have wrote to Mr. Macdonald and Mr. Gordon. Should I write the Duke of Argyle—Lord Melville, &c.? I will wait for your answer before I send any letters; so I hope to hear from you first post. I don't know what I am writing—there is no less than fourteen ladies talking in the room—and Miss Forbes warbling one of my favourite songs—the Duke frisking about gayest of the gay and everybody happy—as I hope you are, and will be thro' many succeeding years. Yours with much regard,

J. GORDON.

II

To FRANCIS FARQUHARSON, Esq., of Haughton, Edinburgh

The Cottage of Kinrara,
November 2, 1804.

Your first letter filled me with indignation against your sex; your second really was so perfectly ridiculous I laughed at it—and am certain you must have done so too, had it not been intended to blind some poor fool who takes assertions for facts and temporary embarrassments for bankruptcy. Does any man think he can pay £20,000 of debts, build a bridge at his own expense,

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purchase Lord Murray's fishing, pay his daughters' portions, which, little as they are, come to £25,000, and not be involved and deeply involved? But why am I at the end of a life, spent for his credit, my own honour and his children's welfare, to be a prisoner, and really one upon bread and water if the sum you mention was to be my allowance? Does the Duke think because his table is surrounded with insignificant people that they are no expense, or because his servants are people unfit for their purpose that they are less expensive? Hoy eats as much as the Duke of York, and Menzies drinks as much as the Prince of Wales. But would it not be easier at once to see if the Duke and I could be boarded in some cheap family, to leave a free estate to God knows who, and to give his factors, grieves, &c., money to surprise the world with? Their goodness and generosity!!! The Duke now don't live like a gentleman of £5,000 a year, and I never shall accept of one farthing less than I had when his estate was not the half it is, nor the articles of life half so dear. I am Duchess of Gordon—he is Duke—and I feel I have done as much credit to the name as any Duke ever did. I think it is cruel enough to be shut up in these mountains far from those I love and respect—for years not to see my children and friends—because he has debts. Sell to pay those debts, and he will leave a better fortune than he had—the day I thought myself put at the head of his family—and where can it be gone? He has seen nobody. Change those people who advise and has gone on for years, and I shall believe in a reform. In place of staying where he is till Xmas, if the danger is great make him leave home to-morrow. The blood suckers will drop off, he will perform the promise he gave to me and my children. He will get the money for Spey Bridge, he will see his son married, and be as he ought to be, at the head of his family, and everything go on like Duke of Gordon, in place of yawning out life, breaking his word, and being despised by everybody worthy of esteem. I have no desire or pleasure to go to London in the spring—it is the gloomy winter I wish to fly from—and it is in winter I must go. *Retrench*—he ought to paint, furnish, and put his house in order, go to town and put his estate into the hands of trustees—the old men—the old story of twenty years sederunt. They cannot dupe me, however they may him. I have one resource—it is the last—and I wish to avoid it; but, if impossible, I am certain the world will approve, and he alone will suffer. Forgive all this, but it is the truth and nothing but the truth.

J. GORDON.

I beg you may send this to C. Gordon

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III

To FRANCIS FARQUHARSON, Esq., Edinburgh

Cumberland Place,
May 7.

My Dear Sir,—

I was made happy by your message that all the house bills due at Kinrara were pay'd; but a good deal mortified and surprised when Mr. Anderson writes me not one farthing has been given since I left the country. I advanced £200 of my pin money to satisfy them, and the man who *bought* beef, &c., for me—Mr. Wilson of Inverness—it is shocking, and now another year and unpay'd. You cannot suppose I will go on with it, and God knows the Duke has no idea how he stands in the world. Such scenes, such depravity, must come forward, that I shudder for the name I bear being so exposed; but I have not resolution to say I will be always miserable, in the country insulted by servants, surrounded by wretches, here worse than a prisoner, not a soul permitted to come into the house, such a house no gentleman ever lived in, and not one of those people who I used to live with ever allowed to enter into the house. I hope I won't lose the school Dr. Kemp promised me in Kingussie, and a high sallary, as everything there is so dear, and no education nearer than Inverness it is real charity; also my woolen manufactory. I trust all to you and good Sir W. Forbes. The prospect of doing good to these poor Highlanders is the only consolation of my wretched life, tho' I may be proud to find Pitt, Sidmouth, all the friends of my early life more attached than ever, and his Majesty made me such compliments upon my family that I for a moment forget, that he who ought to be most grateful dedicates every hour of his life to make me miserable and himself despicable.

Yours ever,
J. GORDON.

IV

To F. FARQUHARSON, Esq.

June 15, 1805.

The resolution I have come to won't surprise you, my good friend; you know the insults I have met with as a wife and mother; you know that even the poor pittance spent at Kinrara by his own orders is not pay'd; you know the depravity of the Gordon Castle family, but you don't know that since I came here I have not been allowed to see a soul. My own children each dined once with me, and tho' solicited to give a dinner to bring Ministers together and soothe the heat of party, yet the disgraceful establishment made it

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impossible to see them or the world, and the cruel barbarous names and insults made it impossible to remain at home with comfort. When I complained of stone ware for a Duke of Gordon, his answer was, "D——d Scotch pride." When he asked for things which I had sent to my cottage and bought myself, "By God, ma'm, you are a swindler." If I said he did not live like a gentleman, which I regretted, "Your extravagance has ruined me." I have under his hand in the year '95 that all I had ever received from his estate was my then pin money, £500 a year, which in the course of twenty-eight years Duchess of Gordon I had exceeded £1,240, most of it laid out on that farm near Gordon Castle, not yet pay'd me for, and £400 to Mr. Dingwall for a diamond earing all Edin^r. knows I lost. That brings my expenses down to 95, and the clerks at Coutts' are now making out upon oath what I spent during the period. Two dukes were married in my house, and Lady Louisa Brome. My daughters being married makes no difference in my expense, tho' it makes the estate much richer, and also makes a great difference in his yearly expenditure. I pay'd none of their bills; I seldom had but a leg of mouton, and I can have no less. My coach, my servants, my house as Duchess of Gordon, and mother of the Duchess of Bedford, can be no less, and yet double the expense from the change of prices. I have done everything for my family, and got thousands for his, even his bridge money now, and why should I not be allowed more than is even requisite? Is it not all lay'd out on his property and in improving the morals as well as the fortunes of those around me? This wretched house of dirt we pay £100 a month, four horses £40 a month, for every footman costs £100, but I need not tell you. I go into a hotel to-day, and they tell me every servant is to be five shillings a day for board. I won't take a sum, might be doubtful, as dishonour is to be *tacked* to my name if exceeded. Talk to Mr. Erskine, and pray show this to Mr. Gordon. I cannot write more; a giddy head and broken heart is all I am left with, not one shilling of money, but an order for £100 to take me down though it cost £400 coming up, but he always thinks he should spend triple but a coach must have four horses, and two servants makes *six*. But it is all alike, and thank God my bondage must soon be broken. I beg you will secure the papers from Sir George Abercrombie where he tried Jane Chrystee[1] and her mother, also the sham marriage performed and the divorce procured during my illness. When I went to Gordon Castle he promised if I *could not live there* I should be restored to my £4,000 a year; you know if I could with dignity remain. Adieu; thank Heaven this is the last letter I shall write on these painful subjects.

Yours ever,

J. GORDON.

[1] Jane Christie, afterwards became Duchess of Gordon.

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V

To F. FARQUHARSON, Esq., Great George Street, Edinburgh

A small room twenty feet long in a hotel in Albemarle Street. I need not say the cruel uncomfortable situation I am placed in; no money to go to Scotland, no money to spend here, and though the Dukes of Bedford, Manchester, and Brome show me every kindness, pity or affection can dictate yet the regret. Wonder, pity, of the world is unsupportable, and how the Duke could expose the mother of his children to such a degrading situation, as his orders to give no money everybody knew, and only one hundred for Scotland with a coach and four and as many servants; but he wished to have it all his own way at Edin^{r}, and to ruin my character in every house will let him in. Except to dine with the Chamhams, Duke of York, and such old and steady friends I go nowhere, but am tired to death to be so long in a dirty hotel, and the unwearied attention and kindness of the world is worse to bear, to a mind like mine, than solitude. The bread and beer I had at Kinrara is not yet pay'd, and a life of more sorrow than ever fell to the share of wife or mistress, concludes with every cruel lie, indignity, and persecution that can be inflicted Mother of four dukes—nay five, if you add Huntly—here left in a hotel depending on the *charity* of the public, when my exertions have put them in the possession of about £200,000 a year. Put yourself in my situation, and judge how the public talk of the Duke. . . . Let him blush as every friend he has done for him to talk of exceeding, my d——d extravagance that had ruined him, &c., when it shall be proved that I never *have received* my annuity.

J. GORDON.

F. Farquharson, Esq.,
Gt. George St., Edin^{r}.

VI

To F. FARQUHARSON, Esq., Edinburgh

London,
July 8, 1805.

Dear Mr. Farquharson,—

As I wish exactly to know what part of the immense debt is contracted on my account, I have now before me every shilling I have received in London, and wish to know every shilling pay'd for me in Scotland, till the period my annuity stoped, which was when I lived in Fife House. You can alone procure that, and it must be at Edin^{r} when I am there, and here for Mr. Adam to see it. Indeed, it would not be doing justice to the Duke not to order it, as I must have that part cleared up, and might think I had spent less

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than I have done. I cannot leave this (as I told you before) without money, and am a prisoner spending £200 a month in a wretched hotel—ten feet square—the object of everybody's pity. All my children would give me money, but I know the Duke can refuse to pay borrowed money, tho' everything else he must pay. He can keep me here for years if I cannot get away, and only awaken the resentment of the public, as everybody with indignation hears of his conduct. He will say, "I ordered her down." Yes! but gave an order for £100 for a coach, four servants, and living on the road!!! Whenever I can leave this I will.

CONSTANCE DE LA WARR.

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JOHANNES BRAHMS

1833–1897

TO couple the name of Brahms with the word fashion verges on the ludicrous. Yet the fact remains that the series of Brahms Concerts given in London during the last two months could almost be chronicled amongst the doings of the "smart set." At more than one of these concerts, it is true, a few elderly persons in the crowded throng were to be observed slumbering peacefully; and if the brilliant frivolity of that culmination of smartness—Wagnerian opera at Covent Garden in the height of the season—did not absolutely predominate, it may be supposed that the air was oppressed by the prevailing solemnity of the proceedings, which could suggest commemorations of some public calamity.

Brahms certainly never took himself half so seriously as do his latter-day English disciples. To discover a reason for the inordinate gravity of demeanour affected by these votaries is not easy; and the uninitiated who have had no opportunities of previously testing the stimulating possibilities of Brahms musically, are apt to obtain merely a sensation of dulness and inertia. If we accept the life and character of Brahms as the key to the spirit of his utterances, there is nothing specially tragic in one or the other. He lived to the age of sixty-four, and until his last few months he never knew a day's illness. He had splendid vitality and robust health, sufficient to tire out his immediate entourage. He was a tremendous walker, and

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as soon as he could afford it, became a bit of a *bon vivant*, with a first-rate digestion. Year in, year out, a fund of will-power and concentration enabled him to devote himself pleasurably to his creative faculty. He began his career unknown in a lowly state of life—only two generations removed from peasant stock—and without a penny in his pocket. By the time that he was forty, he was fairly well acknowledged all the world over as a composer of first magnitude. To within his last year he could work with a clear brain and unclouded perception; the exquisitely pathetic "Ernste Lieder," Op. 121, finished in 1896, exhibit no sign of a falling off from his habitual high standard. He died leaving a fortune of £20,000, acquired by his own unaided efforts as a creative musician. In all of this there is a substantial suggestion, if not of neurotic romance, at least of solid comfortable happiness, such as should especially appeal in a comfortable cheerful manner to the practical side of our English character.

A dread of social amenities and conventions, amongst them the necessity of donning an evening coat, appears to have been a cogent preventive against his ever accepting various urgent invitations to visit England. He cordially detested what his countrymen understand as "Spectakel," and more than once cleverly evaded anything approaching an ovation, as, for instance, at a public dinner when the toast of the "greatest composer" was given, which he promptly caught up, by raising his glass and replying, "*Ganz recht*, we drink to Mozart." It is then a matter of curious conjecture to picture an artist of his calibre in the midst of a *côterie* of his English devotees. He had a grim sense of humour. "I do love Brahms," remarked a lady at one of the above-mentioned concerts; "he always makes me think somehow of the *Elijah*." This is possibly the one and only occasion when Brahms has evoked memories of Mendelssohn. But from the outset of his career, it was to his or rather to our misfortune, that he was constantly pitted against the most prominent names in the history of his art. This has brought his music a quite extraordinary vogue of

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fluent, ready-made and as often as not quite inapplicable admiration and belittling. His detractors have gone so far as to announce that had he not been so continuously tossed to and fro at Wagner, no one would ever have heard of him. It is also fairly obvious that many of his most ardent partisans were merely casting about for a tangible argument in their case against the theories of Wagner; and a vague intuition of an unanalysable something in the individuality of Brahms led them to adopt him as a big enough war-cry to serve their purpose. Liszt, on perusal of the famous Schumann mandate, "Neue Bahnen," only remarked cynically: "Yes, but Schumann once said much the same about a certain Sterndale Bennett." Still, Liszt could be deceived for a time by a flattering premonition that in Brahms he was welcoming a new satellite of his own. The anecdote of Brahms falling asleep during a Liszt *séance*, though probably fictitious, admirably indicates the former's consistent behaviour throughout the strife of half a century. The hubbub touched him in no vital artistic sense. With unruffled equanimity he pursued his own course; nor is there any record of his ever writing or speaking a word for or against the belligerents. But the contention, whilst it put money into his own pocket as well as those of publishers and concert agents, has also done immeasurable harm artistically, by deterring many genuine musicians from forming a first-hand opinion of Brahms; and lovers of sincerity have been repelled by a free circulation of undiluted cant. Of temperament such as we associate with Chopin or Tshaïkovski, Brahms was devoid. He resisted pessimism to the utmost. He had, if anything, too much control of his emotions, a trait which can often impart an austerity almost harsh and forbidding to his music. On the whole this music is characterised by slow, rugged force rather than by the attributes of polish and delicacy. Even in his love-songs there is rarely a note of overwhelming, passionate impetuosity. A vein of diffidence, if not of actual caution, no doubt restrained him from writing a symphony until he had reached the age of forty-three, and then he only

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composed three others. We may contrast this output with the fertility of Germany's other great modern symphonists, Beethoven with nine, and Bruckner with eight. One finds in Brahms no exuberance of joyous irresponsibility such as greets us in the winsome accent of Mozart, and sometimes too in the pages of Schubert. In this connection it may be mentioned that his mother was well on in middle age when she married, and over forty at the time of his birth. His intention towards life is clearly summed up by his maxim: "We have at any rate to live, let us therefore do our best to make life as interesting as possible." It is significant that out of nearly two hundred of his songs, the text of half a dozen only is supplied by the mercurial genius of Heine. Amongst the six though is the lovely "Der Tod das ist die kühle Nacht," a token of his genius which one could ill spare. Apart from an unfailing enjoyment of studying Biblical Writ (purely as literature though, and with no bias towards creeds and dogmas), Brahms, who was a great reader, seems oddly enough to have cared most for the novels of Fielding, and for serious historical and philosophical works. Compared with other modern composers he was no traveller. For the personal propaganda of his works he went no farther beyond the frontiers of strictly German-speaking peoples than Holland and Switzerland. His expressed pleasure in various sojourns in Italy, undertaken solely for repose and recreation, indicates a many-sided culture and a quick perception for beauty, whether in art or in landscape. One may say that comparatively impervious to persons his frequent intercourse with nature and solitude was on the other hand a necessity of his very existence. It requires but little imagination to catch the echo of this deep abiding love of nature impregnating his music, but most especially, perhaps, many of his songs. "Feldeinsamkeit" will at once occur to the reader, or the beautiful "Regenlieder," Op. 59, or his numerous lyrics relating to spring, autumn, the expanse of the sea, or the fresh stillness of wood and forest and mountain side. With all his culture, Brahms never became what we call a man of

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the world. His peasant ancestry peeps out again and again. A curious mixture of the simple and prosaic in his nature is illustrated by his statement that as a child, and already a composer, his best tunes always came to him whilst blacking his boots. His very name is symbolical, since it is said to be derived from the common term Bram (Bramble), still current in some German districts. Only a true son of the people could have handled their folk tunes and dances in his inimitable fashion, identifying himself quite naturally with their mood, and yet making them part and parcel of his own unmistakable individuality. As far as is known, the affections of Brahms found their principal outlet in a touching life-long fidelity to ties with a family connection which it would have taken the genius of a Balzac to describe as interesting. The circle included his parents, two brothers, a sister, and later on a stepmother and her son, to the support of one or other of whom he very early began to contribute, doing so more and more liberally as his means increased. As a reason for not marrying he once wrote to a friend:

> At the time when I should have wished to marry, my compositions were either hissed at, or at any rate very coolly received. I knew their worth though, and that sooner or later the page would be turned; and in unmarried solitude I never really took my reverses to heart. But to be questioned by a wife at such moments; to have her inquiring eyes anxiously fixed upon me, to hear her ask: "Again a fiasco?" No, that I could never have borne. For however much she loved me and believed in me, I could not have expected her to have unwavering faith in my subsequent victory. And had she attempted to console me! Ugh! I can't even think of it. It would have been little less than hell.

In its bare outline the confession is stern enough, but if we probe beneath its surface have we not a glimpse of an acute sensibility, as well as of a longing for what he himself felt to be an unattainable haven of conjugal love and mutual comprehension and trust between man and woman? In connection with his love ideals, "Wie bist du meine Königin" is as right royal and tender a homage as any woman need crave. Spasms of his inherent asperity no doubt jarred upon Brahms himself at times driving

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him to seek counteracting softening influences to his unconquerable reticence. These gentler yearnings may have had him in their throes when he brought forth a goodly number of the capricci and intermezzi. Amongst these one recalls a few from the Op. 76, or the first intermezzo from the second book Op. 116; or again the haunting, ethereal beauty of so many of the slow movements in his chamber music. He was always attracted to children. In more than one crisis of sorrow in his life it was to a child that he turned for solace. But children were at first awed, and until they had tested the gentleness underlying his brusquerie, were inclined to shrink from him. His songs for the yonng too, whilst they can appeal warmly to the retrospect sympathies of their elders, are not within the comprehension of the average child. Very apt was the criticism of Bülow, applied to the Andante from the pianoforte sonata Op. 5, once brought to him for a lesson by a young pupil: "Fraülein, this is not for you; it is for no one under thirty." Every one has heard of the delight which Brahms took in waltz tunes and rhythms, a delight most fitly set forth in the delicious "Liebeslieder Walzer" for vocal quartet and pianoforte duet Op. 52 and 65.[1]

One of his chief attractions to Vienna was the dance music of the Viennese dance dynasty, the Strausses, whom he placed very high amongst composers. He was one of the first musicians also to appreciate Dvořák, and cherished a warm admiration for composers of the *genre* of Bizet and Goldmark. It is in his mass of chamber music that Brahms is perhaps, next to his songs, best known in England. Opportunities of hearing his orchestral works under a sympathetic conductor are rare; and one ventures to think that his technique as an orchestrator is occasionally blamed, thanks to incomparably dull and heavy interpretation, No composer was ever more plastic and utterly dependent upon adequate

[1] It must be confessed that, probably owing to prevalent misconceptions as to the *genre* of Brahms' music, these inspiring fragments are as often as not interpreted in our concert rooms as so many dry vocal exercises.

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performance. In order to enter into the sanctuary of the Brahms holy of holies, one is indeed inclined to demand for him considerably more study from the three standpoints of emotion, intellect, and technique, than is requisite for any other composer. His own frequent failure, whether as pianist or conductor, to arouse sympathy for his music may have been largely due, not to incompetence on his part, but rather to something wholly new and unusual in his style. There are at present only here and there a Steinbach, a Weingartner, a Nikisch, a Leonard Borwick, a d'Albert, a Kreisler who can grasp and appreciate his mixture of depth and transparency and cause his music to vibrate with that acute nerve of sensibility already alluded to, which impelled Brahms to the accomplishment of his best work, but which he was also at pains to conceal, even from himself. His life of retirement and isolation from a modern world of quick action and movement could tend besides to a further veiling of his meaning in a certain dreamy remoteness and distance. His conceptions are apt to assume vague and titanic proportions. Yet the means employed in his four symphonies, or in the larger choral works, to wit the "Triumphslied" or the "Schicksalslied" are simple enough. If we desire the allurement of the "tropical garden of gorgeous exotics offered by Wagner's orchestration," Brahms is bound to disappoint us;[1] but the sombre, mellow values of his tone-colouring, brought about by his marked preference for the lower stringed instruments, as is evinced more especially in the first movement of his "Requiem," or in the "Serenade," Op. 16, can appeal to a connoisseur, reminding him of some fine old painting. Brahms' manipulation of certain instruments, more particularly of the clarinet and horn, points moreover to a comprehension for their peculiar qualities, not easily to be rivalled; and in sheer beauty of treatment it would be difficult to surpass such things as the blending of the horn and harp accompaniment to the "Songs for Women's Choir," Op. 17. We may justly classity

[1] *Vide* W. H. Hadow, "Studies in Modern Music."

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this composer as essentially Teutonic. The mingling of uncouth realism and romantic sentiment in Teutonic legendary lore, and potent throughout the range of Teutonic pictorial art, from Dürer to Menzel, finds in him an eloquent counterpart. No one has better fathomed his inner meaning than his fellow Teuton, the sculptor, painter and etcher, Max Klinger. In this artist's wonderful series of Brahms' Phantasie the imagery can be both grotesque and awkward. Yet the pose of the human figures introduced is full of dignity, and the backgrounds of cloud and sea, with masses of dimly outlined mysterious forms, soaring up from the horizon, are signally emblematic of the scope of the Brahms conception, and its flitting note of poesy. In the lyrics, such as "Alte Liebe," "Am Sonntag Morgen," "Sehnsucht," or the "Feldeinsamkeit," Max Klinger has evidently found a wealth of emotional colouring. His title-page to the last-named song curiously typifies its atmosphere of summer heat and haze. It is above all, though, in his "Schicksalslied," the great Song of Destiny, that Klinger is most intimately allied with Brahms. To the relentless force of its *allegro*, its rush of movement and rhythm, he has penned a masterly corollary, which won the delighted thanks of Brahms himself, and equally well has the artist caught the celestial after-thought in major key appended by the musician to the poet's text of desolation:

> Wie Wasser von Klippe
> Zu Klippe geworfen
> Jahrlang ins Ungewisse hinab.

It is after all to his complete self-revelation of a singularly virile, healthy, and independent individuality, true to others and true to itself, that Brahms owes his best claim to greatness. The legend of the "three B.s, Bach, Beethoven, Brahms," has been promulgated to satiety. But neither in Bach nor Beethoven do we meet with those bold designs of broad, sweeping curves of melody with which the music of Brahms is saturated, if we will only seek it for ourselves. Even granted that he was a borrower of themes—wholly his own in his method of shroud-

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ing these in a mist of floating rich toned harmonies and modulations; and his sharp transitions, his arabesques of arpeggi, his intricacy of free, declamatory rhythms and counter-rhythms, are as unlike the clean-cut outlines of Bach and Beethoven as any music well can be. It might be presumed that in these latter aspects of harmony and rhythm he had affinity with Schumann. But here again one would place the two individualities at opposite poles. If it be generally conceded that Brahms requires more study than the other composers, the agreement need not, however, oblige us to dismiss as his inferiors a Wagner, a Berlioz, a Liszt. To pose Brahms indeed upon a pinnacle and shut out the horizon of any further musical development is a position of which he, with his clear judgment and critical acumen, would speedily have demonstrated the absurdity. Analogies between workers in different spheres of art once formulated can return to us later on reproachfully, as incongruous and far-sought. Still there are some conspicuous points of contact between Brahms the Teuton and the American Walt Whitman; and Brahms assuredly would have readily endorsed the American's words:

> Births have brought us richness and variety,
> And other births will bring us richness and variety;
> I do not call one greater and one smaller;
> That which fills its period and place is equal to any.

A. E. KEETON.

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"LA PETITE FLEUR BLEUE DE LA FÉLICITÉ PARFAITE"

A REVERIE

UNDER the southward-looking windows of the house, in the burning of a hot noon-tide, I find the mummy-peas in flower.

We had sown them with but small hopes of their flourishing, so shrivelled they were, and ancient—yet here, after all, are the blossoms, just full-blown, plenteous, very faintly fragrant, and most softly, aerially blue.

"Ah!" I whisper, "la petite fleur bleue de la félicité parfaite!"

The midsummer riot of scarlet and crimson and fire-colour is surging over the garden, and the mummy-peas just now are the only blue flowers in it. Blue flowers, the year round, are somewhat the rarest, and always the sweetest. I am glad of the blue mummy-pea, just as Balzac must have been glad when, suddenly, upon the scathed and acrid pages of "Les petites misères de la vie conjugale," there dropped from his pen that pretty haunting phrase.

You may travel up and down the world that Balzac made, many a painful, many a joyous, many a dreary league, and not light upon such another star-like "jewel five words long." I remember—as I mark the delicate purple veining on the

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wings of my Egyptian sprite, and hold it up so that the sunlight may come to me through their azure—I remember a description of the eyes of a mournful girl when the man she loved chanced to look at her: "Les yeux de la pauvre fille s'allumaient comme un brasier sur lequel afflue un courant d'air." It is "chose vuë" that. Homely enough, no doubt; yet it glows.

And in this mid-day glare of high summer, though I am half dreaming of the Nile, I can recall too a little wizard train of sombre images:

> Quel nom donner à cette puissance inconnue qui fait hâter le pas des voyageurs sans que l'orage se soit encore manifesté, qui fait resplendir de vie et de beauté le mourant quelques jours avant sa mort et lui inspire les plus riants projets, qui conseille au savant de hausser sa lampe nocturne au moment où il l'éclaire parfaitement . . .

In Balzac's pages—where accounts of income and furniture, and the material gratification of material appetites, compose chapter after chapter as houses make a town—touches of poetic mystery such as this last arrest and surprise one, like a flitting gleam of light across the dull meanness of a grimy street.

Who can tell what this man might have been, how the poet within him might have discerned and have wrought, if it had but been given him to pluck with his own hand the little blue flower? So rare, he says it is, and so precious, that no man who once holds it will ever, of his own consent, let it go.

It springs from love; it is the gift of lover to lover. It uncloses, not amid the first fires of passion, but in the steady, serene warmth of that long after-glow which fuses two lives into one. Nor is it every love, even though it be strong and faithful, that can prevail with it to flower. It is a thing of celestial strain, caught in a tangle of mixed earthly ancestry; you cannot tell when it will show itself. Into the elements from which it draws its sustenance there enters somewhat that is incalculable and undiscoverable—too subtle for man's knowledge or volition, yet real as the invisible ether.

Balzac gives us many a passing hint of what may chance

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to prove a favourable condition. Take what he says of Laurence for example:

"Chacun semble protéger cette femme si forte, et le sentiment de protection secrète explique peut-être l'attrait de son amitié."

Sometimes—though indeed rarely—by virtue of that super-sensuous essence, and by favour of some mysterious combination of the elements never to be forecast, "la petite fleur bleue de la félicité parfaite" will seem to dispense with all the obvious terrestrial conditions, and flower as the gift of one good friend to another.

There is a passage in *Le Cousin Pons* which expresses very sweetly and profoundly, not indeed its origin and unfolding as between two friends, but a secret of its maintenance and vivacity. Who, on entering the world that Balzac made, does not cast his eyes first upon Pons and Schmucke?

On comprendra facilement la surprise de Pons en voyant et savourant le dîner dû à l'amitié de Schmucke. Ces sortes de sensations, si rares dans la vie, ne viennent pas du dévouement continu par lequel deux hommes se disent perpétuellement l'un à l'autre: Tu as en moi un autre toi-même (car on s'y fait); non, elles sont causées par la comparaison de ces témoignages du bonheur de la vie intime avec les barbaries de la vie du monde. C'est le monde qui lie à nouveau, sans cesse, deux amis ou deux amants, lorsque deux grandes âmes se sont mariées par l'amour ou par l'amitié.

A promise, a potentiality, may be long-lived: witness the seed of the mummy-pea, that has waited in safety through the passing of so many centuries, till at last a hand took it and sowed it in earth,—a foreign earth it was, not the miraculous, fructifying bounty of the Nile. But realisation, once it has been granted, may often be found of short and frail endurance, like these cerulean blossoms, which, in the state of mere possibility, defied the influences of time, and now must be withered up and destroyed in the course of a single moon. When once it has been given to a man to hold in his hand "la petite fleur bleue de la félicité parfaite," he never, of his own will, lets it go: true, but how many a man shall see it shrivel and die within his grasp?

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It is not circumstance that works the evil. It is rather the faulty, disappointing human heart, which, failing now in one point now in another, has not in it virtue enough to nourish and sustain felicity. Balzac, it seems, has marked many such witherings, knows many hidden causes thereof. He will lay his finger on the love of tyrannising as the beginning of weakness: "C'est les coeurs sans tendresse qui aiment la domination, mais les sentiments vrais chérissent l'abnégation, cette vertu de la force." Or he will smile with sad prevision at "ces taquinages de guêpe que se permettent les amitiés excessives qui veulent tout savoir, tout contrôler."

It would seem, indeed, that as it is only in presence of some rare and fine and nameless element that the flower of perfect felicity can bloom at all, so it is only by the exact maintenance of a delicate and difficult equilibrium that it can be kept in being. What millions upon millions of human lives that never can have known it! The gross, the peevish, the fickle; the solitary and the ill-mated; those so indigent that their life is one long hunger; those so greedy of mere gain or place that their life is a pauseless contest with cruel competitors. How many among the swarming populations of China or of India have for a little space carried it in their bosoms? In thine own land, O my tender little Egyptian, what time thy mother, the fruitful pendent pod, was ripening in the summer heat, how many of those brown men and women, bare-breasted and white-girded, cherished it between their hands, and learned skilfully to revive it when they saw its petals drooping? Who should say? Those who know most of this tell the least perhaps. The secret springs into life anew and perishes anew at each forthcoming.

"La petite fleur bleue de la félicité parfaite!" It is odd how the words have gotten a hold upon my inward ear, and so readily repeat themselves to me in dreamy moments. They bring with them always the same gentle regret to think that he who uttered them should never in his own heart have known their meaning.

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Still, no doubt, there are compensations, means of solace. If one may not cull the little flower blue, yet he may gather flowers white and crimson and yellow—to say nothing of leaves: laurel-leaves, vine-leaves, ivy-leaves, and even sad cypresses and yews.

His own solace was of all the most austere and noble—"le travail." Nay, is it fair even to call it a solace, as if it were a mere *pis-aller*—no better than a tolerable, wholesome anodyne, which none would seek out for its own sake alone?

There is an elderly, long-bearded gardener, who, once in each week, comes to tend this garden. I watch him with his rake, his clippers, his mowing-machine—placid and skilful, unhasting and unresting. Whatever the tool in hand, you may perceive that his mind and intention are projected, as it were, to the very extremity of it—to the point where contact is made and the work done. Not a stroke too many, and every stroke tells; and when, his day's work over, he turns his back upon us, every square foot of lawn or flower-bed, the hedges and all the plants, look just as in his plan he foresaw that they would. That is "le travail": To forecast a design; step by step, stroke by stroke, to bring it into being, projecting the while one's finest energy of thought and will out to the very working-point; to behold the design wrought out, mark the instances of partial failure, the signal successes and then pass on, to some new thing. That is happiness—consolation, if you will—satisfaction. A gift less beautiful and entrancing than thou art, "O petite fleur bleue," but sturdier, more enduring, more inwardly profitable. Rare too, and growing daily rarer.

For now it is the man we find at fault—unskilled and listless, his hands and implements working as they may, his brain never reaching, as it were, fully forth to the point of contact; and now it is the employment the world constrains men to, mechanical, deadening, such as it is plain impudence to name by the holy name of work. "A man is relieved and gay," says the happiest of sages, "when he has put his heart into his work

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and done his best; but what he has said or done otherwise shall give him no peace." And the business of our belauded civilisation taxes to the uttermost limit of their capacity the hearts and brains of the few, while from the many it will take nothing but a heartless, heedless drudgery. How, indeed, should it concern itself with relief and human gaiety and peace?

Dispassionate observer, envisaging without a shudder as without execration strange and hideous forms of evil—portraying without any singular outbursts of emotion examples of purity, tenderness, heroic suffering, courage, magnanimity, Balzac has one gospel to preach, one enthusiasm: "le travail." The rest is intuition, conjecture, sympathy, learning, fitful experience, gigantic imagination; "le travail" is himself, his very life of life. Who does not know it? For the most base, the most depraved of mortals he has no absolute scorn; but he pours fiery contempt upon the would-be man of genius, the would-be success in life, who seeks for short-cuts to fame, who idles and trifles, who perceives not the sacredness, the fatefulness of work.

Votre un Lucien est homme de poésie, et non un poête, il rêve et ne pense pas, il s'agite, et ne crée pas.

Ce bonheur, c'est la volonté, le travail continu, le mépris de la renommée obtenue faculement, un immense instruction, et la patience qui, selon Buffon, serait tout le génie, mais qui certes en est la moitié.

Can any forget the burning pages praising so passionately that high constancy of genius which denies itself the perilous, facile rapture of mere conception—ruin of vain dreamers—and sets itself in strong patience to undergo the burden, the labour, the spiritual throes of inward fashioning and of bringing forth?

Before one's memory rise the severe and noble yet joyous figures of D'Arthez, Bianchon, Joseph Bridau and all that company of generous young enthusiasts, living like brothers together, and experiencing "les atteintes de cette ardente misère, espèce de creuset d'où les grands talents doivent sorti

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purs et incorruptibles comme des diamants qui peuvent être soumis à tous les chocs sans se briser."

Ah, "le creuset de cette ardente misère!" No flower in truth could symbolise the intellect or the temper that succumbs not but issues triumphant. Sooner or later, meditating however lightly and casually upon Balzac's work, to some such contemplation does one come.

Let us get back while we may to noontide in a midsummer garden; to the unconscious mummy-peas, centuries older than Balzac and surviving him now nigh on fifty years; to the lingering vision of felicity perfect, whereof, for one half-playful, tender moment, he made "une petite fleur bleue" the rare and transitory image.

FLORENCE HAYLLAR.

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J. A. FROUDE

WHEN the time comes for contrasting the nineteenth century with its successor, it will be seen that the first was dominated by personalities and the second by cliques. That is, no doubt, only another way of saying that we are passing from individualism to socialism; that history, revolving on the axis of human nature, has once more turned "the group" towards the light; that just as once human personality was concealed behind the horde, or the clan, or the family, so now again it will be hidden behind numberless associations, great and small, each governing some department of national activity, and distributing among the little human clerks their infinitesimal duties. In the sphere of history the process is already well on its way, and Lord Acton, himself a distinguished personality, is responsible for the possibly final destruction of personal historians. Patchwork carpets, to vary the metaphor, are all the fashion now, and the old uniform designs seem too definite to please the eye, and too narrow to cover the ground.

But in the nineteenth century it was not so. Then every man did what was right in his own eyes, did it in his own way and often excellently well. One of the most useful and unselfish tasks, indeed, is that of those who keep the old books in repair. A few stitches will often be enough, for if the rents are many, the colours at least are unfading and need no fresh dye.

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Froude's place among the personalities of the last century is indisputable. Whether he wrote true history will always be debated. But even if the verdict were to go quite certainly against him, he would still be read and admired and loved. He had the gift of speaking to men's hearts, and to such as he all things are forgiven. Man, after all, does not live by facts alone or indeed mostly, but by spiritual impulses, divine gifts, received and communicated by inspired men, And Froude was unquestionably among the prophets. His life has lately been written by Mr. Paul, and with such cunning, that the man comes before those who never saw or knew him almost as a visible presence.

Froude was born in 1818. A miserable motherless boyhood, aggravated by rough usage, which, after the fashion of those days, was regarded as judicious hardening; three years of mismanagement at Westminster School; a reckless undergraduate career at Oxford, lived like a sort of gamble in daily expectation of being overtaken by the family disease; an Exeter fellowship with its concomitant deacon's orders; theological investigation and religious revolt, ending in the abandonment of creed and profession and means of livelihood; and with these his stormy youth was at end. The story of his mental difficulties was set out in a little book called the "Nemesis of Faith." Carlyle read it, disapproved, and told him coldly some years later that a man should consume his own smoke. Froude's life was full of smoke, but he never let it blow in the face of the public again, and his later writings show us only the glowing embers of his suffering. The book was no doubt a mistake, and not an especially remarkable one. The deeps are not sounded nor are the difficulties stated with particular force. But—for those who care to touch sacred things with common hands—there remains the spectacle of a soul in unbearable doubt.

"The most perilous crisis of our lives," says one of the characters, "is when the conviction dawns on us that two men may be as sincere, as earnest, as faithful, as uncompromising,

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and yet hold opinions far asunder as the poles." This was exactly the point. Froude had dwelt first in the tents of Newman and of Newman's masterful lieutenant, his own brother, Hurrell. Then he had begun to read Carlyle. That profound, mournful, dissatisfied spirit laid on his sensitive frame an even stronger spell than the delicate, austere soul of Newman. He felt like his hero, "obliged to look for himself at what men said instead of simply accepting all because they said it." And to the end of his long life he remained something of a spectator, never quite taking sides, a great Protestant with very Catholic sympathies, a layman in his own view,[1] yet certainly not able to subscribe the Articles or even the Creeds, a passionate admirer of the past, yet in some of his ideals not much out of line with the vanguard of social change. If we could have lifted the mask from that lonely figure on the tapestry in "The Palace of Art," is it impossible that we should have found him?

> One seem'd all dark and red—a tract of sand
> And some one pacing there alone
> Who paced for ever in a glimmering land
> Lit with a low large moon.

Froude is the proprietor of a great period of English history, and of that possession no man can rob him. Historians may dispute his title-deeds, harry his land and remove his landmarks, but as long as men are men, agitated by human passions and thrilled by human achievements, so long will they prefer to hear the story of the Tudor epoch from his pen. And it is only a corollary to add that no one will ever, probably, be able to enter again quite so fully into the spirit, not indeed of the completed English Reformation, but of the first English reformers. A peculiar combination of experiences and temperament not likely to recur, gives him the advantage here. He was, in the first place, himself a Protestant revolutionary. He had listened with the questioning admiration of a younger brother to the fiercest, most uncompromising, most brilliant

[1] "A few words to Mr. Freeman," *Nineteenth Century*.

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spirit of the Oxford Counter-Reformation. He had almost become a Tractarian, fascinated and awed by the presence of the man,[1] between whom and Cæsar he traced, years after, a singular, perhaps fanciful, likeness. Then he had, as he thought, recovered his balance and become what he ever after remained, a Protestant, though not doctrinally a Christian. Whether he formed a right estimate of the Oxford movement this is no place to inquire. Just as he identified the Reformation with Luther and Latimer and Knox, so he identified the other with his brother and Newman. The latter became a Roman Catholic, the former would have done as much. Froude disliked Rome with all the healthy prejudice of an Elizabethan sailor, and he set out to satisfy himself that after all the Reformation was no mistake. Upon an age which was in fact far more occupied with morality than theology, he brought to bear an intensely moral mind, and, of course, thus regarded every one's sympathies are with the Reformers.

This was not all. Henry VIII. is considered—not, it would seem, altogether rightly—as the founder of the British Navy, and under Drake and Hawkins that navy became a force in Europe. Froude was by birth a Devon man, too romantic and too sad not to be as much a slave of the sea as Michelet, and proud as any Devonian of the exploits of the English seamen of the eighteenth century. Then on the purely emotional side he found among the Tudor statesmen all the glow and colour which were a necessity of his nature. The Reformation was in fact the world's supreme emotion. All the high features of human character, which Machiavelli a little before had supposed to be non-existent, had risen at once to the surface, together with such a mass of intrigue, cruelty, and double-dealing as should feed historical novelists till the end of the world. Romance meets us there at every turn, and Froude, like all the Oriel School, was keenly romantic. Lastly, perhaps from the singular but fortunate irony which makes us most admire just those virtues in which we least excel, he had a vehement

[1] Newman.

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admiration for sagacity, and if there be an English statesman who has possessed a double measure of that quality it is Burleigh.

These were the affections which drew him to the sixteenth century and enabled him to tell its story with all the fervour of passionate interest. Impartiality such as we find in Lecky and Gardiner it is unreasonable to look for. One man can give us "limpid rationalism,"[1] a dispassionate review of the folly of the past in the light of the wisdom of the present; another man can kindle into flame the embers of bygone controversies, and make us declare for Cæsar or the Reformation, or Elizabeth, so that, as we read, time drops away and the past becomes as the present, and we realise our partnership in the ages that are gone. The man who could accomplish both would be the perfect historian; only he might chance to turn out a god in disguise.

Let us push a little further the contrast between the two modes of work. Lecky behaves like a judge who trusts his jury. He gives them the material for forming a judgment either way, then with a slight nod recommends one view to their notice and leaves them to themselves. Froude always means to manage his jury. He has looked into the facts, made up his own mind, and then expunged from his summing-up all that tells against his own view. The jury is not required to make any effort, but merely to convert the opinion of the judge into a verdict. Quite as good a case might be made out for writing history this way as the other, but with that we have no concern.

A more serious charge against Froude is his inaccuracy. What he thought about this himself is recorded in a brilliant piece of satirical allegory, "A Siding at a Railway Station," which he published in 1879 in the full maturity of his genius. To attempt to summarise that characteristic *envoi* to the short studies would be to destroy it. Nor is there any need to do so; for no one who cares for Froude can possibly have failed

[1] "Our limpid rationalist."—Mr. John Morley on Lecky.

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to read it. But at the end, when he is himself put on his trial, this is what is said:

> In the way of work there was nothing to be shown but certain books and other writings, and these were spread out to be tested. A fluid was poured on the pages, the effect of which was to obliterate entirely every untrue proposition, and to make every partially true proposition grow faint in proportion to the false element which entered into it. Alas! chapter after chapter vanished away, leaving the paper clean as if no compositor had ever laboured in setting type for it. Pale and illegible became the fine-sounding paragraphs in which I had secretly prided myself. A few passages, however, survived here and there at long intervals. They were those on which I had laboured least and had almost forgotten, or those, as I observed in one or two instances, which had been selected for special reprobation in the weekly journals. Something stood to my credit, and the worst charge of wilfully and intentionally setting down what I did not believe to be true was no alleged against me. Ignorance, prejudice, carelessness; sins of infirmity—culpable indeed, but not culpable in the last degree; the water in the ink, the commonplaces, the ineffectual sentiments; these to my unspeakable comfort I perceived were my heaviest crimes.

He was certainly guilty of very great carelessness. The worst example of this occurs in his book on Erasmus, where a ruthless critic has not only found serious defects in his Latin scholarship, but has even detected a paragraph in which only one statement—a date—is absolutely accurate.[1] But "Erasmus" was produced during his Oxford professorship, when health and probably memory were both failing. More serious, because more harmful, was the political bias shown in the "English in Ireland," where Lecky has convicted him of flatly contradicting his own conclusion in his "History of England" on a very material point. And the inaccuracies in his travel-books "The English in the West Indies" and "Oceana" are also said to be numerous.

The real defence of his work is its wonderful combination of quality and quantity. Few men could have traversed what was practically virgin-soil at Froude's speed and with greater certainty; no one, except Gibbon, could have maintained throughout such a high level of expression. He got into touch

[1] W. S. Lilly, "Renaissance Types," p. 177.

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with his period as few historians have been able to do at any time, saturating himself with it until he became in his likes and dislikes something of an Elizabethan. Hatfield—so overpoweringly full of the spirit of the past—where he worked through much of his material, and where he formed one of the great friendships of his life, can hardly have failed to cast over him its wonderful spell. The old palace of the Bishops of Ely, the Vineyard, the stretch of field and woodland past Pope's farm to Essendon, the ground, across which fell the shadows of the immemorial Oak, must all have been peopled for him with something more than the ghosts of a bygone age. His men and women, whatever else we may say of them, are human, passionate, impressionable, real. Are they also true to life? Certainly in matters of detail, as we have seen, he is inclined to be as indifferent as the artist or the poet, surveying the facts quickly, apt to form his opinion, like all geniuses, by a sort of intuition, and sometimes inexcusably careless in making it good. Yet it was said of him by a brilliant critic,[1] "Il a vu juste." His method is almost wholly subjective. We pass behind institutions, policies, diplomacies, economic and ecclesiastical crises, in order to learn to know the actors themselves. Events are hardly perceived at all except in their relation to individuals. Character becomes, as indeed it is, the one thing needful. If only the material allows the portraits to be painted in sufficiently deep colours, this is probably the most effectual way of infusing history into the most part of us. There are those who will say it is not history at all. Yet Tacitus—at least in dealing with the times of Tiberius—has used no other method, and who will ever succeed in converting Tacitus into a mere pamphleteer?

Of the great gallery of portraits that adorn Froude's pages, five stand out in high relief—the masterful King, the Protestant bishop, the wayward Queen and her guileful cousin, and the sagacious Burleigh. Indeed, it might almost be said that the history falls into three acts, each depending on some

[1] Strong.

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direct personal interest. There is first "the king's matter"; then there are the trial and vindication of the opinions of Latimer; then last of all, in one long lurid fitful blaze of plot and counter-plot, is waged the battle of the two Queens, whilst Burleigh plays the *rôle* that Edward Waverley and Henry Morton do for Scott, and embodies Froude's reason though never his enthusiasm.

The character that he has drawn of Henry has, of course, excited the sharpest denial. Up to Froude's time Henry, in the popular estimate, had enjoyed much the same distinction as Oliver Cromwell. He was wicked, tyrannical, outrageously contemptuous of every law, divine and human. Carlyle upset the legend about Oliver, and the destroyer of many Parliaments now stands outside Westminster Hall. Froude set about to do the like for Henry, yet Westminster Cathedral has risen without any monument to the Defender of the Faith. Still, magnanimity is catching, and the ecclesiastical despot may have his reward as well as the civil one. Meanwhile the historians are not encouraging, and Froude is generally discountenanced. But this is because about Froude himself there has grown to be a kind of legend. It is said that he has made Henry something between a hero and a demi-god, but this is not Henry's character as Froude conceived it. In the matter of what we are pleased to call the divorce—though divorce it never was nor could be—he does not dispute the king's personal and selfish interest. What he does say is, that it happened to coincide with that which was of grave national concern—the birth of an heir to the throne. It has been too little observed that he is not unwilling to let us apply the term "self-deceit" to Henry's conduct.[1] Mr. Pollard, the greatest living authority, says no worse of Henry when he points out that so far as dates go it is perfectly possible to hold that he was meditating the separation from Katherine before ever he was in love with Anne, and that in 1528, when in serious fear of the plague, and daily receiving the sacrament, he continued

[1] "Hist. of Eng.," i. p. 123.

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to write love-letters to Anne, without any apparent qualms of conscience, whilst with the other hand he was reproving his sister, Margaret, for her amours. It may well be it was only the old story of the honest man with the dishonest mind.

So again in the matter of More, Froude's defence, that the crisis admitted of no half-measures, is practically endorsed by Mr. Pollard when he points out that More and Fisher would have condemned heretics for pleading the rights of conscience just as certainly as they were themselves condemned for exercising them. More's death, we say, is a hideous crime. Hideous it is because More was More, but crime it was not, and More knew that as well as any one.

What is history? To each great historian the student puts the question, and from each he receives a different answer. Froude's view of it has at least the merit of simplicity. It is nothing, he holds, but a drama, played on a gigantic stage, where the great world-forces of right and wrong execute their just, unvarying laws. If we try to make it more than this history stands by "in its passive irony," offering us a selection of materials from which we may weave any theory we please—a zeitgeist, determinism, inconstant interpositions of Providence, and the like. He quotes Napoleon's saying, "What is history but a fiction agreed upon!" He had, perhaps, forgotten that other, "Let my son read and meditate upon the lessons of history, which is the only true philosophy." We may, indeed, he allows, convince ourselves and excite the curiosity of others, but the world goes on its way, and history tosses up new facts, and in a little while we and our theory share the same tomb.

Again if we try to abolish Butler and the moral government of the universe, if we assert that the good are condemned and the evil prosper, history smiles grimly at us across the mists of time, and mocks the shortness of our vision.

> One lesson and only one history may be said to repeat with distinctness; that the world is built somehow on moral foundations; that in the long run it is well with the good; in the long run it is ill with the wicked. But this is no science; it is no more than the old doctrine taught long ago by the Hebrew prophets.

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For the rest, the value of history he says, a little cynically, lies in its constant assertion of the futility of political prophecy and the pleasure of it, in its dramatic intensity. Shakespeare was his model historian, and he has certainly caught in his pages something of the moral grandeur of the historical plays. Two of the lesser gems of English literature are the monographs he wrote on Cæsar and Lord Beaconsfield. Every one knows, at least by reputation, the dry excellence of Cæsar's commentaries; how, perhaps the greatest feat of generalship is told without vanity and without self-suppression. Froude's biography is a kind of complement to the commentaries. Here all that colour, enthusiasm, romance, can do for Cæsar's exploits is achieved. The battle of Alesia is an astonishing piece of word-painting when we compare it with the original; and the writer has dealt carefully with his material. Lord Beaconsfield is conceived in another vein. Once more romance, colour, charm, lend their aid; once more the central figure seems to gather around it all the varied movement of the age. But in "Cæsar" the main interest is political, whilst the other gives us Disraeli as he really was and wished to be—the mysterious visitant at a masked ball, whom every one suspects, and no one quite manages to discover.

Of Froude's style there is no need to speak. Mr. Paul has said the last word about it. It is "the perfection of easy, graceful narrative."

All these good things Froude has given us, and so long as the history of a nation is felt to be the history of its great men, so long as romance pleases, so long as the ear is sensible of the music of language, his books will be read and admired and understood. But for many of us the man is more interesting than his work, and the man is inscribed for all time on the pages of the Short Studies, "those observations and experiences of a single voyager floating down a river and unable to conjecture whither he is bound." There, with perfect taste and judgment, fit to be compared to that of the "Apologia," he has made the revelation of himself, grouping his thoughts on

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religion and politics and life quite naturally round great books and legends and events. The influence of these four volumes is incalculable. Every thinking Oxford undergraduate must have had one or other of them in his hands and no one can have turned over their pages without becoming literally a sadder and a wiser man. The most humorous of them—humorous in the fullest sense, all laughter and tears—is "The Cat's Pilgrimage."

The Cat is one of those unlucky people of moderate opportunities, who are born with a desire to be of some use, to live unselfishly, to leave a mark upon the world. She cannot submit to sleep, to be fed, to take things as they come. She consults her companion the dog, but he can see no sort of advantage in exchanging epicureanism for knight-errantry. He is of excellent good-sense, tells her not to cultivate a conscience, to accept life as she finds it and to ask no questions. This, however, brings her no peace. She leaves the dog on the hearthrug and passes out into the world to learn what she is here for. "Do your duty and get your dinner," says the Ox in reply to her question. "I have no duty," she complains to the Bee, who remarks that, if that is so, the other is a worthless drone, and hurries on her way. The Owl recommends meditation. "Meditation on what?" she innocently asks. "Upon which came first the Owl or the Egg," is the reply. In despair and feeling hungry, she begins to seek her dinner but, after hemming in her quarry in the person of a Rabbit, is too unaccustomed and too pitiful to slay it. Lastly she visits the Fox, who laughs at her humanitarian scruples and points out that in this evil world the weakest goes of right to the wall. This brings the pilgrimage to an end. She gives the Dog her conclusions next day. "All the creatures I met were happy because they had their several businesses to attend. As I have been bred to do nothing, I must try to do that."

The piece was written in 1850, just after he had resigned his Fellowship, but it might have been written in 1894. Neither from Carlyle nor any one else did he ever learn any other

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philosophy than that of blind duty. He had deliberately rejected the only tolerable explanation of this puzzling universe, and his mind was far too acute to be satisfied by the conventional narcotics and stimulants with which lesser men dull or dispel the problem. His theology never really advanced beyond, though it never fell behind, that of Job: "Though he slay me, yet will I trust him." He remained unfalteringly loyal to the first part of Butler's Analogy, even when he had altogether lost faith in the second. The world was always for him a moral world in which great, though hidden, purposes were being worked out. And this confidence kept his judgment eminently sane in respect of some of those practical matters on which curious thinkers are apt to run their barks aground. On the question of shooting for example—a very touchstone for common sense—he counselled and practised great moderation. No one loved wild sport better; no one hated large artificial battues more. On the other hand, in his historical judgments, his belief in an inviolable justice in things tended to make him seem rather pitiless to transgressors, as, most notably, in the case of Babington's execution.

To one who saw something of him in his middle-life, his expression gave the idea of blended sarcasm and kindliness. In spite of all his brilliant literary and conversational advantages, in spite of his great successes, the ironies of life were always too much for him. Like the Cat, he found himself excluded by Fate from a life of action, and to think about the ultimate questions is always a little like chasing the problem of the Owl and the Egg. He had wished in early life to be a physician and always regretted that he had not been one, since from that as from other practical work he was for many years shut off by the fact of his having received deacon's orders. Yet he was a born man of letters and every recognition that his great artistic skill deserved he obtained, even from the most hostile critics of the substance of his history. In all literature, perhaps, there is no such pathetic confession

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as that in which he cites and endorses his master's verdict on literary work.

"It often strikes me as a question [Carlyle had said] whether there ought to be any such thing as a literary man at all. He is surely the wretchedest of all sorts of men. I wish with the heart occasionally I had never been one."

"Let young men [comments Froude], who are dreaming of literary eminence as the laurel wreath of their existence, reflect on these words. Let them win a place for themselves as high as Carlyle won; they will find that he was speaking no more than the truth, and will wish, when it is too late, that they had been wise in time. Literature -were it even poetry—is but the shadow of action; the action the reality, the poetry an echo. The 'Odyssey' is but the ghost of Ulysses—immortal but a ghost still; and Homer himself would have said in some moods with his own Achilles:

Βουλοίμην κ' ἐπάρουρος ἐὼν θητευέμεν ἄλλῳ
Ἀνδρὶ παρ' ἀκλήρῳ, ᾧ μὴ βίοτος πολὺς εἴη,
Ἢ πᾶσιν νεκύεσσι καταφθιμένοισιν ἀνάσσειν."[1]

Gibbon, it is to be feared, would have given them both a short shrift:

I am disgusted with the affectation of men of letters who complain that they have renounced a substance for a shadow; and that their fame (which sometimes is no insupportable weight) affords a poor compensation for envy, censure, and persecution.[2]

Carlyle and Froude at least were guiltless of affectation, and their fame is not likely to be soon forgotten. The clouds that darkened their sky came from a far horizon to which Gibbon's eyes could never have pierced. It might have been said of them, as it has lately been said of Lucian, that, "men of genius as they were, they were looking at human life from far above, with no limitations of time, and passing a judgment which may be repeated in the thirtieth century." It was so with many of their contemporaries—with Tennyson, Ruskin, Arnold, with almost all the great spirits of the age except Browning. And it would be idle to deny that Froude's

[1] Rather would I live upon the earth as the hireling of another, with a landless man who had no great livelihood, than bear sway among all the dead that be departed. (Od. xi, 489, Butcher and Lang.)

[2] Gibbon, "Autobiography," p. 236

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graceful, easy, sympathetic style owes something to the profound melancholy that breathes in every line. He was a great lover of Homer, but it was rather the brooding spirit of Virgil, flavoured with just a dash of the mockery of Lucian, to which his own was akin. Or, if we like to seek a fanciful parallel in the world of art, he was a Botticelli—Botticelli who had sat under Savonarola, Botticelli as he might have been if he had ever come under the hand of Michael Angelo. The shadows of Newman and Carlyle always lay darkly across his path. Men who have passed through such experiences as his are seldom quite like the rest of us. It is never easy to gaze long into the stars and then return without a murmur to the dark planet.

The last of many vicissitudes came in 1894, after he had lived long enough to fulfil a two years' Professorship of History at Oxford, where his labours met with a splendid though too tardy recognition. As he lay on his deathbed, in some of the last moments of consciousness, he repeated to himself those wonderful lines, which as a recent critic [1] has pointed out, are so often and so wrongly regarded as Shakespeare's final verdict upon life:

> To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
> Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
> To the last syllable of recorded time,
> And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
> The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle;
> Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
> That shouts and frets his hour upon the stage,
> And then is heard no more.

Like his well-loved Elizabethan seamen, "He did what he did from the great unrest in him which made him do it."

ALGERNON CECIL.

[1] Prof. Bradley.

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THE OPPORTUNITY OF LITERARY CRITICS

THE general craze for "revelations" set in motion by America and spreading to England has not left the world of books untouched. The present course of affairs will yield grounds for equal hope and anxiety—hope that the British public, having now discovered literature, will not soon lose sight of it again; anxiety, because though dangers and difficulties have been zealously sought out and vividly portrayed, no one has yet been able to suggest, much less apply, the suitable remedy. Now philosophers say that correct understanding of a disease brings with itself knowledge of the remedy. May it not be, therefore, that, after all, the elements of this literary disease have not been accurately apprehended or rightly related to each other? For instance, with regard to literary criticism in particular, the tendency of late has been to confuse the issue by a failure to recognise an essential difference between criticism as applied to biography, history, philosophy, and criticism as applied to purely imaginative literature. In the former aspect it takes account chiefly of scientific issues; in the latter we may call it Applied Æsthetics, and must recognise its delicacy and responsibility. Now public attention turning from the economic problems of the Book War to literary criticism is naturally inclined towards fictional criticism; for one of the main economic issues of the Book War was the profits of the publishing trade, and it is universally agreed that popular fiction yields the greatest

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profits. The low quality of popular fiction, implying a low standard of popular taste, argues the failure of fictional criticism, whose function is to be the arbiter of public taste.

Some time ago the writer embarked upon an arduous enterprise of research stimulated by an observation of French contemporary poetry and poetics. In France, while the poets of the Parnasse were striving to give to their work the hardness of cameos and the brilliance of painting, or while the Symbolistes-Décadents were aiming at musical vagueness and remoteness, criticism, affected by a like tendency, spoke in language appropriate here to painting, there to music—employing such terms as "colour-scheme" and "vowel-orchestration," or even frankly regarding words in poetry as no more than a special and difficult musical notation. Perhaps the same tendency might be observable in English fictional criticism of our day. One fact was suggestive, namely, a unanimity of opinion firstly, that in music alone of all arts, thought is still vital and progressive; secondly, that in poetry the most considerable force to-day is Mr. W. B. Yeats, whose work is of a dim, veiled beauty, akin to music.

The method of investigation was as follows: to confine the scope to fictional criticism in daily and weekly periodicals; to extract from every considerable review or notice all matter of general critical interest; to append, in margin, a note upon the critic's standard of judgment. Unfortunately the method did not prove possible of application. Hence of a large note-book intended to be the first of a series specially devoted to the enterprise, no more has been used, after some three months of patient observation, than fifteen pages. Why? Briefly, because in nine-tenths of reviews and notices there is no matter of general critical interest; and where judgment is passed (rarely, this) the grounds, the standard of judgment, are not assigned. The typical method of noticing or reviewing is this: first the plot is given in outline (some lady novelists complain bitterly of this, as tending to lower the sales of their books. Their meaning is that people who wish to be up-to-date in bookish conversation

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can get the information they need from reviews, without purchasing the work in question); secondly, if any definite judgment is given, it is quite brief, and passed, so to say, *ex cathedrâ*—as, "We can heartily recommend this acute study of village life." "We shall look forward to Mr. Brown's next book. His present work shows promise and mastery." Lastly, the critic, conscious perhaps of the vagueness and invertebracy of such remarks, makes a savage onslaught on binder or printer. So he earns his pittance.

It would seem as though modern reviewers found themselves in perfect agreement with Professor Saintsbury's doctrine that there cannot be any valid laws according to which a book may be judged. This does not mean, of course, that no judgment can be pronounced, but that all judgments are *ex cathedrâ*—purely subjective. The critic is born, not made, and is no more able to assign his standard of judgment than a poet to formulate rules for making poetry. Thus when the critic of the *Saturday Review* tells us that Mr. George Moore is a poet in prose, we must stay content. Or if we ask of the critic, "On what do you rely in making this assertion?" he will answer, "Upon an innate intuitive faculty—what the vulgar call 'taste.'" If, yet undaunted, we proceed, "And is it a merit or the reverse in a novel that it be a poem in prose?" —silence.

These views taken as a whole fail in three ways. Firstly, they are barren of all enthusiasm—of what Hazlitt calls "gusto"; secondly, they contain terms or phrases employed in a manner misleading and inaccurate; thirdly, they are altogether vague and invertebrate.

The second and third counts in the indictment cannot be considered apart, and it will be convenient to deal with them first. It may be said that the cause of the deficiency is obvious —it is that in the limits of half a column or a column there is no space for detailed explanations or for careful definition. Hence it may very well be that when we condemn a reviewer's language as loose and vague because he praises Mr. Smith's

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"power of psychological insight," we are ourselves in the wrong. The reviewer intends something definite and of importance by that phrase, but has neither space nor time to convey details. He cannot, as he fain would, explain and illustrate his theory that the most important factor in the artistic value of a novel is truthful portraiture of character, and that for instance this portraiture is efficiently (or inefficiently) conveyed in Mr. Smith's Scotch-dialectic form. Nor again must we blame him because he says that Mr. George Moore is a prose-poet, but does not explain whether this is to be interpreted as praise or blame. Here again it would be cruel to assume that the reviewer has not, in his private thoughts, a clear and logically-coherent theory as to the relations between prose and poetry and the value of a novel which can be described as a prose-poem. If we do not understand how that which is prose can also be poetry, if we say, this term "prose-poetry" means no more for us than "liquid-solid," then he is sorry for us; but until the editor will allow him five columns for one notice we must be content with such fare as is provided for us.

This is the most favourable light in which the case for the defendant can be presented. Yet even so the public is ill served and has a right to complain. For whatever may be the nature and functions of literary criticism in the eyes of the abstract æsthetic philosopher, it is beyond dispute that whosoever reads the "notices" in his weekly magazine reads them not for the sake of their literary beauties, but in order that we may discover whether any novel worth his money and his time and labour of reading has recently been published. If he cannot understand the language of the reviewer (whether the cause of this be the tyranny of the editor or the crass ignorance of the reviewer himself) evidently the notice is a failure.

Before discussing any possible remedy one might inquire whether such discussion will be worth our while. In other words, is it a matter of any considerable importance that

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"notices of novels" are weak and insignificant? One thing seems certain, more novels are published nowadays than in any previous generation, and as a whole they are less worth reading than in any previous generation.[1] I do not wish to inquire in any detail what is the cause of this over-production; but to state that one factor in this cause must be the insignificance and invertebracy of critiques. If critiques *did* affect the sale of novels (as in past times they have done) then this over-production might be ended, and as all over-production is waste of energy (valuable energy in this case, since it is intellectual and comparatively strenuous) it is no great exaggeration to speak of the remedy of criticism as a national duty. I do not wish to elaborate this suggestion. Let it be granted, for I have not time to discuss the position, that the rectification of criticism is at any rate desirable and not unimportant.

It is time to return to the problem, how is it possible for a critic within the limits of half a column of printed matter to pass a definite and final verdict upon a novel or a poem and at the same time to be understood by his readers?

An analogy with the political side of any periodical—particularly a daily newspaper—should, so it seems to me, suggest one solution to this problem. Here we shall find brief articles dealing with certain political issues in a manner at once concise and adequate, and yet the political situation concerned may be of an exceedingly complex character and of international importance. Here, as in the case of the literary notice, there is no space for detailed reference to a first principle of politics, to a definite view as to the meaning of Democracy or Liberty. These terms, however, *are* used and *do* convey a definite meaning to the reader. How is that possible? Obviously because the particular newspaper in question has a definite policy, a definite attitude towards certain political problems, and, indeed the leader is no more than an organ through which that attitude becomes known to us. Thus we know that the politics of the

[1] Mediocribus esse poetis concessere columnae—to-day. The question must be asked: "Is second-rate fiction 'worth reading'?"

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Daily News are Radical and Radical of a certain definite type; and so when the *Daily News* says Mr. Beit was an Imperialist, we can understand what is meant; we know that the *Daily News* is disapproving of Mr. Beit, and considers that his existence was a menace to the national welfare. The same expression in the *Daily Mail* would be construed quite differently.

Surely the literary can be made to resemble the political side of a newspaper in such a way that we might know at once what the Saturday Reviewer meant when he called Mr. George Moore a prose-poet? or what the same statement would imply should it occur in the columns of the *Speaker?* It is evident that such a conception implies a definite literary attitude adopted by these or any periodicals, just as we saw that the intelligibility of the word Imperialist depends upon the assumption of a definite political opinion. So that our problem may *now* be expressed, "Are there such things as definite literary dogmata, not less clear cut and intelligible than political dogmata?"

"No," it may be answered, "for did they exist they would certainly have reflected themselves in contemporary criticism." Yet I maintain that such attitudes or dogmata do exist, expressed or implied; and that it is not impossible to understand why they have been kept in the background. The reason is to be found in the prevalence of that literary form which goes by the name of "appreciations"; and the belief that criticism is rightly described as "the adventures of a soul among books." This last idea contains a half-truth; as usual, its complementary half is given in the antithesis of it, namely in the doctrine of Matthew Arnold, that criticism possesses a high generative, or perhaps one should say "maieutic" function. These two doctrines, as suggested, are each the antithesis of the other, and indeed the "adventure" doctrine makes its appearance as a reaction against the "maieutic" doctrine. It may be as well to explain the nature of this reaction a little further.

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In the days of Walter Pater literary thought in this country began to wake to a consciousness of two facts: firstly, that criticism has always appeared to retard rather than stimulate the progress of imaginative work; secondly, that the attempts of many of our leading critics to represent art as a sort of feudal dependant of ethics had reduced itself to an absurdity. These two facts having been discovered their significance was thus expressed. A complete divorce was proclaimed between Art and Morals. Thus great poetry is no longer a criticism of life, but stands apart from the "general deed," obedient to laws or principles derived out of its own nature. Secondly, the retarding influence of criticism was attributed to the general attempt made by critics to appraise a book according to an established objective standard. Henceforward, then, let there be no objective standard, no æsthetic canon. In its place there shall be "appreciations"—subtle representations of the psychological states of the critic in process of reading a given work. The standard is to be frankly subjective.

Now this new development was for the most part accomplished outside the pale of journalism. At first, in destroying the pontificalisms of the Arnoldian School, its influence was beneficial. Ultimately however the "appreciation"—this delicate impressionistic painting of the critic's own soul—extended its influence to periodical reviews. The last stage of it is that vagueness and invertebracy which I make my main charge against latter-day critics.

Every one, certainly, has with regard to literature his individual opinions. What may be disputed is whether those many individual opinions can be grouped in the same way as, for instance, individual political opinions can be and are grouped every day.

Of such literary groups the names at least exist—for instance Romanticist and Realist. There are also names of narrower intention, species within the genera. For instance, the Romanticist might be divided into Marie Corelliites, Hall-

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Cainophils, etc. But when we come to examine such groups, their unity appears to vanish; we can find no two Romanticists in entire agreement as to the ultimate formulation of Romanticism, the definition of Romance.

Now exactly the same state of things exists with regard to politics. We are, in fact, entitled to hold that though no two Romanticists can agree as to the definition of Romance, still there does exist such an attitude of mind as Romanticism. For in Politics there does exist such an attitude of mind as Liberalism, although it may be impossible to find two Liberals in agreement as to the definition of Democracy. What then constitutes the bond of union between Liberal and Liberal? Probably this, that on being presented with any immediate problem of conduct they will be found in agreement as to the proper course of action to pursue. But the point here to be emphasised is this, that this identity or oneness in action most certainly implies an identity or oneness in principle. The fact that you could not find many Liberals in agreement as to a worded description of these principles is due in chief measure to a man's inability to analyse his own states of mind. This inability manifests itself in all departments of thought. Selfish men analyse their actions in such a way as to prove them disinterested. Martyrs and ascetics have ascribed to themselves the title of utilitarian.

Yet again this inability or imperfection is not a necessary quality of the human mind. Thus each individual Liberal would be content to maintain that such a thing does exist (could we but find it) as a true definition of Liberalism—a definition which all Liberals of any intelligence would recognise as true and cogent. They would welcome it with the same surprise as M. Jourdain welcomed the information that he had been talking prose all his life.

The touchstone of political unity, we saw, was the manner of dealing with actual political problems. So should the touchstone of critical unity, so to say, be the admiration or blame (reasoned or unreasoned) of actual novels or poems. And now

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let us present to ourselves in imagination a number of men who by our test are found at unity with one another. They are to be constituted a working body—the critical or literary staff of our ideal journal. In some "small necessitous chamber" they shall diligently probe all the logical implications which underlie their unanimous admiration, let us say, of "Barabbas," "The Bondman," and "When it was Dark." They must, I mean, base their particular likes and dislikes upon general principles, upon a definition, for instance, of the nature of a good novel. It is not sufficient for them to agree in their approval of the romances of Mr. Crashton Cowtail, their condemnation of Miss Selina Pumblechook's "heliotrope heroines"; they must purify these crude enthusiasms in the cool misty streams of pure æsthetic. The deeper their inquiries extend, the better. They might be set to discuss the place of fiction in literature, even the place of literature among the fine arts; so much the more complete and valuable will be their criticism when they return, to vary the metaphor, like Plato's imaginary troglodytes from the unveiled sunlight of abstract speculation to their brethren and the flickering delusive shadows in the cave.

Every journal, from the *Daily Express* to the *Times*, makes mention from time to time of its literary staff. The phrase calls up a council chamber, frequent meetings, earnest discussions, majestic harmony of minds working in sweetness and light. Another instance of "Omne ignotum pro magnifico." Actually the "staff" consists of a number, large or small, of persons who meet never, except by accident, from the birth to the death of the periodical. They are not a homogeneous body, but separate individuals who are paid a retaining fee. That is to say, they are liable at any moment to be called upon by the editor to submit so many columns of written matter for publication. Generally these individuals are not acquainted with each other, or, if they are aware of each other's existence, they very heartily dislike and despise each other. Further, those who are paid this retaining fee, in cases where

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they are employed in reviewing work, are generally employed only on important publications by well-known authors—the biography of the last departed celebrity, the last play by Bernard Shaw or Maeterlinck, or novel by Mrs. Humphry Ward or Henry James. New writers are rarely accorded more than a "notice," a paragraph of six or seven lines. This work, again, is given out to that ever-fluctuating body of aspirants, hacks, dilettantes, starvelings, who clamour about the editorial doors from day to day like flocks of obscene birds. In short, except it be by some divine accident, the destiny of new writers is controlled by judgments either soured or immature.

It is now time to return to our scheme and examine an important objection. If the public is to understand our new critics, that is to say, put in possession of their literary dogma, it can only be by means of lengthy and abstruse essays. Even our weightiest periodicals would hesitate before such a prospect. Certainly if dulness and boredom intervene the whole scheme falls void. But there is no necessity that they should so intervene.

A very frequent contrast is drawn between England and France in respect of attitudes towards art. In France it is said theories of art are discussed with the greatest zeal, because Frenchmen are "logically passionate and passionately logical." In England we are proud of setting practice above theory. For us two and two make four only so long as it is useful they should. And in literature our theory trails obscurely behind our practice too. This contrast, however, is wrongly assigned; it would be better given—that in England a great many æsthetic issues are treated on purely ethical grounds and regarded as problems of conduct, while in France many purely ethical issues are regarded as æsthetic.

It has already been pointed out that the "appreciation" already established in England tended to divorce art from actuality. And Swinburne strengthened the tendency by bringing over from France the doctrine of "l'art pour l'art." The new ideas spread from one to another kind of art. Whistler did for

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painting what Swinburne was trying to do for poetry. With the history of the movement our argument has no concern. It is enough to suggest that literary criticism's present troubles are due to this one fact, that the public was not in 1880, and is not even to-day, ripe for the idea of "art for art's sake." English literary criticism, from Sir Philip Sydney and onwards, through Milton, Dryden, Pope and Johnson to Matthew Arnold, has always reflected the general temper of English thought—ethical. The Englishman is eternally thinking of how to behave himself: incidentally, that is why he takes his pleasures sadly. Moreover, he will consider that all time spent over literary problems is wasted unless it can be proved that literature is conversant with life. Tennyson is English because of restless stirrings driving him to write verses on railways, children's hospitals, the position of women, and the Darwinian theory. So, too, Matthew Arnold is English because he says that all great poetry is a criticism of life. So soon as art theory went astray after French styles, so soon criticism lost the ear of the public.

It has been suggested that a newspaper might possess a literary prestige as real as its political prestige. One factor producing this prestige has been dealt with—a clear, definite, consistent attitude of mind. There is a second factor—implied in the first—real attention and devotion to the interests and intellectual tendencies of a certain section of the public. These interests, we see, float in a hazy, quasi-moralist atmosphere. Therefore the literary department of a newspaper must attack certain problems of culture from the ethical side—must in a word return to the Arnoldian position.

This conclusion may seem inconsistent with a previous affirmation, that the Arnoldian doctrine is a half-truth; but it is with æsthetics as with metaphysics, or any and every department of speculation. The general thought seems to swing with greater or less rapidity between two points: in metaphysics, for instance, between a predominantly objective and a predominantly subjective point of view, in ethics

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between individualism and altruism, and in criticism between a conception of Art as an important factor in the total progress of the community, and another conception of Art as lowered and untrue to itself in so far as it comes into contact with ethical or social problems. It may be, indeed, that the metaphor of a pendulum is inadequate, and that the progress of æsthetic thought would be better described as spiral. For we do not return to exactly the same point, we are progressing as well as oscillating. We come back to our old conceptions enriched. So the Oxford undergraduate entering upon a study of philosophy at first takes the bit between his teeth and courses wildly through dark and dangerous regions of paradox. He leaves the "common-sense" opinions of his friends far behind, he delights in puzzling his sisters and his aunts with fallacious syllogisms concerning Paradise and legs of mutton; he arrogantly proclaims Bishop Berkeley's metaphysic, and denies that anything exists unless he himself be conscious of it. Gradually a change is worked, and (granted that he retains his sanity) our undergraduate recoils upon old and familiar positions. Yet he comes back enriched, seeing more in the "common-sense" point of view than do "common-sense people" themselves. Æsthetics may well be compared to our imagined youth. The study is young in England, and has grown too fast by feeding on French weeds. It is time for retrenchment, for a return to the old diet.

And the occasion for such a return must be some moment when, for a cause easily imagined, books, and especially novels, are occupying public attention. There could, for instance, be no better occasion than the present Book War. Our ideal paper should be publishing leaders, not only concerning the economic aspect of the situation, but also upon the manner in which books *as* books (and not books as canned meat or soap) are affected by changes directly imminent. For the situation *has* suggested a revision of our ideas of the influence and value of fiction.

Lastly, the interests of the general public centre round

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certain very definite kinds of fiction. Yet newspapers would seem never to have taken note of this fact. They devote the larger part of their critical columns to books of travel, history, biography. Taken in the bulk the newspaper-reading public cares not a farthing for these kinds. That public reads the late Mr. Merriman, the late Mr. Guy Boothby, the living Miss Corelli. It is the duty of newspapers to take account of these authors. Whereas a paper like the *Daily Telegraph* will reserve three-quarters of a column for such books as the "*Times* History of the War in the Far East," and four lines to the "Treasure of Heaven," it should devote a column and a half to the "Treasure of Heaven," and no space at all to the *Times* History. Then should we see in the *Daily Mail* vigorous articles disentangling the social creed of Dr. Conan Doyle; the *Daily News* would open its columns for fictitious correspondents to wrangle over the vividness of Mr. Rider Haggard and the moral code of Mr. William le Queux's heroes; while the *Globe* might attempt some explanation of the popularity of Miss Rosa Nouchette Carey. In a word, the qualities most needed to reform criticism are sincerity, plain thought, wide tolerance, and endless patience.

FRANCIS DUCKWORTH.

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FRANCE AND THE POPE'S MOVE

ON December 13, 14, 15, or 16 last, according to the district, the Roman Catholic Church, as well as the Reformed Church, and the Jewish Faith, was finally disestablished in France. In obedience to the Pope's Encyclical *Gravissimo officii munere* of August 10, the Roman Catholic Church in France has nowhere formed "Associations of Worship," the only ecclesiastical bodies to which, according to the law of December 9, 1905, which came into force from four to seven days later, devolution of property held by the Church under the Concordat is possible. It has been said and repeated that the Pope's aggressive move in August, which his Holiness has steadily and well followed up since then, was a fatal blunder. Was it? If the Vatican wants solid peace with the Third Republic, and a rooted status for the Church of Rome in France, it was. But does the Vatican want anything like a National French Church and a quiet life with the French Government? If the last Encyclical had bidden, instead of forbidding, the French Church to form "Associations of Worship," these by now would be in working order and in lawful, permanent, and almost independent enjoyment of all lands, buildings and revenues held under the Concordat. Bishops and priests would be living on in their palaces or cottages as before; there would have been nothing fateful about the dates of December 13 to 16; there would be no outward sign of disestablishment to the popular mind; and from August to

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now, we should hardly have heard or spoken, read or written about Church and State in France. The fateful dates have passed; the churches remain open as before: is not this a win for the Vatican? Church *versus* State, or State *versus* Church, according to the standpoint, in France has kept Government, Press, and *café* debaters busy for four months and a half; they are yet at it, and will be at it for an indefinite time: is that no score for the Vatican? Bishops are removing out of their palaces and priests out of their cottages, but it would be a detestable state of things if they had no grievance, even of their own making. When the Government carries the new Bill by which may be abolished the temporary four or eight year pensions (never the annuities of superannuated priests), their grievances will grow. If the Government closed the churches, which is unthinkable, grievances would grow to martyrdom, devoutly wished by some leaders for their followers.

The French Government neither would nor durst use what seems to be its legal right to close the churches after the expiry of the year during which the Act required the Associations of Worship to be formed, and Rome knew it, and traded upon the knowledge. All along, from August to December, the French Government's hand has been forced by the Pope's move. The Church in France has likewise been coerced by the Pope's move. The bishops had accepted the law, and their flocks were perfectly ready, without a shade of hesitancy, to follow them; the Encyclical forbade acceptance, and bishops and flocks have obeyed with a passivity never before equalled by the French Church. Is not that also a triumph for the Vatican? The Pope's move has been masterly—in its way.

The strange history of Church and State in France during the past four months all turned exclusively on the Pope's move, and has registered its potency. If the French Government did play a few fairly good countermoves, they were only countermoves, and from then to now the Vatican has been leading the game. The abrupt attack which has given Rome the upper hand—for the present—was admirably sudden and swift. No

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Napoleonic decision at the height of battle ever amazed foes as much—and friends alike. The majority of the Bishops had ingeniously and diligently elaborated, down to the minutest details, a deft and pleasing scheme of "canonical" associations, which fitted neatly in both with the laws of Cæsar and with the divine constitution of the Church; and, good easy men, they waited complacent and confident. Cæsar, for his part, basked in the same secure equanimity; the Government was taking its holiday with an easy conscience and satisfied trust in the morrow. The Encyclical came out, and the horrid explosion blew up the Bishops' pretty handiwork and the Government's dream of a quiet life. The sight of both parties amid the wreckage was piteous. The unfortunate Minister of "Public Instruction and Public Worship" affected jauntiness, energy, and cool strength by turns. M. Briand gave interviews and made statements one after the other, and constantly contradicted himself. He has since said that he purposely aired conflicting views to feel the public pulse. The various public parties, except one, were for several days dumb with amazement. When they spoke it was with weak voices, little, piping, plaintive voices that strove to be sweet and soothing. The one exception had instantly begun to roar in exultation: Here is a Pope! When will come such another? Beelzebub is defied, the Devil has found his match. If martyrs be wanted, here are their naked breasts; "When the blood of women and children shall have flowed, then France will become Catholic again." But the bulk of the Catholic world felt little enough like roaring. What had to be done and done at once was to wriggle somehow out of a hideously false position. The majority of the Bishops made wry faces at home, though they smiled in public. Their position was peculiarly painful; the Encyclical not only ignored their own brilliant and industriously devised scheme of canonical associations, while generally condemning the principle of such associations altogether, but by clever sophistry proclaimed the agreement of the Pope's decree with the unanimous resolution of the

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Bishops' conference, omitting to record that this unanimous decision in condemnation of the Disestablishment Law was followed by the elaboration of the very scheme which reconciled in practice that law with canonical law, and thus making the Bishops out to be in unanimous agreement with a verdict of condemnation against their own enterprise. The worst was that the scheme in question, drawn up at the conference held privately in May last, was not made known by an indiscretion until after the Encyclical, by when the Bishops had advertised their agreement with the Pope's ruling. They were thus completely stultified, and shown to have been compelled to eat their words, condemn themselves, declare unworkable a law with which they had themselves devised a workable arrangement, and feign that the Encyclical exactly answered their wishes, because it said it did, when it did precisely the contrary.

The Bishops bore up beautifully under this extraordinary combination of ordeals; not one grumbling word has come from them in public. The Catholic flock had naturally smaller ground for grumbling than its shepherds, but the position of some of its leaders was awkward. M. Brunetière, Count Albert de Mun, Baron Denys Cochin, and twenty others had signed an open letter pointing out how the law could be accommodated for the Church: the Encyclical, ignoring them absolutely, declared that there could be no accommodation with the law. They were dumb for days, then all suddenly spoke up to recant and acknowledge that Rome could not accept a law which they had themselves proved acceptable. I was unable to induce the late M. Brunetière after the Encyclical even to refer to his previous views. The order was for total submission to Rome, and it was obeyed; one could even harp again on the "perinde ac cadaver" of the Jesuits which French anti-clerical writers have quoted once a week for a quarter of a century. It was strange to watch men of some intellectual distinction, such as Count Albert de Mun, writing with equal facility in support of the Encyclical, after having written in

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support of opinions which the Encyclical exactly contradicted. But was not this precisely the greatest success for the Vatican and the best proof of the potency of the Pope's move? Never before has the Vatican met with such lamblike submission in France. Under the Monarchy the French Church was not afraid of remonstrating with the Vatican; under the Third Republic not one authoritative voice has been uplifted even in humblest protest. A strong, clear, and sensible open letter to the Pope, stating fairly and squarely the case for acceptance of the law from the French, not the Roman, point of view, was published in the *Temps* by "a group of Catholics," but has unhappily remained anonymous. A former secretary of Pio Nono has tried to start a Gallican Church, but the associations of Catholic worship registered so far are only eighty-two in number; they consist of rebellious Catholic laymen and a few priests at loggerheads with their bishops, and they not only must be schismatical, but probably are no legal associations of worship, since such by Article IV. must "conform to the rules of general organisation of the faith," which presumably include obedience to the Pope. Thus dissentient voices have been insignificant; Rome can claim with only a shade of exaggeration that Catholic France has uttered one voice, that of obedience. How then can Rome call the Pope's move a blunder? Such an act of domination, never before known in modern France, was worth to the Vatican the price—which the Vatican does not pay; it was worth the loss of palaces by French Bishops and cottages by French Priests, and worth Notre Dame, Chartres, Beauvais, Reims, Amiens, the claim of absolute ownership over which, made by the Pope, would have raised a laugh in the France of Louis XIV., and which those who love their stones would prefer trusting entirely to the Fine Arts department of the anti-clerical French State, than entirely to Ecclesiastical Chapters.

Of course the French State as little dreamt of closing their doors as of moving their stones. Another thing of which it

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had never dreamt was the Pope's move, having passed a fair part of the Disestablishment Law precisely with the support of the Right in both Houses to satisfy the Catholic minority. The Government was undoubtedly staggered by the resolution to deprive the French Church of millions of property for the sake of a demonstration of principle. Apparently this was the one move which the Government had not foreseen and it proved the least easily answerable. The Government has replied abundantly, each time differently. At first the cue was "let the law take its course," and Olympian serenity. The Press at once jumped to the conclusion that on December 11, or thereabouts, every church would be closed in France and that mass would be said in barns, and the *Lanterne* already thanked Providence, or its anti-clerical equivalent, for such a Pope. Several anti-clerical politicians declared that the Disestablishment Law, had it been accepted by Rome, would have proved far too liberal, but, being resisted, was excellent in the consequences which resistance entailed. This standpoint has now receded. The tune to which extreme anti-clericals sang in ecstatic unison has died away. Many variations led up to the Clemenceau theme, "Me minister, not a church in France shall be closed," thenceforward the *leit motiv*. On it M. Briand composed two monumental speeches, between which M. Viviani, Minister of Labour, sang of the "splendid gesture" with which "we have quenched lights in the sky which none will relume"; the second of M. Briand's orations answering with the soothing counter-subject on an "a-religious," not an irreligious, State policy, whereupon the perverse M. Clemenceau in an incidental phrase before the Senate blithely said that he agreed with M. Viviani. But these were ornaments; the *leit motiv* remained, and has remained, unchanged.

Through vicissitudes, the position of Church and State up to the fateful dates of December had worked out thus: for one year a legal sequestrator would hold the Churches in trust for the State or the Communes to which they would finally belong

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at the expiry of that period, unless associations of worship were formed in the interval, to which, however, devolution of property would be no longer compulsory as before December 18, but optional at the will of the Government; ecclesiastical property other than religious edifices definitely reverted to the State or the Communes (or in some cases to private owners), from December 18 to 16; in sacred edifices religious worship would continue exactly as before provided that the priest declared once a year his intention to hold therein public services on stated dates, in compliance with the law of 1881 on public meetings. This arrangement had been reached through successive "interpretations" of the law, by "administrative regulations" issued by the Council of State, and by circulars from the Government department of Public Instruction and Worship. It is very doubtful whether any expert in law could have foretold the arrangement from the sole text of the Act. The beauty of the latter seems to be that "interpretations" can make it mean a great many things. The arrangement had been obviously prompted solely by the Pope's move in August. The possibility of no associations being formed appears never to have been foreseen by the authors of the Act or of its amendments on either side of the Houses. The Pope played his move; clearly Catholics could not on that account be forbidden to pray in the churches of their forefathers: hence the "interpretation" of the law, which could not have been more liberal. But the Government (while M. Clemenceau, and especially M. Briand, had no inclination to oppression) could not help being liberal under the circumstances, and that the Vatican knew. The Pope has manœuvred in such a way that the Government gets as little credit as possible for its liberalism. Had the Vatican allowed the formation of the associations of worship, the liberalism of the law would have equally appeared, but the Government would then have been the superior, generous party in the argument. The Pope may not be that now, but his Holiness has proved the cleverer politician.

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Yet in the long run who will pay the piper, for some one must? Surely not the French State. After all if the Pope has scored off the French Government, it is rather a hollow gain; the Government stands to lose little. It will not be much hurt because the Pope has annoyed it exceedingly for four months, and continues to be annoying. Ultramontanes crow and their papers daily celebrate the "Victory of the Vatican," and the "Confusion of the Government," but this chortling does not in itself matter; the extreme Left has grumbled at the temporising policy of the Cabinet but has not yet been actively hostile. The Government, having pocketed the rebuff of the Pope's move, can afford to wait now. Can the Catholic public also afford to wait? Most probably, for come what may, the churches will not be closed, and services will continue to be held somehow or other, though how exactly it is to be done is still doubtful. But can the Roman Catholic Church of France afford to wait? Can it afford anything at all just now? Has it now any means, ideas, policy, or definite being of its own? Does it know whither it would go or does it want to go anywhere? Has it a present, much less a future? Is it a Church any longer? One cannot tell; not a French priest in his heart of hearts could swear to any positive and definite hope for the practical future of his Church now. He knows only that he knows nothing. The Vatican has successfully thrown the entire Church into utter confusion. The Pope has played pretty passes against the French State, which has been hit, but easily recovers, not being very vulnerable. The real sufferer is another; the Roman Catholic Church of France pays the piper and will go on paying for long, in many ways. Passive obedience to begin with was very well as a tribute to the master, but it has brought no credit, satisfaction, or benefit to the servants. The Church of France is not more looked up to because it has been constantly and successively stultified in all it attempted or suggested by the Vatican. One may admire its obedience, but its most faithful son cannot admire it for the ill luck which has pursued its every meek endeavour to arrange for itself a quiet life. The Bishops'

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elaborate scheme was ignominiously brushed away by the last Encyclical. The Disestablishment Law of 1905 being diabolical, would recourse be had to the Law of 1901 on associations without imperilling salvation? The unhappy Cardinal Lecot of Bordeaux formed an association under the 1901 Act, but it appears to be tainted with poisonous emanations from the Act of 1905; he is still struggling to assure Rome that it is pure, and the Government that it is legal. But if it be legal, being an association directly or indirectly proposing to carry on religious worship, it complies with the 1905 Act, and if it do so, it is impure; while if it were not legal according to the 1905 Act, it would also be illegal according to that of 1901, and the Cardinal could not have registered it. M. Briand called Cardinal Lecot a M. Jourdain, who spoke prose without knowing it; but he is more, he is M. Jourdain struggling to prove that his prose is no prose, and speaking more and more prose, as he tries to prove that it is no prose. The Pope's move has been a pretty one, but it has driven the Church of France into a corner of absurdities.

The Act of 1905 being damned, and a Cardinal having played with the Act of 1901 and singed his fingers, there remained the Act of 1881 on public meetings. M. Briand, who has been ever ready to take the first step when the Vatican showed the way since the Encyclical, and has been persistently flouted for his pains, drew up a delightful circular, clear enough for him who ran to read, which reduced the requirements of the law of 1881 to a mere annual formality. After all the Church in France must presumably conform to some law or other, *pace* the Vatican. A discreet minimum of legality was offered, such as no lay body, hedged in by the surrounding network of French law, ever had the chance of accepting, and the French clergy was accepting the surprising boon with an affected standoffishness concealing an amazed joy. A few hours later the Vatican pleasantly proclaims in two curt sentences by telegraph that the law of 1881 is as damnable as those of 1901 and 1905; two archbishops have, as usual, to eat their words and revoke instructions prema-

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turely given to their clergy; the French Government once more receives the rebuff direct, and simultaneously the French Church gets one more knock-out blow which sends it staggering and dazed, and which it must take trying to smile. It is a pretty match, but the French Church possibly would prefer not to be the third party on whom all the hits tell most. The Pope's latest score off the French Government of course throws the French Church into worse confusion than ever. Priests are to continue officiating in the churches, but they are strictly bound to officiate illegally; one single step towards lawfulness takes them out of their allegiance to Rome. It is a pretty situation, brought about by the Vatican for the sole joy of placing the French Government in the predicament either of allowing the laws of the country, by which every other public body abides, to become a dead letter for the Roman Catholic clergy alone, or of summoning forty-five thousand priests perhaps twenty-one times a week into the police courts for each Mass said and for consequent misdemeanours punishable by fines or imprisonment never exceeding fifteen francs or five days, however often the offence be repeated. The Vatican apparently is sacrificing the French Church to the satisfaction of paying out the French Government for having brought in the Disestablishment Act before the French Parliament without papal permission. The Church of France is allowing itself to be sacrificed with a lamblike meekness which would have been unthinkable in the days of Bossuet, whereby one may suppose that the Vatican is only egged on. When France was the eldest daughter of the Church—presumably she is so no longer—the French Church most certainly would have stiffened its neck and would have tinged its filial obedience to the Pope with a care for its own temporal existence. Will the Church now ever rebel? Most probably not. Will French Catholics save it, when the Pope destroys? Three quarters of them will blow colder and colder; the remaining quarter will consist eventually of political Catholics only, who will urge the Church on the same hopeless path of feeble rebellion, futile lawlessness, and sedition without

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method. The unlucky Church is now gagged, and bound hand and foot to the schemers who have used it for political purposes; the Pope has week by week tightened the bonds in the last four months. Talk of religious war is nonsense in modern France. The Government can expel the sleek, baby-faced Monsignore who had been pleasantly fanning the faint flame of agitation, and who had all the leading French prelates under his podgy thumb. The Government can prosecute a few hundred priests for illegally holding public meetings, *i.e.*, saying mass; it cannot and will not prosecute them all. Nor can it ever apply the article of the code by which servants of a foreign potentate in France may be deprived of French nationality against the body of the French clergy; nor can it close the churches. M. Clemenceau's "you asked for war, you shall have it," is a figure of rhetoric twice removed from facts.

But if the Government cannot go to war except hyperbolically, what can the French Church do? Absolutely and entirely nothing. It never was as powerless as it is to-day, after four months of the Pope's tender mercies. The Catholic minority in the country is obviously dwindling: loss of the outward pomp of faith will certainly not increase its numbers, nor will self-imposed outlawry. Catholic and anti-Republican were not exactly synonymous a year ago, but they will be soon if the Pope persists in scoring off the Government; not because Republican Catholics will have gone against the Republic, but because Catholic Republicans will have left the Church in despair. When the Church has become identified completely with an ever diminishing political party, it will have become a sect. Religious War? With what weapons will the Church fight? The beadle will no longer wear his scarlet and gold lace at weddings, only three wax candles will burn on the altars, funeral trappings must be only of the "sixth class" if a priest is to officiate, because henceforth the charges for the beadle's best clothes, for wax candles, and for the hideous eyesores of black and silver hangings, will be the perquisites of the devil's own, the legal sequestrator: these are the deadly measures with which the clergy will carry war into the

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enemy's camp. It is a pathetic programme. Simultaneously tremendous words accompany futile acts. The Vicars of St. Ferdinand des Ternes will "defend their lives with every weapon" against the "knives of assassins hired by politicians"—in pleasant, industrious, rich, middle-class Ternes, where money rolls in to the motor trade! The militant clergy has no sense of realities, and priests who have intelligence enough, and would have honesty enough, to cry down melodrama, are gagged by Rome. The Rector of St. Pierre da Gros Cuillou in the Rue St. Dominique shrieks: "We swim up to the neck in Anarchy"; truly enough, but not as he meant it. His own meaning is exquisite, when one knows the Rue St. Dominique, where little shops pursue their busy little lives in provincial peace. Anarchy may be anywhere, but not in the Rue St. Dominique, and there seems to be some of it in the Church of France. If the Church look, for the stamina, backbone and organising brain which it lacks for the fight, to its faithful followers, it is grievously mistaken. In the most religious parts of the country three thousand odd Church "inventories" have just been taken with very few knocks. There may be street rows of course, but there will not be religious war, even if the Vatican should pursue for years its triumphant policy of paying out the French Government. There will be no war and no martyrdom, the blood of women and children will not flow, not even the blood of men, the churches will not be closed, and mass will he said. One single trick, for instance, may save, and in some cases has already saved, the priest's face; the statutory declaration under the 1881 Act, and, when it becomes law, under the new Act which is the Government's latest mild countermove, may be made by a couple of laymen and he will then be master in his Church and need never be supposed to know why. At all events, whatever device of pious casuistry or legal legerdemain win the day, there must be peace, not war; but a peace without much honour for the Church, which will have been left a weak, shorn, and shrunken Church.

LAURENCE JERROLD.

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THE LIGHT UNFAILING

A SONG FOR CHRISTMAS DAY

I

NIGH two thousand years gone by
Since the heavens let out their light,
Since their legions swept the sky,
And amazed the earth, and dazzled down the night!
Yet the powers of darkness thrive,
And the stars seem scarce alive,
And the clouds spread, fold on fold,
Round that Light we loved of old,
And the Hope of all the world is dim with fears;
Still the heart of earth is vexed,
And the nations stand perplexed.
Still the Right must fear the Wrong,
And the cry goes up, "How long?"
And the world is red with blood and wet with tears
After nigh two thousand years!

II

Yet, ah yet, the blessed Birth
Lit a light no cloud can dim!
On and on, through dole and dearth,
Near and nearer man has climbed to heaven and Him,
And the Star that rose of old
Beats the mist down, fold by fold,

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And it leads us age by age,
On the eternal pilgrimage,
By the hope that sets at nought a thousand fears;
And the nations nearer draw
To the goal where Love is Law;
And the tale of Jesus' birth
Still has power upon the earth,
And His hand is strong to wipe away our tears—
After nigh two thousand years!

S. GERTRUDE FORD

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ON THE LINE

WHILE during the last quarter of a century every succeeding year has added to our knowledge of the African continent, one of its divisions, though under European influence for a longer period and more continuously than almost any other, is still comparatively unknown. Mr. R. C. F. Maugham, therefore, who has served as British Consul for Mozambique, Zambesia, Manica, and Sofala, has described it (**Portuguese East Africa.** London. John Murray) for the benefit of the historian, the botanist, the sportsman, and the ethnologist. He is unfortunate in producing the book just after Mr. Randall MacIver's recent examination of the Mashonaland ruins proved almost beyond dispute that the attractive and generally adopted theory which identified Manicaland with the ancient land of Ophir is without foundation. The history of the Portuguese colony, however, even without the glamour cast by the suggestion of "stately Tyrean triremes weighing anchor at Sofala," is almost as romantic as that of the Spanish conquest of Mexico or Peru. The author briefly reviews the principal events in this history: the struggle for supremacy between the little band of "conquistadores," under Vasco da Gama, and the Arabs, who, until the coming of the Portuguese, enjoyed undisputed mastery over the East African coast; the quest of the Monomatapa, a mysterious potentate whose colossal stone fortresses were supposed to have been built by the Queen of Sheba, and whose wealth would, it was hoped, defray the cost of conquering India; the gallant but unfortunate expedi-

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tion against the Monomatapa, defeated by hardship and disease before ever it reached his territory; the search for precious metals fruitless as that for the rainbow's foot, by which successive "conquistadores" exhausted their resources; the gallant resistance which the colony, weakened by the constant need of recruits and by the venality and incapacity of its officials, offered to cannibal hordes on land and Dutch buccaneers on sea. He shows how the temporary prosperity resulting from the export of slaves brought luxury and ease, which turned hardy soldiers into indolent voluptuaries; how this indolence and the depopulation of the country through the slave trade brought the colony into a state of poverty and decay, and how finally with the formation of the Mozambique Company there dawned a new and more prosperous era that may yet restore Portuguese East Africa to its former glories.

For the sake of those who may contemplate a visit to the colony, Mr. Maugham gives some very practical advice on such important matters as camp equipment, supplies, and precautions against sickness in a country little more healthy than Sierra Leone; describes the types of scenery to be found at different altitudes, and catalogues minutely the various varieties of plant and animal life, not forgetting insect and vegetable pests, that the territory contains. To sportsmen he points out that this is one of the few parts of Africa where big game may still be found. Elephant, buffalo, rhinoceros, the rare and beautiful eland and kudu, the brindled gnu, and lion, as well as commoner and less coveted beasts have all fallen to his rifle. Of elephant and buffalo hunting he gives descriptions from personal experience that even people to whom the average description of big game shooting is as dull as an ironmonger's catalogue may read with interest. Those who remember Kipling's "Toomai of the Elephants" will find here a description of an open space where elephants have prepared a place in which to roll by uprooting and removing small trees and shrubs; such places as these have given rise to the idea that elephants assemble to dance together.

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Although the chapters devoted to a description of the natives add little to what is already known of them, they are valuable because they deal frankly with a matter that concerns all who have the best interests of the natives at heart. We pride ourselves that British rule has secured peace and justice to the African peoples under its protection, but are prone to ignore the awkward fact, known to all who understand the natives best, that contact with the British race, even where the sale of alcohol to natives is prohibited, has a demoralising effect on them, whereas contact with the Arabs, who have a deservedly bad name for ruthless cruelty, improves them both morally and intellectually. Mr. Maugham considers that this undesirable and unforeseen result of our influence is the effect of an unwise generosity which, refusing to regard the natives merely as hewers of wood and drawers of water, seeks by premature education to bestow on them a culture which they are as yet incapable of assimilating. He considers, too, that the Portuguese, who care little for the education of the natives and who seldom take the trouble to acquire a knowledge of native languages, are more successful than are the British in their treatment of the native races. This view may well be challenged, and is discounted not only by the comparative failure of Portuguese colonisation but also by isolated remarks in other parts of the book. That natives may seem to do better work for the Portuguese than for British employers is probably due to the fact that the Portuguese, having a lower standard of efficiency than the British, expect less of a people who have a constitutional tendency to carelessness and indolence. Because the Portuguese insist on certain tokens of respect from the natives designed to mark the gulf between the lower and the higher race, one never sees in Portuguese settlements, as the author points out, "the insolent demeanour of the black man towards the white which is such a constant and lamentable spectacle in our colonies and protectorates in almost all parts of Africa." This is perfectly true, and it may be that the British without injustice and with

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advantage to all concerned would do better to stand more on their dignity, but if the Portuguese could win as well as demand respect there would not be in Portuguese territory at the present day tribes who refuse to acknowledge Portuguese authority.

That the effect of Arab influence is to raise the moral and intellectual standard of the African native has been frequently admitted. Mr. Maugham ascribes this to the "simple but efficacious precepts of Islam." Without underrating the value of the Koran it should be pointed out that, unlike the European who comes to Africa with manufactured goods to dispose of, the Arab enters the country practically empty-handed, and therefore in his own interest teaches the natives arts and crafts that will minister to his own comfort, and in so doing encourages the native to become more energetic and to adopt a higher standard of living. Though one may quarrel with some of Mr. Maugham's deductions, it is, however, impossible to gainsay the fundamental statement that British influence in Africa has had an unfortunate and unforeseen result on the moral character and intellect of the natives, and whoever frankly avows the fact deserves the thanks of all who have at heart the welfare of our subject races.

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THE LONELY LADY OF GROSVENOR SQUARE

BY MRS. HENRY DE LA PASTURE

CHAPTER XX

LE MARQUIS DE COURSET

> Life must be reaped like the ripe ears of corn; one man is born, another dies.—EURIPIDES.

A LITTLE boy, scarcely more than a baby, unmistakably a little French boy, in a white tunic tied just above his knees with a dull white sash, stood on the threshold of the morning-room. But Jeanne, in her bewilderment, scarcely looked at him, or took in the significance of the announcement. She was overcome by the certainty—the instant conviction which thrilled through her whole being—that the tall figure behind the child, in deepest mourning of crape draperies and flowing veil, was Anne-Marie.

Anne-Marie, to whom she had been writing all the afternoon.

"You did not attend us, mademoiselle," said a sweet voice, in hesitating, careful English. "But I did write, I wrote—to the lawyer, to M. Valentine, that it was to-day we would arrive."

The wife and sister of Louis looked at each other; each, woman-like, divining the impression she had made.

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"She is not like her brother," thought the wife.

"She is older than Louis," thought Jeanne.

Anne-Marie, with a hand on either shoulder of the little boy, waited—proudly it seemed, for she had a noble and majestic face and figure—in the doorway.

"Won't you come in?" faltered Jeanne, with beating heart.

It was not the greeting that she had pictured to herself that afternoon. But the opportunity had come upon her so suddenly that she could not rise to it.

"Mais oui," said Anne-Marie, with a winning gentleness and a dignity indescribable; "if you welcome us, we will come in."

Then as Jeanne's face grew whiter and whiter, instead of expressing the kindness for which she had hoped, she clasped her hands together, and cried in distress—

"Vous avez reçu sa lettre?"

"Yes, yes—I have his letter," said Jeanne.

She made an agitated step forward. But she was faint and sick with long weeping, and she had scarcely touched solid food for days, from sheer inability to swallow.

She felt herself failing, knew a strong soft arm about her, and heard a calm, authoritative voice issuing orders in broken English.

Her unconsciousness was momentary; a piercing cry of "Maman, maman!" broke the spell; and Jeanne found herself on the sofa, and perceived that Anne-Marie was beside her, with the little boy clinging to her skirt, and burying his face in her black draperies.

Jeanne sat up, and put both hands confusedly to her head, as one awaked from sleep.

She looked at the fair mournful face beside her.

It was the face of the Chanoinesse in the miniature, grown older, sadder and graver.

The marked eyebrows, expressive hazel eyes, and curved beautiful mouth, were the same, and the raven hair was drawn from the same broad brow. But the Anne-Marie of the

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miniature simpered and ogled, and looked merry and arch and frivolous all at once.

This Anne-Marie was serious and noble of expression; the shade on her face was too deep to have been cast by a recent sorrow, however severe. Patience and resignation looked forth from her serene beautiful eyes.

"I demand your pardon, mademoiselle," said Anne-Marie, "to have come upon you too suddenly." Her voice was sad, and calm. "But it was his directions that I followed. He said, 'If anything happens, wait two days, that she may have the letter. Then write to M. Valentine, that he may warn her of your coming; then go to her, taking our son, and wait not.' I did write. I marked 'private,' as he bade me, upon the letter, and so soon as I had—these—" she touched her draperies, "I did come. It was soon, indeed terribly soon to leave my house, and make the journey. But what would you? He had desired it, and I could but follow his wishes, and write to M. Valentine to warn you, as he had said."

"I was not warned," said Jeanne, faintly; "but I see how it was—your letter was marked 'private,' so it was not opened, but forwarded to Mr. Valentine. He is abroad. And I did not know—I did not know—" she cried piteously, "that Louis had a son."

"Mr. Valentine knew," said Anne-Marie. "Louis wrote to him of his marriage, and of his son, when the news of his fortune came. But he was even then sailing for the Somaliland, which was, he told me, on his way home. He had been silent so long, he said, he would wait yet a little while to tell you all himself, that you might understand. So he forbade also that Mr. Valentine should speak his secret."

She looked anxiously at Jeanne.

"It is terrible for you to learn it thus," said the sweet voice, unsteadily. "I see it well. But he said that his son would console you for all."

She lifted the child on to her knee, and for the first time Jeanne saw the little face.

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The baby looked at her with great blue eyes fringed with black lashes, and they were the eyes of Louis; he smiled roguishly though timidly, and the smile was the smile of Louis.

"Louis!" she breathed, afraid to frighten him.

"Dis ton nom, mon fils," said Anne-Marie; "dis le donc vite."

"Petit Jean."

"Il s'appelle Jean-Louis, d'après sa tante et son père," said Anne-Marie, softly. "C'est son père qui l'a voulu. Tu vas nous pardonner, n'est-ce-pas, ma sœur," and she held out her hand with a gracious, almost royal, gesture, to Jeanne; as who should say, Could woman grant you greater compliment than to let her only son be called by your name?

Jeanne rose from the sofa, not to fling herself into the arms of her sister-in-law, as the wife of Louis, marvelling over the coldness of the English temperament, perhaps expected, but to put into the fair hand a freshly-written letter.

"Oh, read it, please read it," she cried wildly; "for though it is written in bad, bad French, it will tell you all—all that I do not know how to say."

As Anne-Marie read, with wet eyes, and the tenderest of smiles flitting across her beautiful mouth, while she pressed the little round head of petit Jean to her bosom, Jeanne felt as though the strain she had been enduring were suddenly relaxed; a subtle sense of relief and consolation became apparent to her.

The motherly presence of Anne-Marie, the baby face of the little boy with the roguish smile and black eyelashes, seemed to pervade that mournful empty room, so that it was mournful and empty no longer.

The thought came to her that her oft-expressed wish had been (however sorrowfully) granted. She was not alone, but the member of a family. The little family of mother and

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son—the ever-sacred relationship—belonged to her, because it belonged to Louis.

"Oh, come, come to my room, and rest after your long journey, and let me bring you tea or whatever you would like," cried Jeanne, kneeling to embrace the smiling child as tenderly as the most impassioned foreigner could have desired; "and let me tell them to get his nursery ready for petit Jean; and your room for you, for it is Louis' house that you are in, and you have come home, Anne-Marie."

Jeanne presently sought Dunham with her explanation, satisfying the old woman's curiosity as speedily and briefly as possible, and without giving herself time to dwell on her own mortification, as she explained:

"Yes, yes, it is my brother's wife—and his little boy, and Mr. Valentine knew all about it, but *he—he* wanted to bring them to me himself, so he would not write to tell me he had married in South Africa; but I have a letter telling me all, Mrs. Dunham. There is no mystery about any of it. We have only to think how to welcome her and make her feel she is at home in his house," she said breathlessly, "and the little boy——"

"I never had no doubts from the moment I set eyes on her," said Dunham, whose suspicions of the intruders had vanished almost instantly on beholding the amount of the baggage, the dignity of the lady, and the respectability of her suite—a man, and a maid, besides the nurse resplendent in cap, cloak and long ribbons, carrying the little boy.

The news of the arrival had flown over the house like wild-fire, and the various members of the establishment were crowded and peeping on the stairs.

Only Hewitt maintained his immovable composure, and stated his conviction of an imposture.

"To a fortune like this claimants is sure to turn up," said the great man, rendered suspicious by his knowledge of the world, and his extensive reading of the newspapers.

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Dunham's hurried interview with her young lady took place in the hall, and in whispers, lest she should be overheard by the strange servants, who were waiting patiently in the background for further instructions; but Dunham had waited, it appeared, for no instructions, and acted, in contempt of Hewitt's doubts, on her own responsibility.

"I've told them to prepare my poor lady's room, Miss Jane. Me and Mrs. Pyke—we felt it must be so. We couldn't ask *her* to climb the stairs to the room you got ready for the poor young gentleman. Indeed it wouldn't be right, nor suitable."

She curtseyed to Anne-Marie as she appeared in the doorway.

"Where are—my servants?" said Anne-Marie, smiling at Dunham, but always with her sweet and gentle air of command. "Alphonse!"

"Me voilà, Madame la Marquise," said a plaintive voice; and a clean-shaven, black-haired, blue-chinned valet appeared, and bowed to his mistress, and to Jeanne. Anne-Marie placed her son in his arms as a matter of course, but M. le Marquis was snatched from them jealously by his *nou-nou*, who started forward from her seat in the background.

A violent altercation immediately arose between the two, in French too rapid for Jeanne's comprehension, but their mistress silenced them.

"Taisez-vous donc, je vous en prie."

"Bien, Madame la Marquise."

"The maid is upstairs, muddarm," said Dunham, with subdued zeal; imitating the accent of the others as best she could, and dropping her old-fashioned curtsey in great agitation.

No doubts nor hesitations, no reflections upon foreign titles, nor contempt of foreign nobility were here; Jeanne had been nobody in her brother's house, even her father's name was ignored, and she was only Miss Jane. But from the moment she set foot in it Anne-Marie was indisputably and instantly the mistress of the house, she was Madame la

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Marquise, a great lady, taking homage as her due, and issuing orders calmly as her undoubted right.

The slighted dignity of the *ancienne noblesse* was avenged in her person. It never occurred to her remotely that she could be anybody but the Marquise de Courset; she the wife alas! the widow, of the head of the family—of the young chieftain of her father's race; a race still honoured, still remembered in its glorious traditions, in the country of the Boulonnais, where Anne-Marie had been born, and brought up; and where she held her own dignified and respected position, though she was not rich, and though she was almost alone in the world.

"The property of Madame la Marquise," said Alphonse, who spoke a little English, being the son of a courier, and who added to it as speedily as possible, that he might boast the more, "has been in the famille de Courset for thousands of years; so long as France itself has existed have there been de Coursets dans mon pays à moi. It is my ancestor who still superintends the *ménage* of Madame la Marquise; and my grandfather, her son, who does the garden—and cares for the cows. For I, too, am of the Boulonnais," he said, with great satisfaction.

He was inordinately jealous, and permitted no one but himself to answer the electric bell, which now sounded with considerable frequency in the ears of the astonished household.

It was extraordinary to perceive how much change and bustle and commotion the installation of one little boy created.

Jeanne forgot entirely the sad and gloomy memories associated with poor Miss Marney's bedroom, when she entered presently to find housemaids hurrying in and out with mattresses to be aired; Alphonse unstrapping and setting up a little cot; and Mrs. Pyke (shaking more than ever, but determined to have her say) sending hither and thither for

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fresh curtains, and herself carrying to the washstand an armful of the finest towels her linen-room could boast.

Before the fire the baby's bath was laid, upon a snowy blanket, edged with gay blue ribbon, and on his *nou-nou's* lap sat petit Jean, amused and interested at the commotion about him, with a little face bright as the May sunshine turned upon them all, and blue eyes shining like stars in their setting of long black lashes.

Yet the thought could not but return to her— Is this all? this little laughing unconscious creature—all that is left to us of Louis?

Of Louis, with his tried strength and hard-won successes; his soldiering and his learning; his knowledge born of hard work in camp and field and study; and all the thousand experiences that go towards the making of a noble manhood!

Is that all wiped out—and all to begin again, as it were, from the very beginning, in the person of his son?

But in the cheerfulness of the room such reflections could obtain no mastery over the healthy natural instinct of womanhood—of wonder and delight in a baby.

In a moment Jeanne was on her knees before him, worshipping with the rest.

"Thou wilt remain with him here while he sleeps. Thou wilt not leave him for an instant, lest he wake in a strange place, and have fear, Madeleine!"

"Soyez tranquille, Madame la Marquise."

Downstairs Hewitt, disgusted to nausea with the folly of the feminine portion of the household, maintained his strictly neutral attitude towards the invaders.

"We don't know who they are, nor what claims they have," he said sternly, "and, till something is proved, I for one sets my face against all this fuss and turning of the place upside down; and so I shall tell Mr. Valentine, as soon as ever I sets eyes on him. What's a little boy? One would think no one had ever seen such a thing before; and all the

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women ready to eat him up. It makes me feel savage. Walking in as though the whole place belongs to him!"

"And so it will surely, if he's the poor Captain's son," ventured William.

"Who knows whether he's the Captain's son, or anything about them? Dropped from the clouds in a four-wheeler," said Hewitt, gloomily.

But the Irish footman was carried away by the excitement around him, and secretly defied his chief, lending every assistance in his power to Alphonse, and conversing with him in broken English, under the impression that he was thus picking up the French language with surprising ease and rapidity.

Anne-Marie put aside all thoughts of her fatigue, and, perhaps, of her desire to be alone, and to think and to weep in her own chamber; and sat up talking with Jeanne half the night, when all the household had gone to bed, and when petit Jean lay sleeping in his cot beside the fire.

They talked in whispers, not to disturb his peaceful slumbers; and thus Jeanne learnt that her sister-in-law had outraged the opinion of her neighbours, and even her own, by leaving her retirement in the first hours of her widowhood, to obey her husband's behests, and seek his sister.

"But *he* thought so little of *les convenances*," she said. "Was I to regard them above his wishes?"

She had a gift for terse and picturesque description, and presently Jeanne felt as though she realised the whole *entourage* of Anne-Marie's long girlhood—her home in the French village, her visits to Paris with her beloved father.

"For I was almost thirty years old when I married," she said, with great simplicity and frankness. "What would you? We received, naturally, many applications. Mais je n'ai jamais voulu quitter papa. Et enfin, c'est lui qui m'a quitté!"

Her father had only lived for his motherless daughter, but

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he had the friendship of a lifetime for the gallant de Villebois-Mareuil, and, being likewise unable to conquer the fighting instincts of his race, had chosen to accompany him to South Africa.

"Papa had fifty years; but what would you? He was persuaded, in spite of all that one could say, that his experience would be the more valuable to the Boers; and his health was perfect."

In a few words she set before Jeanne the difficulties and fatigues and disappointments of her own later journey, undertaken in defiance of all warnings bestowed, and continued in the face of all rebuffs and refusals.

She described, unfaltering, that first meeting with Louis, gaunt and haggard from enteric fever (and of that too, Jeanne knew nothing)—their mutual attraction; her loyalty and affection aroused for the head of that ancient family, of which she had believed herself to be the last mournful representative; their love and hasty wedding.

"That I should have married thus!—but again, what would you have?" said Anne-Marie. "In war there is no time for ceremony; and he was not one to be denied."

Jeanne knew very well that Louis was not one to be denied, and that his influence was paramount over those who loved him.

Of all these things Anne-Marie spoke, but of her sorrow not at all. She could no more have helped being silent over this, than Jeanne could have helped babbling—tenderly and tearfully—of hers. And yet it would have been hard to say which of these two women loved Louis best.

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CHAPTER XXI

ANNE-MARIE

THE Duchess of Monaghan was almost beside herself with indignation when she heard, some days later, of the appearance of the dead soldier's widow and child at 99 Grosvenor Square.

Her feelings were such that her son could with difficulty restrain her from proceeding at once to the house, and then and there forcibly denouncing them as impostors.

"Is it likely that if the poor young fellow were really married, his own sister should know nothing of it? People of this kind always turn up when a large fortune is in question. Look at the Claimant! There is a case in point. And that poor girl knows nothing of the world we live in, nothing at all. She will be doing something foolish and quixotic; and ruining everybody, herself included," said the Duchess, incoherently. "Denis, you must speak out at once, and put a stop to it."

All her prudent reticence was lost in lively apprehension, and even Denis could no longer be blind to the fact that his mother had detected and shared his hopes for the future.

"I have no right to interfere," he said, coldly.

"You ought to have a right by this time. And you must see how terribly important it is. Three hundred and sixty thousand pounds, besides the Marney collection," said the incautious Duchess, betraying herself afresh with every word she spoke. "Surely, even if her brother was married he must have made a large provision for her, after talking of dividing it all. Surely he must have left a will of some kind. If not—if this impostor succeeds in proving her claim—don't you see that the widow and her son would get it all?" she cried with tears in her eyes. "The trustees would have no power to provide for the sister, that I can discover. She would have just nothing at all."

Denis did not explain to his parent that in such case

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Jeanne would have exactly as much as he had supposed her to possess when he had first made up his mind to marry her if he could.

"I am so fond of her—she is so exactly the very person I should have chosen for my daughter, that the blow would be doubly severe," said the poor Duchess appealingly. "I cannot give up my hopes yet. I cannot bear to think that all our plans should be knocked on the head like this; and the whole thing become impossible—utterly impossible, all in a moment."

But the Duke's fair face was inscrutable; and she could not read his intentions there, try as she might.

He escaped from her presence as soon as he could, only to turn his footsteps in the direction of Grosvenor Square.

On this occasion he did not merely inquire after Jeanne, but also sent in a message to ask whether she felt able to see him.

The answer was in the affirmative, and his Grace was ushered immediately into the morning-room.

The Duke had not seen Jeanne since that hurried journey from Challonslegh, a fortnight ago.

He was shocked at the change in her appearance.

Her days and nights of weeping had banished the pretty red colour from her cheeks, and dimmed the soft brown eyes; and the outline of the round face was perceptibly thinner.

He took her hand in silence, looking at her with grave concerned blue eyes.

"Cousin Jeanne, is this news true?"

"It is true, Cousin Denis. Louis married in the summer of 1900, in South Africa," she said; "and his wife is here, and his son. And oh, Cousin Denis, she is Anne-Marie."

"Anne-Marie!" said the Duke, bewildered.

"You remember that I showed you the miniatures of my family—of the de Coursets," said Jeanne, wistfully, "and the poor Comtesse Anne-Marie, the first prisoner of the Revolution?"

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"Yes, yes, I remember."

"Her brother Charles lived in France, and married, and had children, but most of them became monks or nuns. And this Anne-Marie is the only living descendant. She is the daughter of the poor de Courset of whom Professor Hogg-Watson told us, the one who was killed at Boshof, by the side of General de Villebois-Mareuil."

"And she married Louis?"

"She went out to South Africa—to find her father's grave. Late last night we sat up talking, and she told me of her long, long journey, and of the difficulties she had, but she seemed to think nothing of them, to get to Boshof. Every one told her it would be impossible, but she said nothing was impossible to a child who loved her father. And—and she heard of a de Courset in hospital, and for one wild moment thought there might be a mistake ——"

"Poor thing!"

"But she found Louis," said Jeanne, softly.

Her bitter feelings, so foreign to a gentle nature, had all melted away under the pathos and simplicity of Anne-Marie's recital; and of her description of Louis, wasted and suffering.

"He would not mention that fever to me—I thought him just at that time rather careless about writing regularly; little thinking he was ill, and hiding it from me for fear I should be anxious," said Jeanne, for her loyalty had conquered her resentment. "She says if she had not thought him dying she could not have stayed even then; but she had told him who she was and, as he says in his letter to me—how could he let her go?"

Now that she had seen Anne-Marie, Jeanne felt that she could picture it all to herself; the hospital tent, and Louis, in his weakness and weariness, suddenly transported out of his surroundings by the vision of that beautiful serene face, that embodied the romance of the past and the present in one.

The Duke was silent. He felt that however romantic the marriage of Louis might have been, his reticence towards his only sister concerning it could not be explained away.

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"Cousin Denis," said Jeanne, timidly. "I am going, if you please, to fetch Anne-Marie. She knows you are a cousin, and I have explained to her how very good you have been to me all this time of my loneliness. I am sure she will see you. She is so self-controlled, but I cannot be like her," said Jeanne, with a very watery smile. "Indeed it would be very odd if I could, for she is a most beautiful stately person, just what I should imagine a queen ought to be. She likes to talk to me of Louis, and I like to talk to her; but she never talks of—of her own sorrow, and yet—and yet you cannot see her and doubt that it is—all her life."

"If you are sure she wouldn't think me intrusive—that it would not be too much for her," said the Duke, hesitating.

He had no wish to see Anne-Marie, but every wish to please Jeanne.

"No, it is not too much for her. Mr. Valentine came this morning, and she saw him, and we are going together to his office to-morrow as he wishes."

"Was he aware of the marriage?"

"Yes, Louis wrote to him when he received the news of his inheritance, and told him in confidence of his marriage, and—and—that he had a son. It was only me who did not know," she said, flushing deeply, "and Uncle Roberts—we have not yet decided quite how to break it to him. It might be best for me to go and tell him, for letters are not much in his way."

The Duke was silent again. He could not express his feelings, but his face showed him indignant for the mortification she bravely tried to hide, and Jeanne divined his thoughts.

She went to her little desk and opened it, and brought out a worn blue envelope with a broken seal.

"Cousin Denis," she said, softly, "I would show his last letter to no one in the world but you; but I cannot bear that *you* should misunderstand Louis. You will see it was written

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long ago . . . just after he married. Read it, and you will understand.'

As she put it into his hand he detained hers, raised it to his lips, and kissed it; but the action was so grave and so gentle that it was more an expression of sympathy—the first he had dared to show her—than of love.

"How was it I could ever have been so blind—so foolish—as to look down upon *him*!" thought Jeanne, colouring deeply as she left the room. "He is always the same—kind and noble, and thoughtful of the feelings of others. Surely everything that any woman in the world could wish a man to be."

And she went in search of Anne-Marie, delaying her descent for a few moments, in order to give Denis time to read the letter.

"It would be so much more pleasant, if M. le Duc will consent, that, since he is of our family, he should conduct us to-morrow to the office of this M. Valentine," said Anne-Marie, with her little air of mingled persuasiveness and command. "Is it not so, my sister?"

Jeanne assented. It was very clear to M. le Duc that she would consent to most things that could be proposed by her sister-in-law.

He had not wished to see Anne-Marie, but his prejudices were conquered before she had even spoken.

She was, as Jeanne had said, at once so simple and so stately.

No doubt her beauty counted for much in the influence she exercised over all who approached her; but still more, perhaps, her serene and dignified sweetness of character, which was made manifest in her whole bearing and expression.

But the faint purple shadows beneath the beautiful hazel eyes suggested, nevertheless, to the quick perceptions of the Duke—midnight vigils, and a pillow watered with tears; the fair complexion was almost unnaturally pale in contrast to the black draperies. He divined that the apparent self-command of the Marquise was hardly won.

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"Anything in the world that I can do," he said.

"You have been good to my sister," said Anne-Marie, and she looked at him, keenly. "But, yes—she has not failed to tell me of your goodness; even—my husband—spoke of it in his letters to me. She would have been aways alone but for you, in this great house—so great, so *triste*. Now she will be alone no more, for it was his wish that I should protect her."

The Duke's fair complexion rendered his increase of colour particularly noticeable. But Jeanne reflected his momentary embarrassment with so deep a blush, and such obvious and painful confusion, that a less observant person than Anne-Marie could hardly have failed to perceive it.

The Duke's blue eyes met her inquiring gaze.

Anne-Marie paused, and appeared to consider. Then she turned to Jeanne, and addressed her with peculiar gentleness, in her slow, careful English:

"I would like well to show my son to M. le Duc. Will you not go yourself, ma sœur, to find our petit Jeannot, and present him to our cousin?"

Jeanne, thankful to escape and hide her blushes, very gladly replied that she would, and quitted the room; and the Duke was left alone with his new relation.

Whether Anne-Marie, as appeared probable, had chosen to give him this immediate opportunity for speaking to her in private, of deliberate design, or whether she was merely actuated by a sisterly desire to screen and shield the obvious confusion of Jeanne, the Duke did not pause to discover. But he availed himself without a moment's hesitation of the opening her consideration afforded him.

His embarrassment vanished with the departure of Jeanne, and he addressed himself to the Marquise, very gravely and courteously, in her own language; though had Anne-Marie possessed a corresponding sense of humour to his own (which she did not), she would certainly have discerned the latent twinkle in his blue eyes.

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"I understand, madame, that you are now, in a measure, the guardian of your sister's interests?"

"Mais oui, monsieur," said Anne-Marie, with a winning smile and a dignified inclination of the head.

"Then," said the Duke, with the little bow which Jeanne had thought old-fashioned, but which appeared the most natural and appropriate salutation in the world to the Marquise, "I have the honour to apply to you for permission to address myself to my cousin. A marriage with her has long been the dearest wish of my heart."

There was no shyness and no hesitation in the Duke's manner now. He spoke with a decision and manliness unmistakable.

"It is as I divined," said Anne-Marie. She gave him her left hand as a royal favour, and he kissed it with respectful ardour. "Monsieur le Duc, you have acted with that propriety which distinguishes all brave and honest men," she paused, and added—"in ordinary circumstances. Receive then, the assurance of my approval, as I am persuaded you would have received it from the lips of my beloved husband; and with it the expression of my conviction that you will make the happiness of his sister."

"I thank you infinitely," said the Duke, bowing. Then he descended, somewhat precipitately, from his French stilts. "You will understand that I have said nothing to *her* yet?"

"It goes without saying," said the Marquise.

"You will then not allude to the subject until I have ventured to ascertain the sentiments of my cousin?" he faltered. "I demand your pardon, madame, but you are perhaps not aware that our English customs differ very considerably—she might think—I am not even sure whether——" he floundered miserably.

"Soyez tranquille, monsieur," said Anne-Marie, in soothing tones. "I am enough well acquainted, on the contrary, with the usages of your country. Here are nearly three years that

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I study them, with your language, incessantly. You shall rely on my discretion."

The Duke was a lover, but perhaps less selfish than lovers usually are; he thought the sad smile of Anne-Marie adorable; and her sympathy for others, in the midst of her own grief, touched him deeply.

"Chère madame," he said, with an impulsiveness not habitual to him, "forgive me, forgive me! I wonder how I can have dared to obtrude upon you just now wishes and hopes, that perhaps I must be content to indulge in silence for some time longer. I know too well that it was not at this moment I should have spoken."

"Ah, monsieur," she said, very simply and earnestly, "is it not then in her sorrow, that the little one has most need of consolation?"

"Would you then counsel me——?" he said, with diffident joy.

"To follow the impulses of your heart——? Mais oui, monsieur."

"And you think it possible that she—that she——"

Anne-Marie's smile, though sad still, was yet so expressive that he was minded to kiss her hand a second time, but refrained; for at that moment the door opened, and le petit Jean made his appearance with Jeanne.

Anne-Marie was merciful as she was sympathetic, and, with a perception very unusual to mothers, she inflicted the company of her idolised son upon the impatient lover for as short a time as possible,

Petit Jean did all that was required of him; he saluted M. le Duc; smiled all over his sunny handsome little face; and was finally borne away in the arms of the Marquise to look for chocolates in the dining-room.

"Jeanne," said the Duke, in hushed tones, "I have read the letter."

"And you understand?"

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"I understand that your brother was a brave fellow," he said, with emotion. "I am very proud to call him cousin."

"Oh, thank you, thank you," cried Jeanne. No words could have been more grateful to her aching heart. She laid the letter reverently away in the shabby desk; and the Duke closed the lid that she might lock it.

Their hands met.

"Jeanne, oh, Jeanne, is it—too soon? Must I wait yet a little while longer?"

"Will time make any difference to such sorrow as mine?" she said, passionately.

The Duke knew that it would make a difference; for though he was no older than Jeanne, he was as wise for his years as she was childish for hers; but he did not stop to think of this now.

"Oh, Jeanne! If my love could comfort you—if my love could bring you the happiness of which he writes!"

"Love is love," she quoted, in a whisper, "and we could not help its mastery even if we would."

"Would you if you could?" said the Duke, tenderly; and, as he took her into his arms she knew, tired and heart-broken as she was, that the intolerable heaviness of her sorrow was lifted; and that in the midst of grief she had found the happiness—the joy in life—which her dead hero had bidden her take with thankfulness whenever it should come her way.

And that this comfort had come to little Jeanne now—at the moment when she so sorely needed it—she owed, though she never knew it, to Anne-Marie.

(*To be continued.*)

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THE MONTHLY REVIEW

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The Editor of the Monthly Review *is always happy to receive MSS., and to give them his consideration, provided that they are type-written or easily legible, and accompanied by a stamped envelope for their return if not accepted. In the case of all unsolicited contributions the Editor requests his correspondents* (i) *to excuse him from replying otherwise than by formal printed letter;* (ii) *to state whether he is offered the refusal of the MS. indefinitely or only for a limited period. Where the offer is indefinite, the Editor cannot be answerable for time or opportunities lost through his adverse decision after long consideration; nor can he in any case be responsible for the loss of a MS. submitted to him, although every care will be taken of those sent. They should be addressed to the* Editor, *'Monthly Review,' 50A Albemarle Street, London, W.*

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THE PREMIER AND IMPERIAL DEFENCE

IN Germany the General Staff is a purely military body. It has been aptly described as "the brain of an army." But it is more than that: it is the army's whole nervous system. In the United Kingdom we have lately established a Military General Staff, and every one hopes that it will make good some of those deficiencies which were so plainly displayed during the South African War.

It is, however, clear to all who have given a thought to the subject that this country could never rely upon a Military General Staff alone for working out, and supervising the execution of, its plan of campaign in a great war. The problems which have to be faced by those who are responsible for the defence of the Empire are naval as well as, one might say naval even more than, military problems, and their solution may require the co-operation of the Colonies and of India. It follows that a General Staff adequate to Imperial needs must be a body on which sailors and soldiers sit together in council, with a power of summoning coadjutors to represent the great overseas interests that would be concerned in many probable contingencies.

There is another factor in the case. The naval and military authorities can only advise the British Government to adopt certain measures. The decision upon the experts' advice rests entirely with the political chiefs who are answer-

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able for their conduct not to their professional counsellors but to Parliament and, ultimately, to the nation. As a consequence, a General Staff in this country which left the politicians out of account would be working in an atmosphere of uncertainty; its plans might be vetoed at any time on the ground of expense or on a hundred other pretexts; it would be engaged upon mere theories without any assurance that they could be carried out in practice, and it would, therefore, be valueless. It is necessary to import the controlling political element into our General Staff. One has, in short, to ensure the co-ordination of the highest military and the highest naval authority and, simultaneously, to give the ablest soldiers and sailors in council the best possible chance of converting the Cabinet and the co-assessors already mentioned to their opinions, which, if they are to be acted on, often involve trouble and expense.

No other nation has had to meet a problem of such complexity in this direction. As a consequence, when Lord Esher's Committee, so well known as the Committee of Three, was appointed to reorganise the system of preparation for war which had completely broken down in South Africa, they had to work without an example before them. For the purely military General Staff indeed which they established, they had an abundance of models, but in the creation of the higher body which was to organise the co-ordinated forces of the Empire, and to determine what plan of campaign should be adopted in any given contingency, and what Imperial forces should be maintained as adequate for the contingencies to be provided for, the Committee of Three were without the guidance that can only be given by experience.

Under these circumstances the Committee decided upon an experiment which was described in the first of the three letters that they addressed to the ex-Premier. As this document now governs, and is intended to govern, our whole system of naval and military preparation for future wars, and as, in spite of its importance, its terms have been very generally forgotten,

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I make no apology for quoting the most material passage in it.

The Committee wrote:

> In considering the constitution of the Defence Committee itself, we are fully alive to the vital necessity for having as its invariable President the Prime Minister of the day. Under our political institutions, based on the authority of a Parliament like ours, no body of experts, however highly trained and qualified, would carry sufficient weight and authority to give practical effect to their conclusions unless the Prime Minister, in whom governing power is vested, were present at their deliberations and personally committed to their policy.
>
> If, therefore—and we assume this to be an essential condition—the Prime Minister is to preside over the Defence Committee, we fully recognise the importance of leaving to him absolute discretion in the selection and variation of its members; but we would venture to suggest the vital importance of giving to that institution, yet in its infancy, as powerful a sanction for continuity and permanence as may be consistent with the retention by the Prime Minister of perfect freedom of action in regard to its component parts.

The Committee of Defence, thus constituted, is the "co-ordinating head of all the Departments concerned in the conduct of and in the preparation for war," and it is to "fulfil the main functions of a General Staff as they are now understood all over the civilised world by statesmen who have considered the necessities and conditions of Empire." But it is clear that the Committee, under the form of constitution just described, is, in spite of the high scientific and professional duties which it has to undertake, a "Pocket Committee" of the Prime Minister. Herein lies the great danger of the experiment commenced by Lord Esher and his colleagues. In the supremely important matter of Imperial Defence, everything depends upon the respect which the Prime Minister feels for the opinion of his naval and military advisers, who may be urging him to take action which is unpopular with the party he leads and opposed to his own political purposes. If he determines to disregard the authority of the experts, he has only to vary the composition of the Committee until it is such that it endorses his wishes. There is always a most serious danger that under our political system the desires

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of a dominant party, though so far as naval and military questions are concerned they have probably been formed in ignorance, will prevail against the representations of experts. The forces at work are not commensurate. The soldiers and sailors who are consulted can only argue and exhort, they can secure the dismissal of no one but themselves; whereas the party which is urging its leader to adopt measures in the teeth of professional advice can depose him and shelve him if he refuses to conform to its will, whose exponent he is.

In a volume published two years ago, "The Cabinet and War," I urged that the continuity of what one may perhaps call strategical policy, on which Lord Esher's Committee rightly laid so much stress, was jeopardised under the system now established. It is difficult to believe that Mr. Gladstone would have committed himself to the policy of an advisory body, no matter what its technical authority, whose members had been appointed by Lord Beaconsfield. The political see-saw works with the same effect at the present day. It may be vitally necessary for the safety of the Empire, but it is hard for a Premier who is all for retrenchment and small armaments to allow himself and his colleagues in Parliament to be overruled by the representations of men who owe their position to the choice of a predecessor since defeated at the polls.

It may be argued that if the soldiers and sailors concerned find their counsels disregarded, and believe that those requirements of Imperial Defence which do not change with alternating Ministries are being sacrificed to political exigencies, they can resign and thus draw public attention to their dissatisfaction, and perhaps, if they are men of great eminence, arouse general alarm. One touches here upon a very delicate and difficult subject. Every one knows the strong sentiment of loyalty to service and country which prevails among British officers; but soldiers and sailors alike are rightly and necessarily ambitious, as a rule, of success in their profession; and it must always be a question for a man's own conscience in what circumstances he is bound to resign, and thereby perhaps sacrifice

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the remainder of his career, when the sole result will be that a successor will be put in his place to advocate and sanction the very measures to which he has not been able to reconcile himself.

That these are no mere fanciful considerations is shown by the present position of affairs in relation to the Army. The Committee of Defence is advising Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman just as it advised Mr. Balfour. One would, and should, expect the continuity of policy hoped for by its founders. But there have been drastic changes which were not foreshadowed in the ex-Premier's time. We have before us Mr. Haldane's shadowy scheme for a "National Army," which will leave us, in the event of a serious war, mainly dependent on the Volunteers and an indefinite reserve of potential combatants behind that force. This is opposed in principle to Mr. Arnold-Forster's scheme of a long-service and a short-service Army existing side by side, the latter to supply to the former what was, until Mr. Haldane's day, considered an essential of modern war, namely, a sufficient trained reserve to take the field against European troops. We have seen the suppression of batteries, and the disbanding of a *corps d'élite*, and I personally may own to a feeling of amazement that these steps have obtained even a qualified and regretted sanction from soldiers at the head of their profession. But, in spite of such drastic changes, we have had no resignations of highly placed officers. The problems of Imperial Defence remain the same; yet, though the policy which governs preparation for Imperial Defence undergoes a subversion due to the new values of purely political forces, our Committee of Defence, as might have been foreseen, acquiesces indifferently in the old principles and the new, in the system which was right until the General Election and in the system which is right now that the party in power regards the Services much as Mr. Stiggins regarded Mr. Weller senior.

It is not surprising that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman takes the responsibilities of the Defence Committee lightly.

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Years ago, when he served on the Hartington Commission, he was opposed to the creation of a General Staff, which his colleagues recommended.

"I do not see that any case of necessity has been made out," he wrote in his dissentient memorandum. That his views have undergone no material alteration is evident from a speech which he made when the Defence Committee was under discussion last summer.

As the subject was brought forward on a motion in connection with the Appropriation Bill, and so late in the Session as August 2, the Prime Minister's declaration did not receive the attention it deserves, and a useful purpose may be served by bringing its more remarkable points to notice.

Sir Henry said, *inter alia*:

> I have never been strongly prejudiced in favour of the Committee of Imperial Defence. I was always afraid it might get beyond its proper bounds, that it might interfere with the responsibility of the Cabinet and the Ministers charged with the two great departments [War Office and Admiralty], and that, therefore, the results might be unfortunate in the interests of the country. . . . The Committee of Imperial Defence is an opportunity for the Government to fortify itself with regard to the naval and military policy and the general defence of the Empire by the direct opinion of the best experts in the two Services. The Naval and Military Authorities meet round a table with the members of the Government and discuss all the technical questions which are brought before it [sic] *but it has nothing to do with policy, nothing whatever to do with the naval and military policy on a large scale.* To my mind, it has nothing to do with the question of what is the [naval] standard of two or three nations we should be equal to. . . . The right hon. gentleman [Mr. Balfour], if he had been fortunate or unfortunate enough to be summoned to one of our meetings, could not have been asked whether he agreed with me that some standards laid down for the Navy are excessive and possibly in their nature absurd. *He would not be asked to agree with the Secretary for War whether the reductions in the Army can safely be made* with the prospect which is before us of being able to create, expand and develop a force sufficient for the defence of the country. These are questions of high policy with which the Cabinet deals, but which are beyond and above, in that stage of them at least, the Committee of Imperial Defence.

The italics, of course, are mine. The extracts are taken from the *Times* report.

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The brilliant prospect of "creating, expanding and developing," &c., to which reference is proudly made, is illusory and is only presented for effect. Our Reserve, as now established, will never even approach the standard of excellence of the *Spectator* Company, which, according to the testimony of its founder and trainer, could never hold its own effectually against disciplined troops such as our army would meet in a campaign against a European Power.

The gist of Sir Henry's declaration is that the people who know are to have no voice in determining what are the naval and military forces which the Empire needs for its safety. When politicians have settled what forces it will be popular to maintain, the experts may advise the Government as to the best means of organising the army, due regard being always had to the political exigencies of the moment. Sir Henry has learnt as little from the campaigns in South Africa and Eastern Asia as Mr. Byles and Mr. Keir Hardie.

The Premier proceeded to give an instance of the kind of subject which is now withdrawn from the consideration of the Committee of Imperial Defence :

> I do not say [he observed] that the two-power standard is not sometimes a very reasonable thing, but when the two Powers you take [Mr. Balfour had alluded to France and Germany] are the two Powers who are perhaps more likely to be antagonistic to each other than any other two Powers you can find on the continent of Europe, when you know that we are in close relations of friendship with one of those Powers, recently established and approved by public instruments, when we know also that we are on excellent terms both with the people and the Government of the other Power, *when we know, further, that if these two Powers are building ships fast they are building them against each other*, to suggest that we should take these two Powers as the test and criterion of how much money we should expend on our navy and what strength the navy should be, is, I think, to use a phrase already used, what may be called a preposterous idea.

So it is for the politician, seeking popularity through economy, *coûte que coûte*, to determine what are the purposes of German naval construction; the expert is only called in to discuss other topics, after the politician has made up his mind.

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The conditions of naval and military safety for the Empire are not problems within the competency of the Defence Committee, which is instructed on such points by the Cabinet. And this is the Committee which *in the mind of those who created it* was to "fulfil the main functions of a General Staff as they are now understood all over the civilised world by statesmen who have considered the necessities of Empire."

One may be thankful for the fact that all our leading politicians do not share Sir Henry's opinions. Mr. Balfour, on the occasion of the same debate, showed that he had risen to a comprehension of what patriotism demands when the security of the Empire is being discussed between the Head of the Cabinet and those who are able to advise him soundly on Service matters. He said:

> I can well understand that the Defence Committee might be asked to consider or reconsider such a problem as the two-Power standard for naval defence, for it is a question that touches so many interests that it cannot properly be regarded solely as a naval question.

And again:

> There is no doctrine more clear than that it is the gravest mistake to diminish the amount of your regular forces until the expansible Army on which you have to rely in the event of a sudden struggle for national existence is in working order. The Government take exactly the opposite view. They are sanguine that they will be able to find an expansible Army. [Mr. Haldane dissented]. Well, I can only read their speeches in our three Parliamentary debates as meaning that the Government have absolutely resolved that the Regular Army is to be largely diminished, although they have not got anything like an expansible Army. *Suppose I had been present at the discussion of that great question, I should have urged on the Defence Committee what I am now urging.*

These quotations plainly show the difference between the spirit in which a Unionist Cabinet approaches the subject of Imperial Defence and that which prevails when a Radical Ministry takes up the question. Mr. Balfour recognises that the great naval and military problems to be solved should be discussed by those who understand them, and that the politician should be guided by the conclusions of the expert. On these

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lines, the Defence Committee might really be regarded as a General Staff, and as supplying an invaluable safeguard against neglect of precautions and misunderstanding of the needs of the Services.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman relies on the self-sufficiency of the politician to evolve a naval and military policy which will be popular in any case and specious enough to impose on those who have no expert knowledge; he sets at naught the counsels of his expert advisers on the most important, the governing, points of Imperial Defence, and uses his professional colleagues as mere subordinates who are to explain, without criticism, how the untutored but dominant conceptions of the Government can be carried out. In his hands the Defence Committee is more than useless; it gives to the public a false sense of security, and the soldiers and sailors who serve on it are merely unwilling parties to the deception.

W. Evans-Gordon.

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A BOER POET

ON February 27, 1900, the battalion to which I belonged paraded on the northern banks of the Tugela to take part in the general attack, which Sir Redvers Buller's force was to make on the Boer position at Pieter's Hill. During the advance which took place "by rushes," my company took cover for a few moments behind some breastworks of stones which had afforded protection to a Boer outpost on the preceding days.

Underneath a large stone I found a manuscript which I glanced at and placed in my haversack.

It was sent home subsequently as a memento of the action at Pieter's Hill, and lay in a cupboard till quite recently, when it occurred to me to have it translated.

The manuscript consists of a series of poems written in the "Taal," evidently by an uneducated man; in short, by a typical specimen of the rank and file of the Boer army.

Poetical ideas there are none, and the only interest in the work lies in the fact that it was written in the field, when the writer was face to face with the enemy, and expresses in simplest form the actual thoughts and feelings of the Boer at that time. No attempt to versify has been made in the selection that follows (the verses have merely been translated word for word).

Many of the writer's efforts are very much alike, and it is not worth while reproducing them all.

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I have selected those which seem of most interest to an English reader.

The MS. is written in ink, the handwriting being perfectly clear, but obviously that of a more or less uneducated man. The writer's name, W. Du Plessis, appears on the first page.

The first piece in the book which is headed "Poem 8" gives an account of the battle of Talana on October 20.

Burgher Du Plessis states somewhat vaguely that nearly a thousand British troops fell near "that hill," and it is interesting to note that the actual British loss in killed and wounded actually amounted to 826.

"After this," he says still more vaguely, "Oom Piet" (Joubert) began his shooting. This refers presumably to the shelling of Dundee by the Boers on October 22, two days after the battle of Talana.

POEM III.

My friends, again another song
A true account of what happened to us.
It was on the 19th October
When we all were sober
And suddenly heard the cry of Saddle up!
We were busily engaged in collecting our horses.
After having saddled up, we mustered
And separated after an affecting sermon
Delivered by our pastor Burgher
Who remained behind praying.
The night was boisterous and wet
But the Lord led us with His Blessing.
We travelled all night with chattering teeth
And mounted the hill during the inky night.
At daybreak we heard continued cheering and hurrahs
For facing us was Dundee.
It was still early morning when the cannon were placed in position
Discharging their contents in the camp and breaking it up.

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My friends, this is a true record of how terrible was the battle of Dundee.
We lost one hundred and ten men on the stony hill of Dundee.
When the English fired their guns into us our losses proved to be equal.
We had to fly from our positions carrying our kettles on our backs.
Our Commander and fighting General had not judged their tactics
For had he constructed a proper barricade and trusted more in the Lord
Our victory would have been great and our losses have been less.
In the afternoon of the day of the battle
The Commander made me laugh, he rubbed his hands whilst
Stepping round and then suddenly exclaimed, "I have lost my arm."
He could not help himself, it was his own fault for being too courageous.
We returned from the line of fighting but nobody could accuse us of running away.
I must mention also that the battle remained undecided; we marched
Steadily on without a murmur or complaint.
Reports were handed in from all sides to Field cornet and Commander
Our loss was fearfully heavy, but the troops (regulars) lost more.
Nearly a thousand of them fell near that hill, and when we left it
Oom Piet began his shooting.
Our General Commander Oom Piet was not far away, he drove them out
Of camp and confiscated their horses, ammunition, clothes and provisions
And used them as best as he could.

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And now my friends may the Lord Almighty bless us daily, for His
Mighty power will disperse England's great army.
Praise the Lord. Praise His mighty power for this is the Lord's and the Lord's only.

Another song on the Battle of Talana refers to the capture of a party of our cavalry on that day:

SONG.

A cry of war was heard. Hurrah!
The Boers are trekking steadily. Hurrah!
We were at Sandspruit for some time and thence moved on to Volksrust.
Chorus: Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Long live South Africa.

After great sufferings and want of food we trekked away from Volksrust,
Until we arrived at Dundee where battle was given to us.
Chorus.

We fought courageously and shed our precious blood,
But it was in the Lord God that we pinned our faith.
Chorus.

It was during the fight on the hill that the English to our consternation sent
Their horsemen into our flanks.
Chorus.

But our Burghers who were shedding their precious blood gained courage, mounted
Their horses and despatched the English.
Chorus.

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They repulsed them like wild animals although they tried to
Annihilate our Burghers.

Chorus.

Our General approached them with the State artillery whilst
the Commandant
Who had meanwhile also arrived belaboured them with shell.

Chorus.

This evidently frightened them for they were all caught, as is
generally the
Case with the British army who rely too much upon their own
power.

Chorus.

But our power is the Lord's who blesses us repeatedly.
Therefore your Majesty do not rely too much on your courage.

Chorus.

Next follows a sort of pæan, which shows very clearly the elation the Boers felt after their first victories, and the confidence in the ultimate success of their arms which was such an important factor in the protracted struggle:

Come brothers let us sing a song
In honour of our great country,
For he who does not share our feelings
Cannot claim to be a brother.

Chorus

Let us shout, let us sing,
Let our song for ever ring;
No country on the globe so free
As Transvaal so beloved by me.
No stranger nor foreign ruler
Shall rule our dear country.
So sing and praise with loud voice and without restraint.

Chorus: Let us shout, &c.

Google

It is Oom Paul, our President by the Lord's will,
Who lives for South Africa, in whom we trust.
Chorus: Let us shout, &c.

He ruled our land with steadfastness and great knowledge,
We fight for our free country and praise the Lord.
Chorus: Let us shout, &c.

We can never forget that Natal is ours
For which our parents have shed their life's blood.
Chorus: Let us shout, &c.

And therefore Brothers it is time to rouse yourselves,
For whether we live or die the war is a righteous one
Chorus: Let us shout, &c.

Stand firm for freedom and justice
For Natal is our property and we cling to it.
Chorus: Let us shout, &c.

Let us bow to the decision of the Lord,
The Director of the Universe, and let us praise Him, whatever fate He has decreed for us.
Chorus: Let us shout, &c.

Let us sing a song in honour of our justice, for he is no brother
Who refuses to fight for it.
Chorus: Let us shout, &c.

The Boer's mind was always filled with thoughts of his wife and home, so it is not strange to find the following curious theme written probably during the tedious hours of outpost duty. This dialogue as well as two prayers are the only pieces of prose in the MS.

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STRIFE BETWEEN HUSBAND AND WIFE.

HUSBAND: Now then old lady own up, was not our coffee watery last night? Not that it matters much, for it is but human to err. I also have my faults, but right is right, and that coffee was horrible.

WIFE: Thanks for your compliment, governor; what do you mean? Listen to the brute. My heart aches being treated as a child.

HUSBAND (calmly): No, no, Johanna; you are my wife and you know I love you; yet you cannot deny it. Cease cackling like a hen; I repeat it that our coffee after church last night was anything but strong.

WIFE: Now listen to him and the bother he makes about this coffee. Do I say anything about your verses? Kaatje (Kate) darling, why should a man like this destroy our peace. It is too bad, my heart seems to jump into my throat, and . . .

HUSBAND: Peace, Johanna! It is no use to make all this disturbance; maybe that you are right, for personally I am a bad hand at making coffee, but I maintain that the coffee we had last night after coming home from church was far from strong.

WIFE: Why did the Lord make me marry such an old humbug. I wish you . . . I wish you . . .

HUSBAND: Now then mother, stop it. The Lord has joined us together and you should profit by the lesson and not be obstinate. One thing is certain, however, that last night's coffee was not strong.

WIFE: You are crazy, and you are a lying fool. I wish I had never set eyes on you. I wish there never was any coffee grown, and I wish you could be turned into a coffee-bag. I never dreamt that on the day I married you and gave you my hand and heart, I married a coffee-bag. It is too bad.

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HUSBAND: Dear, dear, I am sorry Johanna. Our children should not hear the altercations between their parents. There is no need to make a mountain out of a mole-hill. You mean well and do well, but one thing I will say, make your coffee strong.

WIFE: Tut, tut, dear sir, your talk won't wash. You plainly show that you are no man, you are a beast.

HUSBAND: We have now been married thirteen years and have never had a quarrel yet. I am sorry, Johanna, that we should start now, and that over a dish of coffee, which was far from strong.

WIFE: Good-bye, old coffee-bag, you better look out for another who can make your coffee, and when you find her let me know, for from that hour we part (wife cries bitterly). I would have been ten thousand times better off had I never met you . . . oh! . . . oh! . . .

HUSBAND: No, no, dear wife! I own I was wrong. I did not sufficiently control my tongue. I will never contradict you again, dear, so long as you remember that I wish you to make my coffee strong.

Women are dear creatures, indeed, but sometimes they have funny notions, and we husbands should always remember to keep a still tongue in our heads, for however lovely and beautiful woman may be, she can always get over her husband and make him feel ashamed of himself.

The next lines were evidently written in January 1900, after the arrival of Lord Roberts in South Africa; it is curious to note the fact that Lord Kitchener was supposed to have taken over Sir Redvers Buller's "command."

Wonder, oh, what a great wonder,
England's might is on the wane,
It is the will of the Lord to lower England's fame.

Penn Symons, the Commanding General at Dundee, has fallen

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already after one day's fighting, showing him God's great power.

George White, who is still in Ladysmith, is now besieged. May the Lord pardon him for his deeds and grant him His glory.

Baden Powell is still locked up as in a vice in Mafeking, and although he makes a great noise he repeatedly creeps back like a mouse.

Lord Methuen, with his army on the banks of the Modder River, made a straight line for Kimberley, where he was completely beaten in battle. He undoubtedly intended to relieve Kimberley, but in trying to attempt it he lost a leg, and now hobbles about on an artificial one.

Oom Piet, our valiant leader, had long ago prophesied that he could fight him on all points and smother the redcoats in their own blood.

It was decided in their despatch that Lord Methuen should move toward Kekewitch, who threatened us day by day waiting for Methuen.

They will never succeed, and although they advance they will have to fall back, since our true and benevolent Lord is watching our lives.

Where did they celebrate their Christmas? Miles away from Modder River, and the last we heard from them was from the Colony in Nieuwpoort.

Gataeker also tried to give battle at Stormberg, but had unexpectedly to retire with a great loss.

Then came that mighty Sir Redvers Buller, with his guns and soldiers, all the way from Durban, to give battle at Colenso, bringing enormous supplies, and accompanied by a great staff of officers. To his sorrow and shame he lost all over the line. They call him the British hero; with all his glory he relies on his brutality, never giving justice a thought.

In spite of all we keep fighting, for ours is a just fight, and the Lord is merciful to us.

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Look at them standing there frightened of Oom Piet. Any one aware of the heroic deeds of Sir Redvers Buller can never forget him, for scarcely had he posted his troops when Lord Kitchener was ordered to take over his commando. Now why all this changing—what is their gain? They all meet with the same doom through the help of our Lord.

Now they are fighting at besieged Ladysmith. We certainly suffered a great loss, yet it brings us nearer our goal.

It is on Thy power we rely. Grant us help and power so that our enemies know that Thou art our God in Heaven.

The Boer's views regarding Mr. Chamberlain are not without interest.

Long ago the great Chamberlain has threatened us and repeated his threat of war over and over again, and although our President Oom Paul has been able to avoid this grave issue, he has got the better of him and coerced him in declaring war.

Now where is Chamberlain and his confidence? Flying all along the line. Where is her Majesty's great army? We are in Dundee! It was a terrible battle, but it drove them seawards. But Ladysmith is still holding up you will say. What do we care for that? With the men shut in we do not fear any danger from that quarter.

Chamberlain thought that when once over here with his great British Army he would have an easy task, but he miscalculated matters, when thinking that he would drive the Boers to flight.

It was quite a different tale when he had to cry, as he intended that we should have to do, and had to turn back. It is generally so with his pride and fame, and like the coward he is, he was beaten.

Where are Rhodes and Jameson, tell me where are they who after our first gunshot were driven to sea? This will be

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the case with every one of them as long as the war lasts, owing to the patriotism of the Boers.

So much has been written on the lack of discipline among the Boers, that the following lines on this subject may amuse the reader.

It was on January 11 when the Field-cornet suddenly called all Burghers together and informed them of matters not entirely to their liking. They unanimously formed the conclusion to elect Jan Muller as their Chief-Corporal. Now the voice of the Burghers is never to be trifled with, especially when they are hungry and consequently short-tempered. Man is but human, and when hungry he becomes noisier and noisier and cares for neither Saint nor Devil.

The Field-cornet did his duty, but was jeered at for his trouble.

About this time the writer's brother was evidently killed in action, and a song on this subject follows. The first two stanzas of the Taal version are printed to give the reader some idea of the original manuscript.

LIED OP DEN DOOD VAN MIJN BROEDER.

Mijn vrienden did is slechts mijn lied
Het kost mij veel en zwaar verdriet
Ik kan nu alles niet verhaal
Want zijn dood was dar bepaal.

Miet zijn wapen in de hand
Stierf hij voor ons dierboers land
Hij stierf voor ons den helden dood
Ach vat was toch zijn daden groot!

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HYMN ON THE DEATH OF MY BROTHER.

1. My friends listen to my song, I cannot relate all my feeling and express my entire sorrow sufficiently on the death of him.

2. With his weapon in his hand, he died for our dear Boerland.

He died for us a hero's death, ah! great were his deeds.

3. You Afrikanders, praise him after death, and follow in his action. Discuss his heroic death and make his memory celebrated.

4. Like a hero he faced the foe,

As heroes always used to go,

His ashes like those of heroes rest, as a hero he has entered the Eternal Kingdom.

5. Think of our justice you friends and relations, for heroic as his death may be, the loss of him was great to us.

6. He fought unto Death for our liberty and rights, his death which we all mourn, turned our grief into joy.

7. Brother, dear brother, who whilst suffering for our freedom you have shed your blood, I praise your heroic valour.

8. For you sacrificed yourself for me and my descendants. God gave you courage, and I will give you long-lived praise.

9. Calmly and courageously he left us to be our hero. No English power could frighten him, until he died the death of a hero.

10. In the veldt near the Tugela he found the grave of a hero and saint, and it was God's will that we should not see him again.

11. Great is his memory, large is his inheritance, and whoever hears of his heroic deeds can never forget him.

12. He has suffered for Africa; through him Africa will be delivered. May the Lord grant us the grace to see Africa united.

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13. Brothers and friends, although it costs us much valuable blood keep courage. Believe in God, trust in Him for He will proclaim the voice of Peace.

14. Think of all the heroes fallen on our veldt, who will disclaim their honour or dispute their heroism?

15. May we long rejoice in the valorous name we bear for nobody need feel ashamed to be praised for valour or to be called a hero.

FINIS.

A simple prayer is the last item.

PRAYER.

O dear and never sufficiently praised Lord and Father it is Thy decree that we are here, and it will be Thy Will whether we shall return home again. Therefore O dear Father we beseech Thee to look down unto us mortals and accept in Thy Grace those who may fall, and show Thy Mercy unto the wounded. O Lord we commend our widows and orphans to thee as the Guardian of the wives and children of those fallen in battle. Be a comfort to them in their solitary and mournful days, strengthen their hearts and grant them courage in their misery. O Lord, bless them with health in soul and body. Be their Guide in life and in Thy Grace make an end to this war, so that we with our households may praise Thy Holy Name greatly, and praise Thee for the love bestowed upon us. Give us Victory, O Lord, so that the world may recognise Thee as the King of Kings and serve thee from generation to generation. Give us Victory, O Lord, so that Thy Name be great among the peoples of the earth and they know that Thou art the Lord of Justice and dost not permit the injustice done to us by our enemies. For Thou, O Almighty Lord, knowest how unjustly they tried to trample on our rights. Therefore, O Lord, whilst we are fighting in

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Thy Holy Name, grant us Victory, give us back our property, and bend every heart unto Thee to praise Thy Name and to live in Thy Grace, Listen to our Prayer for Christ's sake, forgive all our transgressions and sins for the sake of the blood of our Lord and Saviour.—AMEN.

Was the writer killed or did he live through the strenuous years that followed? If these lines should meet his eye I hope he will forgive a former foe and now fellow citizen for shedding the light of publicity on his muse.

ROBERT GRANT.

Google

NIGHT AT HIGH NOON

THE rank smoke of the newly quenched torches trailed up, reluctantly, into the flawless morning air. One brand still blazed, a red smirch in the dawn sunlight, and in the glance of the man who carried it smouldered another unsatisfied fire. He stood with his followers, some twenty of them massed behind him, and confronted his prisoner eye to eye.

"No," said the captive softly, in answer to that wordless menace and question, and he lifted his bound hands as though in readiness for the threatened torture of the match. The clubman met the mute defiance with a snarl of anger, but he made no movement. Hugh Griffith smiled faintly; he was used to rule men; he had swayed them in either of the hostile camps and at the Court of the King, and even in this extremity his sense of power did not fail him.

A pause followed, while the early light fell with a searching and pitiless purity on the score of clubmen, haggard, half clad, seamed and knotted with toil and gaunt with the misery of finding toil no longer. It drew a meaning gleam along the curved blades of scythes wielded for no harvest of grass or grain, and dulled yet more the tawny torch-flame. Behind the huddled figures stretched the moor, surge on broken surge, brushed with the first purple of the heather to the gold fret-work of the East. Rock and tussock and every fox-glove stem shot a deep-blue shadow far across the dew-drenched sod. Hugh Griffith looked on the wide west-country moor unseeing,

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and on the men with a suspense which branded every face in his memory. Would they yield? He had tried every art of open promise and covert threat, and now he could but wait, wait and keep his confident smile alight.

Suddenly the leader started forward, his stifled passion blazing up at sight of the gallant soldier bearing. Soldiers had fired his village one far-off night—and he alone had escaped from the whelming fall of his homestead. And this man stood for war and dared front him with a smile.

He gripped his torch, lowered it till the flame brushed the bound hands, then, with a leap of savage purpose, raised it, swung it level with the steady eyes which met his own. No word was spoken, none needed. Griffith kept his lips locked to their smile, but his pallor and the flickering glance betrayed that the threat had touched that nerve of secret fear which lies in every man. He scarcely heard one rough, half-compassionate voice lifted in protest, in a demand for time in which he might understand and yield. He only knew that the hot breath of the torch was withdrawn, that a space was given in which to weigh hate and honour against more than life, in which to tame the craven hurry of his heart, in which to watch, to *see*——

Griffith wrenched back his thoughts in a fierce, incredulous courage. The danger was too monstrous to be real. Why, the shadows were dwindling, drawing back to rock and bush; light broadened, light gained; what was this fear of the darkness?

Time was granted him; time to mark the shadows shift and shrink—time. He looked on the faces before him, fierce and sullen, and a sense of helplessness touched him, as when his skilled blade had shivered beneath the blow of a peasant's flail. He could not reach these men. It mattered as little to them how he played his part as to a circle of starving wolves. In this final loneliness he sought for and missed the unwilling applause of an equal foe. Time was granted—time. He leant back against the stunted fir-tree to which they had bound

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him and looked out to the East. His eyes—they were of the intense yet changeful blue of burnished steel—were fixed on the drift of dawn-hued cloud and on the flying cloud wrack of his own thought.

Women had loved Hugh Griffith for his beauty, and men had feared him for his power, and he had used both as his weapons. Was it all to end here, in this ring of ignoble peasant steel? He laughed at the irony, and wondered what horror it was that strangled his laughter to a choking gasp. Yet it was not all defeat. He had vaunted—to himself, for he was not of those who flaw their armour by boast or betrayal to another—that he had never swerved from a purpose or relinquished a hatred. Nor would he fail now. He would save the man who had saved him, and be free again to hate, to avenge. What was that stab which struck at his heart before its meaning had reached his brain? To revenge—in the powerless darkness. He shut his eyes against the thought, and a craven fear clutched him with the familiar action. As he looked out again he saw that the sun had pushed a shining rim above the bar of cloud. At his feet the knotted shadow of a furze bush had withdrawn the breadth of a sword edge; bell after bell of the heather kindled crimson in the advancing brightness. If only the shadows had been reaching towards him, he thought he could have fronted better that other shadow which lurked behind the waiting tongue of flame.

What was it these clubmen demanded, when all was said? That he should avenge himself on his dearest foe. His mind went back to old days, and he saw in fitful flashes the long companionship, the gathering enmity between himself and Robert Strang—the enmity of two, who standing close together, yet fought with differing weapons and for other ends. He had secretly scorned the man who dissembled no antagonism and sought no friend, and he had read in Strang's frank eyes an answering but an open contempt for his own subtle game with life. And yet when war was declared and swords flashed out for the king, Strang had risen the higher.

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His fearless, forthright soldiership had won the favour of his general, Maurice, the Prince Palatine, and Captain Griffith had found himself serving with Robert Strang as Colonel. And Strang had mistrusted him—the memory kindled with a fierceness which blotted out present peril—had watched his dalliance with the Court party at Oxford, had suspected him even of ties with the rebels in London. Why should not a man keep all ways open and yet tread the straight road of loyalty? But that Colonel Strang had not understood and a day came of arrest, an accusation of that treason wherewith, at worse, he had but played. And then escape, desertion place and power with the army of the Parliament and a branding hatred of the man whose straight glance and unswerving law of honour had forced him into treachery.

Lost in his own brooding, Griffith had stared at the sun till it swam before him. In a sick terror of any needless blurring of the light, he turned his eyes aside, resting them on the dim blue, silver threaded, of the far distance. So calm it was, with such a healing stillness, that hope rose in him. The world could not look thus to a last glance. The clouds seemed wholly dispersed, yet the wide moorland reaches brightened and dimmed, dimmed and brightened, as though the earth drew deep soft breath and changed with every pulse.

A hoarse low muttering from the clubman marked that the time was passing—passing. And still the sun lifted and the world lay clear in the impartial, implacable light.

It was from these same men that Robert Strang had saved him, a scant month ago. For the revolted peasants, risen against either army, since King's men and Parliament alike had trampled their harvests and swept bare their farms, had been gathering in perilous force. Riding with but a handful of soldiers Captain Griffith had been surprised by a band of the clubmen, and had seen death hard before him in their whirling scythes. A single rider, marking a gentleman struggling against such odds, had dashed in among them, and the clubmen had scattered at the impetuous onset. Snatched

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to the saddle bow and to safety, Griffith, as his senses failed, caught a glimpse of the keen dark face he hated—but had never hated so much as then. Rousing himself at the inn where his rescuer had left him, he had sworn to wipe out the insult, and then—

And then—who guides a blow in the darkness? What place for a blind man in the world's work? since he must read men who would rule them. The silent conflicts of the will were as far from such helplessness as was the iron thrust of the charge. Griffith strained silently at his bonds and the men who watched him looked for yielding in his white face.

A word was needed, no more. For Colonel Strang commanded the garrison which had borne most heavily on these parts, and was most hated by the clubmen. So it was that when Griffith through a groom's treachery, had fallen into their hands, their first accusing had been that he was a King's man, a friend of Colonel Strang who had saved him.

"Nay," Griffith had answered lightly—he remembered that lightness: "There ye err, good friends, for I was even now debating an attempt to capture him."

The words had been true, for that day a spy had brought news—Griffith made much use of spies—of Strang's solitary visit to an outlying house on the moor, there to meet and win over a doubtful adherent of the king. And Griffith had cursed the shackles which his enemy's service had riveted on him and longed for freedom to profit by the tidings. But in his careless answer he had fallen into the fault of a subtle brain and forgotten that these ruder minds might grasp at a meaning. He must guard against such under-rating of his opponents, he told himself, and shuddered to know he could never use the warning. The clubmen had understood that he could put their enemy within their reach and had sworn to wring the knowledge from him.

His thoughts had reached the present, and its sheer choice again. But this man of all on earth he could not betray. Was it honour? Nay, for he had put that from him when for lust

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of ambition and revenge he deserted the standard of his King. It was—pictures passed before him of Robert Strang's face as he flung forth the taunt of treason; of his face, changed, steadfast and gentle, bent above his enemy. Griffith ground his teeth with a curse that was a prayer. Thank God! in another moment it would be too late—he would carry his hate unflawed into the darkness.

A sweet, keen wind came up, tossing purple shadows on the moor, shaking forth the gold and fragrance of the gorse. It bent the flame of the torch, which burnt foolishly there in the broad day—how could that prevail against the all-embracing brightness. The pictures were floating through Hugh Griffith's brain. He clung to them, to shut out the fierce, fixed faces round. The shifting brilliance and blurring smoke of a fight—ah, the good gleam of steel beneath the blazonry of standards. For a moment he hungered for it, bound hands and straining eyes. Then all was lost in a simple clinging to the simple sunlight—and a fear—Hugh Griffith grasped at his hate as a man catches at the mercy of God.

"No!" he cried in a voice that pierced like a trumpet, and then again in a strangling whisper "no."

The torch drew towards him—he saw nothing else. The flame in the full sunlight looked sickly and impotent. Yet one sweep sufficed to strike out the sun in a red blot stabbed with flashes of intolerable anguish; to plunge the stable and kindly world into reeling gulfs of blackness.

* * * *

Out of a compassionate nothingness Hugh Griffith awoke to himself and an all-compassing whirl of silent fire. Fire so real in its agony and brightness that he stirred to ward the flame from his eyes, and only then felt the dew on his forehead and bound hands. The truth leaped on him with that cruel healing touch and the wet earth on which he lay prone dulled the single cry he could not stifle back. He lay silent thereafter with face pressed down. It was better so, for a man who lies face to sod can see nothing, even though he be not blind.

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He would not raise his head yet to endure, unreturning, the stare of earth and sky grown all alien.

Still the fire wheeled and bit. He could bear the pain, but that pauseless circling of flame, red and yellow and blinding white, was worse than the darkness he had feared. He had clung with a coward's trembling to the light, and see, an anguish of light against which he could not shut his eyes. One thought pierced even that glare. He had achieved his purpose. The clubmen were gone—surely they must be gone, since no least sound reached him through the burning ring which girded him—and Robert Strang was safe. Safe—what mocking memory was this which came faltering back on him. He had heard rough voices as he fell; voices which spoke of scouring the moor for their prey, since 'twas clear from his very resistance that Colonel Strang must be within their reach. From that solitary house of meeting, a bridle track led across the moor; if Strang chose to return thereby, and it was the speedier way, he was as surely lost as though Griffith had spoken, and as surely lost through him.

The prostrate man moved feebly and half rose, unheeding the red-hot sparks which the motion set darting through eyes and brain. He had gone down into hell for his hate's sake and was even hate to betray him? Was he to be frustrated in this last resolve, this final fragment of purpose he had borne out of the living and lighted world of men? No, one need showed steadfast through the blind and dizzying pain—to reach Robert Strang, to warn him, and then—and then Griffith might lie down content with that helpless hate which must be henceforth his portion.

He staggered to his feet and groped for help or counsel. To find house or road himself was hopelessly beyond his power, and where he had been flung he knew himself hidden from succour. He could but stumble on as he might and some wayfarer might see his state and in bare pity—he winced and forced himself savagely to the word—come to his aid. To such a stranger, whose party he could not know, whose face

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he could not read, he must entrust his message. If one of the clubmen, even, came forth from his lurking-place, he might win thus the guiding word withheld under the torture. But no, no. By his own passion, Griffith told himself, he could divine the hostile purpose of another. At the least he must risk it and trust—as he must needs trust all men henceforth, he who had scanned and doubted all. Hugh Griffith's brain had been swift and subtle and as he framed this, his last scheme, he plumbed the depths of helplessness. On a chance, blind as himself, he staked his hope of making clean his hatred.

As he stood there striving to steady himself in the throbbing blaze that tortured his brain, he remembered the stunted fir-tree, scarce more than a man's height, to which he had been bound. He had fallen where he stood; then the tree must be close at hand and would serve him as a starting-point. He reached out into the blind whirl and only the air met his grasp. His hands were bound still, loosely, yet he could not free them and his search was the harder for the bonds. How long had he stood thus, feeling air? He dared not move from his place lest he step away from the tree, and his desire to lay hold on it grew to a sick and senseless passion. He turned about, bending his body forward, and as he stretched his hands into emptiness a branch struck sharply across his forehead. He recoiled with a moment's sense of baffled rage, then lifted his hands to the branch and so drew along to the rough barked trunk. And having reached it he clung to it shuddering. He had seen the tree—he recalled the sparsely tufted branches black against the sky and the rusty stain of the bark—he had seen it, and before him swept a world unseen behind its barrier of fire. He could not leave the remembered sight, and as he crouched there a sudden sob shook the manhood from him and tears brought fresh fire into his eyes.

Crushing down the weakness, he rose erect and tried to find guidance. When he had stood bound to the tree, he had seen before him, far to the left where the moor dipped purpling the faint white sword-stroke of a road. Strange, to think form

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and colour lay still unchanged for all but him. The fir-tree was there to guide him, but on which side had he stood? He turned a straining face towards the dumb sky. He should be able, he thought, to feel the sun and know the eastern path, but the scorching pain across brow and eyes seemed to fence the sunlight from him. With a desperate laugh he released his hold and set forth across the moor.

How changed was the ground which his light stride had crossed so easily at dawn; it rose and sank abruptly beneath his hesitant tread. The eddying light, too, bewildered him; he could have felt his way more easily in the thick darkness he had dreaded; now he pushed on step by step against a wall of flame. The wind had risen and buffeted him; it swept a great purple curtain of shadow across the moor, dulling its gold to bronze, muffling the crimson of the heather. But Hugh Griffith in his own burning pain walked unaware of the cloud coolness. A sick faintness stole upon him and he stumbled on oblivious of all save the intolerable burden of each moment.

He had gone a long, long way, step by painful step, though still the fir-tree he had left showed a scant musket shot behind. The ground was rising, and now and again he came on great boulders, sometimes shocking rudely against them. In the top of one of these stones he found a film of moisture in which he laid the end of his scarf that he might press the cool silk across his eyes. And there he rested a moment, drawing his hand over the olive-hued lichen and wondering idly if it were orange or silver grey.

Something of strength came back to him after that and he went more steadfastly, through the whispering bracken, across clumps of ling which sometimes bore him firmly up, and again let his foot sink with a treacherous suddenness. And then came a huddle of rocks across which he must creep, testing with hand and knee, and feel himself a crawling thing, no man. His spurs caught in the tangle and when he groped to unfasten them, the rowels tore his bound hands. He cursed at it and then finding his words stumbling on without his will

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or knowledge he choked them back, in a fear of madness. He must not go mad or die, leaving his work undone: and yet he had half lost the meaning of that work on which his will was locked.

At length there came a stretch of smoother grass, across which he went in a pitiful pride at walking erect and more swiftly. In the midst of which something tripped him and he fell heavily. Rallying from the fall, he reached out to feel for the stone or root which had snared him. He touched a cluster of leaves, a long stem weighted with silken blossoms; it was a foxglove that had worsted him. With a muttered curse, he clenched his hand on the tough stem and snapped it; then laughed aloud and jarringly; he had sunk to such vengeance.

Leaving the foxglove with its damasked bells low on the sere grass, he dragged himself up and went on. But the fall had shaken him, and more and more the ground grew hostile to his tread. Again he stumbled and again, and once an edge of stone gashed his temple as he dropped: he wiped away the blood with his scarf and his long hair and faltered forward. At first he had paused sometimes to call into the unanswering vacancies; but now breath failed him and courage. On and on; the moor began to slope steeply and he was forced to help himself as best he could with his bound hands, grasping at thorny bramble trails and frail flowering things which broke beneath his touch. Then the slant of earth was gone from beneath his hands; he made a diffident upward step, another, and leaned forward, seeking to test his ground. Overbalanced by the movement he slipped on the smooth dry grass and plunged headlong. His lifted arms broke the fall, but he rolled over and over and lay at last bruised and breathless. He had come to the bank of a dried river-bed, and was stretched on the short grass, green and velvet fine, which marked the river's course.

For a while he remained without stirring, overwhelmed by the mere ignominy of his blind and baffled course, and when

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he tried to move, the giddy pain which throbbed through him bore down his head again. He had failed; there was no more strength in him. Colonel Strang must ride to his fate, and what would that fate be? Griffith groaned in his anger: he would receive his vengeance, soiled and shameful, from the brute hands of the clubmen. What instruments they might have been, had he been free to wield them; but now—now—How would they use Robert Strang? hold him as hostage to force the garrison to surrender, or let loose their rage on his body? A horror seized Griffith and shook him. Did he in truth desire that anything in the shape of man should be brought low as himself? And to be brought thus low to no purpose! With a fierce effort he stumbled to his feet. As he did so the many-coloured sparks and zigzags of light which had tortured his eyes beat together into one white and searing sheet of flame. Then darkness, sudden and utter. It had come, the final night which in his pain he had almost desired, and he sank under it, mute and still, as though the blackness had been that of the grave sods above him. For a space he rested so, almost without thought, his fingers plucking idly at the herbage of the bank beside him. As he lay there, a small bird, perched hard by, began a twittering call. So free it seemed, so sure and glad of the light, the fallen man called harshly to frighten it thence, and then ached for the companionship in the prison of his loneliness. And there fell upon him a thought of other wings—almost he could hear their sullen beat; wings of carrion birds which must settle on him when he had breathed his last, like a sheep dropped from the flock, and even more unregarded.

That fear did not move him, but the sense of his purpose struggled back to him and he rose panting. The meaning of his resolve had slipped from him in mortal weariness. But for all that there was time; meanwhile he must press on, must save the man through whom, for whom, he endured this long anguish of shame. And then freedom to hate, to die hating in the blackness.

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He had mounted the bank, whether the one from which he had fallen or the other he could not tell, nor whether he was retracing his steps or no. Gaining what seemed the top he stood motionless, in part to steady himself from the climb, in part from old habit of weighing and pondering. Here was nothing to debate, for if he turned to the right hand or the left, fared towards the roads and haunts of men, or into the black bogs and rock fastnesses of the moor, all was alike stark chance. The wind had sunk, and the clouds lay massed along the western horizon waiting for the sunset to strike their ramparts into fire. In the blue upper heaven the sun rode conquering. That unsheathed light smote the moor to burnished bronze, to fretted gold, where the far slopes swept out to the clear sky line, to silver and steel where the streams gashed their way. Nearer at hand the glow of the heather and the gold of the gorse blended in a regal tapestry, and the bracken brightened from russet to amber. The moor throbbed colour beneath the mounting sun, and Hugh Griffith facing it stared into the darkness. A furze clump brushed its burning bloom against him as he stood and he drew aside, for the thorns were sharp on his bruised and wounded hands.

While he waited thus, a shepherd, returning alone across the moorland, saw from a distant slope the erect figure standing on the ridge. He paused to look for a moment; strangers were scant in these parts, and this might be a wayfarer in need of guidance, But if the man were a soldier—soldiers were apt to pay in oaths as much as coin. The sun kindled on Griffith's long bright hair, on the crimson scarf he wore—he had never played the Puritan in his attire—and struck a sudden gleam from his gorget. The shepherd made a leisurely move forward; the gentleman might reward him, belike. But the figure on the ridge took a slow step or two, and faced half about. The shepherd grunted disapproval—the matter was not worth his while, for the stranger was plainly not in haste, and. moreover, from where he now stood, must see—ay, he was looking thither —the film of smoke which marked the nearest upland hamlet

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miles away. Whistling his inquisitive dog to heel, the old man plodded on down the slope and lost the other from sight. He did not note, therefore, how the soldier turned from that beckoning smoke—how he faltered in his tread and bent at length from his upright bearing to creep painfully across the scattered stones.

How long had it lasted—how long? It was still day, for Griffith could feel the sun's heat on the merciless stones and in an added fire in his own tortured brain; or was it another day, and had the night gone by in one of those aching pauses of the unending journey? As he crept on—he could walk but little, for he had wrenched his foot in one of the pitfalls set by the relentless moor—he became aware that part of his pain was a thirst which had been devouring him for an eternity. Water—there was water everywhere about him; he could hear its cool liquid call, luring, mocking him. And always when he sought to follow the sound, it shifted or was caught up by some wayward echo, and he was left helpless with a tenfold fever parching him. He half forgot that he had any goal beyond the finding of water; and then Robert Strang's voice came to him through the plash of streams, and he caught hold of sanity that he might strike that voice to silence. He bit the grasses as he went, but the sun's heat was in them, and the heather bells were choking dry. And then, after the thirst had eaten into his very soul, came the sound of a river full and clear before him. He stood upright in the sense of deliverance, and pressed towards it. Why did his feet sink thus in the ground—was it some new trick of weariness—and what was that faint sucking noise beneath him? He stooped again and touched the long sword leaves and tufted stems of rushes. The earth shook beneath him—he was walking into a bog. When he had flung himself backward to the firm ground he bent to the bog water, but the dank smell and slimy touch held him from it. Surely he could reach the river some time in some way. But before he had stumbled on two score paces he would have drunk even of the black ooze.

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Now the firm earth and rock was quaking beneath him as the bog had quaked. The glare of such a summer sun as the moor knew but seldom was beating on his uncovered head and wounded brow, and the night pressed upon him. Sometimes a flicker crossed it, and he would turn to the light before he remembered and knew it was bred of his own sick brain. Sometimes the darkness quivered before him and burst, and there was yet another darker depth behind. His breath came in long gasps, and beneath each strangling gasp lay an emptiness, and his heart shook his body—shook the ground beneath. Drenched with sweat and with shameful tears of which he was too spent to feel shame, he staggered on. But he had crossed the moor now, and was stumbling through some blind abyss of voidness with Robert Strang waiting, triumphing, on the other side. The blackness was so thick he had to push the dense dark from him with his hands at every inch he gained, and it was too strong—it was gaining, closing on him.

"This is death," thought Hugh Griffith, and a hand plucked him back.

. . . . . .

Colonel Strang, setting forth at mid-day from the house he had made his trysting-place, had seen a man's figure stretched moveless on the far-off moor. Deeming from the crimson scarf it was a soldier of the King, he had ridden thither, unheard, across the yielding carpet of heather. And so Hugh Griffith, caught back for a moment from that sheer edge of nothingness, felt an arm beneath his head and a hand upon his own. A living hand. He clutched at it, and lay there shaken by the despair and panic loneliness he had fought from him through the endless hours. So spent he was that Strang found time for such rough soldier ministrations as he could use before memory and speech returned to his enemy. And then Griffith put aside the flask the other held to his lips and sought for words, stammering as though they too were lost in the darkness.

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"I have a message——" and then his voice broke pitifully into a cry. "Man, give me your hand! I shall sink in the blackness and never speak."

Strang gripped his hand in silence, and he struggled for calm.

"A message—if it be not too late. What is the hour?" The trivial question dropped like a stone measuring the depths of unmarked days and nights.

"High noon," answered the kneeling man beside him.

"Then bear him word—tell Robert Strang——"

"I am Robert Strang," said the voice out of the darkness.

A flash of triumph shot through Hugh Griffith—such triumph as the duellist knows whose blade strikes home. And word by word he faltered out his warning. Speaking he lost his mastery of himself. Strang's hand closed on his in a painful grasp that meant companionship, and, despite his will, Griffith knew he told his own story in seeking only to make clear another's peril. His own loss, his own infamy of helplessness, all lay clear to his foe.

Silence fell, and Colonel Strang knelt on with hidden face. It seemed a cowardice to look on Griffith's defenceless countenance. Out of all he would have said—the bewilderment of protest and pleading, of vain gratitude and remorse, broke only one sound—the choking sob of a strong man.

With a last strength Hugh Griffith wrenched himself free from the befriending hand which upheld him in the night. His voice rang out keen with a final loss and passion.

"You have cheated me—God has cheated me—Robert Strang," he cried. "I have been through hell to save you, and now"—he reached out groping hands as he swayed—"my God, my God, I cannot find my hate!"

And with the word he dropped and lay stark, fronting the noon sun with blind, arraigning eyes.

DORA GREENWELL MCCHESNEY.

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HUMANITY AND STIMULANTS

THE fact that in all times, in all stages of our civilisation, and in all parts of the universe, the various peoples constituting the human race should—often quite independently of one another—have resorted to the preparation and consumption of stimulants (among which alcoholic beverages have taken the first place), would suggest that there is a legitimate demand and use for those stimulants, in spite of all that teetotal extremists may now say to the contrary. Much discussion has taken place of late as to the "food value" of alcoholic beverages, and considerable diversity of opinion still prevails thereon. Rightly or wrongly, successive generations have regarded beer as "liquor bread," basing their conclusion on their own experience. But literally for thousands of years before the present controversy on "food value" arose, stimulants had been taken—as they still generally are—for other reasons than because of the amount of actual nutriment they might or might not contain. They were accepted as a palatable drink; they gave a feeling of warmth and helped to ward off chills; they modified the pangs of hunger; they produced a sense of enjoyment, gratification, and comfort; they gave greater zest to social intercourse; they lessened pain; relaxed nerves wearied by physical or mental labour; relieved the pressure of daily cares; deadened care, trouble, and anxiety; improved the outlook on life;

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imparted fresh vigour to the healthy man, and enabled him to surmount difficulties and perform deeds or actions which otherwise he would have regarded as beyond his powers. In one or other of these ways they appealed to wants or instincts of our common humanity, and rendered services throughout the ages which, until quite recent times, were considered sufficient in themselves, without regard to any question as to food value. Assuming, for the sake of argument, it could be proved beyond the shadow of a doubt (though this has not yet been done), that stimulants contain no nutritive value whatever, these old and original reasons for taking them—reasons co-existent with the race itself—would still remain.

Here we reach the fundamental factor of the whole situation, although it is one which the extreme sections of the temperance party have either ignored, obscured by side issues, or, thought to overcome by Acts of Parliament or oppressive enforcements of the licensing laws. Deep down in the heart of man we have got to recognise—whether we want to or not—the existence, as part of his nature and temperament, of a craving from time to time for some artificial stimulant capable of producing mental or physical effects that would not exist, or could not be secured, naturally. One might as well pass an Act of Parliament for the abolition of thirst as try to eradicate the feeling in question by legislative action. It may vary in form and intensity in different individuals, according to temperament, circumstances, and conditions; but every adult person is influenced by it, and yields to it at some time or other. One cannot assume that, because a man does not take alcoholic drinks, therefore he does not take any stimulants at all. Opium, cocaine, quinine, and various other drugs are extreme alternatives, but they are indulged in very largely, and, to a certain extent, answer the same purpose as alcohol. Tea, coffee, and tobacco, also act as stimulants, and so do some of the special brands of patent medicines, or even pickles, catsup and other table condiments; so that while temperance advocates may scrupulously avoid beer or wine, they may still

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partake freely of stimulants, and even of alcohol itself, in some other than the recognised form.

Dr. Ashbel P. Grinnell, Vice-President of the New York Medico-Legal Society, who has recently published a pamphlet on "Drug Consumption and Alcohol as Found in Proprietary Medicine," is a firm believer in the theory that "every human being craves some artificial stimulant," and he gives the following interesting examples:

> One of the most noted post-prandial speakers this world has ever produced never took anything with dinner but a glass of champagne. Without it he felt lost. With it he could recall anything he had ever heard in his life; and we waited for the morning paper to see what he had said the night before. Another man whose utterances have a world-wide reputation, who has made speeches in France, England, and Germany which electrified his hearers and reflected credit upon us as a people, told me that his speeches were always prepared or delivered under the influence of black tea, and he ate nothing for some time before he was going to speak. Another man who was largely responsible for the Prohibitory Law, as it is called in Vermont, came to me for treatment. I told him under no circumstances to take acids. He said, "Do you mean to tell me that I can't eat pickles?" I told him "certainly," that he had a disease of the kidneys and bladder which made the use of acids impossible. He said, "I have pickles three times a day, made out of everything it is possible to make pickles from. I can't get along without pickles." And yet this man went to the State Legislature and said, "I can't drink beer; therefore, you shan't." This man died from pickles. . . .
>
> Let me tell you a little incident in regard to one of the most notable temperance lecturers that ever appeared in this country. He was a temperance man, and did a great deal of good. His wife once said to me, "Isn't it possible to stop my husband drinking so much coffee? The coffee-pot is limited to four cups; he takes three of them with every meal." And yet this man would not be guilty of taking an alcoholic stimulant.
>
> Another man, a public temperance speaker, told me that it was impossible for him to lecture unless he was under the influence of compound tincture of gentian.

By what right a temperance speaker, who either kills himself by over-indulgence in one kind of stimulant, or is hopelessly addicted to others, should want to pass laws to prevent his neighbours from taking stimulants in the form they happen to prefer, is by no means clear. He might argue that his own

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stimulants only prejudices himself, whereas alcohol may lead a man to become a source of danger to others. But this is not necessarily the case, as the vast majority of people taking alcoholic beverages never do become a source of danger to others. If a man who drinks in moderation is to be restrained simply because he may, possibly, do injury to himself, it would be quite as logical to place an equal degree of restraint on the injudicious consumer of pickles or coffee, for a like reason. In any case the fact remains that the desire for a stimulant may be quite as active in a teetotaler, even though he be an "abstainer," as in the average moderate drinker, at least.

This universal instinct or desire must therefore, as I would submit, be duly recognised, and it is precisely because the prohibitionists (while themselves affording personal evidence of its force and power) have refused to make due allowance for it, and have aimed at abolishing it altogether, that they have made so little real progress in their propaganda. They have thus become leaders of a hope which is at once forlorn and impracticable. The real question to be asked is not "In what way can the desire for stimulants, which is known to have been implanted in man for five thousand years at least, be eradicated?" but "In what way can a natural instinct be responded to, so that the least possible harm will result to the individual or to society?" Such response is obviously not accorded either by water or by the liquids forming the ordinary (so called) "temperance drinks." These may satisfy the physical sensation of thirst, but they do not fulfil the other requirements to which an actual stimulant would directly appeal. Here, again, therefore, the prohibitionists have had to record a direct failure. The substitutes they offer are not really substitutes at all. They may suggest other stimulants in the form of tea and coffee. But, taken to excess, tea and coffee may do quite as much harm to the drinker's system as alcohol taken to excess. The trouble, too, of making fresh tea or coffee whenever wanted deprives these

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beverages of any right to be considered as ideal drinks, even if they were taken only in moderation.

The human race itself long since decided that the most convenient, as well as the most acceptable, form which the apparently indispensable stimulant can take is alcohol. The prohibitionist set up alcohol as a bogey which every one should avoid. They would have the world believe that not even the smallest possible quantity of alcohol can be taken into the system without doing harm, and that, therefore, not even the smallest quantity should be taken at all. To this it may be replied, on the authority of Dr. Max Schottelius, Professor of Hygiene at Freiburg University, that "every one, including the strictest teetotalers, takes alcohol daily. "Fresh bread," he says, "contains one half per cent. of alcohol, and that," he adds, "is why fresh bread tastes so good."

That much harm has been done to many individuals by an excessive use of intoxicating drinks is undeniable, and the result has been to bring a vast amount of wretchedness and misery into the world. But this fact does not nullify the conclusion—on the basis of the facts already stated—that there may be a perfectly legitimate use for alcohol, so long as it is used in reason; while there is, in effect, scarcely one thing connected with ourselves or our daily life which, how ever good in itself, would not prejudice either ourselves or others if carried to excess.

One must further admit that in no instance has the decline and fall of any of the nations on earth been due to alcohol. On the contrary, the peoples of Northern Europe, who have been, perhaps, the heaviest drinkers of all, are precisely those who, in regard alike to physical strength, mental vigour, and indomitable pluck and enterprise, have stood at the head of the nations and made their influence most felt throughout the world. It would be too much to suggest that these results are due to the fact of their having been heavy drinkers. It is more probable that the drinking habits merely go with such physical strength and mental vigour, forming traits of the

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same character and disposition. In any case they have not seriously prejudiced national character, even if so well-established and so popular a beverage as English ale has not actually strengthened it. Had there been any real foundation for the assertions so freely made by prohibitionists, as to the deplorable consequences that follow the consumption of alcohol, the British people must long ago have become a nation of degenerates, considering the amount of liquor that has been consumed in these isles.

The position has been well put by Herr Karl Eugen Schmidt, in an article on "The Conflict for and against Alcohol in France," in which he says:

> If alcohol be really dangerous to the welfare of a nation, then the people who take least of it should rule the world. Who are the soberest people in Europe? They are the Spaniards, and so far are they from being rulers of the world that they hardly come into the reckoning at all in any question in which the great nations are concerned. Then the nations which drink most should be in the lowest rank among the nations. Which is the nation which drinks most? It is the British, and the British nation is the one that does come nearest to ruling the world. Their influence is seen in America, in Australia, in Asia, and in Africa. They rule everywhere, and everywhere they are faithful to the beverages in which they indulge at home. So one must conclude that alcohol does not prejudice the greatness of a nation.

In spite of evidence such as this, the prohibitionists would abolish alcohol altogether; but, until they can also abolish the aforesaid instinctive desire for stimulants in some form or other, their efforts to suppress or to discredit ordinary alcoholic beverages is only likely to lead to a resort to possibly still more harmful substitutes.

In my book on "Licensing and Temperance in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark," I have shown how, both in Norway and in Finland, people who were unable to procure the so-called native "brandy," were consuming, not only ordinary methylated spirits, but the "politur" used by French polishers in their work. But the most striking evidence of all on this particular subject comes from the United States of America, the home of Prohibition. It is an old story, and a well-estab-

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lished fact, that people in the so-called Prohibition States can get as much liquor as they want, if they know where to go for it, and that as much drinking and as much drunkenness are to be found there as in any of the other States in the Union. All the same, the action of the prohibitionists has led to the consumption of alcoholic drinks being regarded with a certain sense of shame by individuals who have not lost their desire or their liking for stimulants, and what is happening in the United States to-day is that people are taking very extensively to the consumption either of drugs or of patent medicines which contain, in many instances, a still larger proportion of alcohol than the recognised alcoholic drinks themselves.

Dr. Grinnell, to whom I have already referred, has made a close inquiry into the subject, and has published some remarkable facts. After watching the effect of the (so-called) Prohibitory Law in Vermont and other States, where alcohol was not to be sold except for medical, chemical, or mechanical purposes, he arrived at the conclusion that many persons were using some artificial stimulant in lieu of alcohol, and he addressed a circular letter to the keepers of drug stores and general stores in the State of Vermont, asking for particulars as to their sales of opium (gum or powder), morphine sulph. (powder or pills), laudanum, paregoric, cocaine, chloral, Indian hemp, and quinine (powder or pills). The replies he received were far from complete, and he could not obtain particulars either as to the medicines dispensed by physicians, or as to the output from the wholesale manufacturers of crude drugs. He therefore concluded that the figures he got could be multiplied by five, and still remain below the consumption. What his figures are like can be judged from the following:

> In the regular drug stores and in 160 of the 172 general stores in the State of Vermont they sell every month 3,300,000 doses of opium, besides what they dispense in patent medicines, and besides what the doctors dispense which gives one and a half doses of opium to every man and woman in the State of Vermont, above the age of twenty-one years, every day in the year. (By dose I mean one grain of opium, one-eighth grain of morphine, one half ounce of paregoric and twenty drops of laudanum.) And the amount consumed

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would average a dose to every man, woman, and child in the State of Vermont every day in the year.

As typical of what is going on, Dr. Grinnell mentions that in one of two drug stores in a certain town the monthly sales include three pounds of opium, one gallon of paregoric, three-quarters of a gallon of laudanum, five ounces powdered quinine, and 1000 2-grain quinine pills.

No less significant is the enormous increase in the taking of patent medicines containing alcohol. In the report, for 1902, of the Massachusetts State Board of Health analyses were given of sixty-one well-known and widely patronised "tonics," "bitters," and other proprietary medicines, showing the per centage of alcohol in each. The range was from 6 to 47.5 per cent., the average being 20.4 per cent. Included in the sixty-one were nine which had been advertised as follows, the amount of alcohol they had been found to contain being appended: "Not a rum drink," 18.2 per cent.; "purely vegetable," recommended for inebriates, 41.6 per cent.; "entirely harmless," 19.5 per cent.; "not an alcoholic beverage," 6.0 per cent.; "entirely vegetable and free from alcoholic stimulant," 25.6 per cent.; "contains no alcohol," 20.5 per cent.; "contains no spirit," 6.1 per cent.; "a non-intoxicating stimulant; whiskey without its sting," 28.2 per cent.; "recommended for treatment of alcohol habit," 26.5 per cent.

In reproducing the full list in his pamphlet, Dr. Grinnell says:

It will be noted in this list that thirty-four samples contain one-fifth or more of alcohol. This is understood to represent what is known as 95 per cent. proof alcohol, which in comparison with the strength of ordinary whiskey is nearly three times greater, and compared to most of the wines or bitters consumed would be six or twelve times their strength. It will be noted that fifteen of the sixty-one samples examined contained one-fourth or more of alcohol, ten samples contained one-third or more of alcohol, four samples contained nearly one-half.

All the bottles containing these different tonics were surrounded by a label with full directions as to use in various doses from a tablespoonful to

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a wineglassful, to be taken from one to four times a day, and increased as needed.

Dr. Grinnell further relates that Dr. A. J. Reed, of the Battle Creek Sanatorium, recently made for the periodical, "The Life-Boat," of Himsdale, Illinois, an interesting experiment for the purpose of further testing the amount of alcohol in patent medicines. In four different cans he put a tablespoonful each of "Hostetter's Stomach Bitters," "Peruna," "Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound," and beer. Each was connected by a rubber tube to a gas-burner and mantel, heat was applied, and the vapour produced was ignited and burned as follows: "Hostetter's Stomach Bitters," 4 min.; "Peruna," 2 min. 40 sec.; "Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound," 2 min. 35 sec.; beer, 20 sec.

The significance of these remarkable facts becomes greater still when one learns that the tonics and bitters in question have their largest sale in the very States where the most active efforts are made to enforce prohibition. Admitting that a certain percentage is taken for strictly medical purposes, it may fairly be assumed that, in their case as in the case of the drugs previously referred to, a substantial part of the consumption is directly due to the craving for some stimulant to take the place of the ordinary beers, wines, or spirits, the use of which has been either checked by the law, or, under the influence of teetotal sentiment, discredited by public opinion.

In the result, therefore, the desire for stimulants, instead of being overcome by Legislative or other intervention, has merely been diverted. In their feverish desire to convert the world to their own way of thinking, the would-be reformers who seek to abolish the sale of ordinary alcoholic beverages, and congratulate themselves on any evidence of a decline in such sale, are extending the ramifications of a drug evil which is having a much more pernicious influence alike on the individual and on Society, though the full extent of that evil may not yet have been fully realised.

In any case the new conditions are no improvement on

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the old, and simply serve to establish more firmly than ever the *raison d'être* for that trade in alcoholic drinks which aims at supplying, in legalised fashion, and under effective control, what must, in face of the truths here advanced, unquestionably be regarded as "a public want."

EDWIN A. PRATT.

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DANTE AND BOTTICELLI:

A RENAISSANCE STUDY.

THE earlier work of Botticelli is like an illustration of that characteristically Renaissance ideal of the painter which we find developed throughout the whole of Leon Battista Alberti's book on painting; and it is in this book that the story of the "Calumny of Apelles" is related, as a subject for painters, precisely as Botticelli was to paint it. To Alberti's theories we must add that new poetry, with its ancient symbolism and its fresh spring graces, which was being written by Poliziano and by Lorenzo de' Medici. There is little doubt that in the so-called *Mars and Venus* of the National Gallery we have a composition suggested by the "Stanze per la Giostra" of Poliziano, in which Giuliano de' Medici and la bella Simonetta are commemorated; and the "Primavera" has sometimes been taken to be an illustration of another of his poems, though indeed it sums up in a visible image the whole Spring poetry of the Renaissance. All this poetry, like all Botticelli's earlier work, is a literal new birth of paganism; and Botticelli captures the Greek spirit, not, as Raphael did, by an ardent scholarship, seizing upon the actual forms and the supposed "classic" feeling of Greek sculpture, of the *Three Graces* for instance, in the Cathedral Library at Siena, but by creating a new antiquity of his own over again in Florence, putting his town folk in holiday attire into it,

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and seeing Simonetta as a Tanagra, unconsciously. The youth of Greece came back to him by an accidental relationship of the eyes and hand, and by a genius for interpreting slight hints, and re-creating them in a new, fantastic, or fanciful way of his own. He has the secret of the Greek rhythm, and nothing in his feeling comes to break or disturb that rhythm. Whether he paints the birth of Venus or of Christ, he has the same indifference and curiosity: each is a picture to him. The pensive unconcern, what looks like weariness or vague trouble, in the face of the Virgin is not so conscious a thinking into it of such speculations as Pater finds there (and finds, for us if not for Botticelli, rightly), but an expression chosen for its charm, its melancholy grace, by one who gave it equally to Venus rising sadly out of the waves, and to the Virgin enthroned and indifferent among angels, or holding her child like an idle or heavy toy. Judith going home through the midst of her enemies, with the sword and olive-branch in her hand, Truth in the "Calumny," Simonetta in the picture in London, have all the same look of exquisite weariness, as of those who do or endure great things in a dream, and are all hypnotised by the same meditation, which is really the soul of their visible beauty. And Botticelli sets gravity and sadness in their eyes and lips as he sets jewels of gold on the dress, and curls the hair into curves lovelier than the curves of shells.

Vasari tells us that under the influence of Savonarola Botticelli for a time "totally abandoned painting." In the *Nativity* in the National Gallery we see the effect of that influence upon his art when he went back to it. The Christian convention, which he had accepted as a part of his design just as he accepted the convention of the Venus de' Medici for his own Venus, is wholly abandoned; for he has now a new, personal, fanatical interest in the thing itself, and in his own apocalyptic interpretation of it; he invents a new form, in which the suavity is replaced by an ecstasy, and men and angels meet and embrace with uncontrollable emotion, and

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little devils from Hell hide like snakes among the clefts of the rocks. A new quality has come into his work, troubling it, and giving it a new, restless beauty, certainly Christian at last. His design hardens, losing something of its decorative beauty; the rhythm contracts, the pensive expression in the faces becomes a personal trouble; and in the *Pietà* at Munich (if it is really his) there is almost the grimace of over-strung emotion, as in the S. Zenobio panels there is a hurry of movement which is almost feverish.

It is in this later, mystical period that most writers have preferred to place the greater part of Botticelli's drawings to the "Divine Comedy," and some have even imagined him to have been occupied on them to the very end of his life, during those last years which may not have been so dejected, as we know now that they were not so long drawn out, as Vasari has said. Savonarola did not come to Florence till 1482, and there can be little doubt that Botticelli had begun his drawings before 1481, though in that year he must, for a time, have laid them aside, to paint the frescoes in the Sistine Chapel. In 1481 an edition of Dante was published at Florence by Christoforo Landino, containing, in addition to his commentary, a number of engravings, varying in different copies from two to twenty. These engravings, clumsily and badly done as they are, we now know to have been done by some inferior craftsman who had seen, and who tried to imitate, Botticelli's earlier designs to the Inferno. They end with the nineteenth canto; and, as the book appeared in August 1841, and we know that Botticelli went to Rome early in that year, it would appear that he had got so far, and no further, with his drawings, and that the printer could not wait for his return. Their chief value for us is that they give us, in their prints to the eight cantos of the "Inferno" for which Botticelli's drawings are missing, some faint, fragmentary, and distorted idea of what those designs may have been.

The first edition of Dante's "Divine Comedy" was printed in 1472, but manuscript copies still continue to be made for

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rich collectors, who would have been ashamed to possess so renowned a book in any less costly and beautiful a shape. We know from an anonymous manuscript of the tenth century, in the National Library at Florence, that Botticelli "painted and pictured a Dante on parchment for Lorenzo di Pier Francesco de' Medici, which was accounted a marvellous thing." Of this Lorenzo, who died in 1503, we know also that he commissioned a youthful statue of John the Baptist from Michelangelo. It was not until the beginning of the nineteenth century that the drawings of Botticelli were known to exist in the collection of the Duke of Hamilton. At the Hamilton sale in 1882 they were bought by the Berlin Museum. There are eighty-eight sheets of parchment, one of which is double, and contains a single design; three sheets contain no design. The text is written on one side of the parchment, in six columns, each sheet containing a whole canto; and on the other side the designs are sketched with silver-point, and finished in black or brown ink: each design faces the canto which it illustrates. A single page ("Inferno," xviii.) is painted in body-colour. Seven more sheets, containing eight more drawings belonging to the same series, were afterwards discovered in the Vatican Library: the chart of Hell, the illustration to canto i., drawn on either side of the same sheet, and the illustrations to cantos ix., x., xii., xiii., xv., and xvi. of the "Inferno." Two of these sheet are wholly, and one partly, coloured, as if in imitation of the illuminated manuscripts of the time. No texts or designs have been found to cantos ii. to vii., or xi. and xiv. of the "Inferno"; of canto xxxi. of the "Paradiso" there is only the text, the drawing for canto xxxii. is scarcely begun, and there is neither text nor drawing for the last canto.[1]

The earlier designs, most indeed of those to the "Inferno,"

[1] A facsimile reproduction of all the drawings has been published in folio, under the care of Dr. F. Lippmann, by G. Grote, Berlin (1887), and, reduced to half the size of the originals, by Lawrence and Bullen (1896), with an introduction and commentary by the same editor, and slightly reduced facsimiles of the twenty engravings of 1481.

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are more crowded, more literal and exact in their following of every detail, more casually composed, in their setting of a series of episodes layer above layer, than the later ones; and it is only as he moves upward from Hell through Purgatory to Heaven that Botticelli becomes wholly master of his material, wholly himself. Vasari tells us that after painting the frescoes at Rome, he squandered "the considerable sum of money" which he had had from the Pope, and "returned at once to Florence, where, being whimsical and eccentric, he occupied himself with commenting on a certain part of Dante, illustrating the 'Inferno,' and executing prints, over which he wasted much time, and, neglecting his proper occupation, he did no work, and thereby caused infinite disorder in his affairs." We may thus reasonably suppose that the drawings begun before 1481 were continued within the course of the next year or two; and nothing is more likely than that the work was continued, at intervals, during many years. Yet I see no reason for supposing that any part of it was done after the fatal influence of Savonarola had drawn the painter out of his sufficing artificial paradise into the regions of "the Second Woe of the Apocalypse." Is there, in any part of the drawings, a suggestion of that harder later technique which we find in the *Nativity*, of 1500, or of the harsh energy which we find in the S. Zenobio panels? Is there, in the faithful and literal record of Dante's poem, with its simple acceptance of fact and its more and more gracious economy of line, any of the later Christian feeling, grown sad, painful, and acute, the sort of fanaticism which he seems to have caught from Savonarola, and implanted in his latest pictures? I think not: though I think I can see, in this ardent study of Dante, one of the ways leading Botticelli to Savonarola.

To an artist of the Renaissance the Hell and Purgatory of Dante would be infinitely more difficult to illustrate than those subjects of ancient mythology which had their own classic conventions. The Hell of the Campo Santo and of the mediæval illuminators would seem to him a convention not

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yet consecrated by tradition, and without any pictorial probability to his own mind. He could but draw literally, following Dante's words without seeing his pictures through the same fierce and minute ecstasy of imagination. Has any Italian painter really had a fine sense of the grotesque? Probably Michelangelo, in those priceless drawings which went down in the ship off Civitavecchia, put sublimity into Dante, as Blake has done in our own age, and by a method of interpretation perhaps not wholly different. But is Dante really sublime, in the Miltonic sense, or in the sense in which some of Blake's drawings are sublime? I do not feel that he is. His imagination is severe, precise, definite; he sees in hard outline, by flashes, certainly, but without any of the heightening of atmosphere. The vision of Milton is a kind of second sight, perhaps a blind man's pageant of "men as trees walking"; Shakespeare too sees in metaphors, through the suggestion of words, in their subtle colouring of outline; but to Dante everything is in profile, and his words are always as if graven in the white marble which he saw in Purgatory,

Come figura in cera si suggella.

Thus I think that when Botticelli is at his best, and when he allows himself room to be quite clear, and does not try to put a whole canto into a single design, the form in which he renders Dante is really the form in which Dante should be rendered. The Inferno he is not always able to turn into beautiful shapes, because of what Pater has noticed, "that the words of a poet, which only feebly present an image to the mind, must be lowered in key when translated into form"; but in much of the "Purgatorio" and most of the "Paradiso" there is little but his piety or fidelity to hinder him. The almost monkish piety with which he follows his sacred text, not daring to put his own private interpretation in the place of a strictly literal, an orthodox one, is like that of a missal-painter, decorating verse after verse of the Scriptures, as if actually in the margins of his text; with a monk's patience also, but with a

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quite pagan sense of beauty, a lyrical quality of design, which was wholly typical of the Renaissance. It is perhaps in his character of the pious monk, working for the glory of God on his missal, that he writes in minute letters on the banner of one of his young angels, in his drawing of the nine heavenly orders, each with its name written in the margin, his own name, "Sandro di Mariano," as if numbering his place among them before the time.

Botticelli's Hell, like Dante's, is a place of gross physical torture, in which the Devil is exactly as Dante saw him, a child's ideal of horror, with his three Gargantuan heads each "champing a sinner" between its separate fangs. The beauty, which comes into even this design, comes by a skill of hand which draws lovely lines for the articulations of the fingers and of the bat's wings. There is rarely a beauty wholly appropriate to the subject, and directly conditioned by it, but rather a struggle between the nature of the task and the means used to turn it into a picture. Sometimes, as in the illustration to canto xxii., decoration comes into the design with the barbed spears and bats' wings of devils, and the grouping of the tormented figures and their tormentors, and the lonely line of soothsayers pacing at the edge of the chasm above the lake. Coiled snakes twist and voyage across certain designs in intricate arabesques, and Geryon has a kind of morbid elegance in his curved scales, and there are two very decorative pages ornamented with nothing but spiring flames. But there are others which struggle confusedly with horror, or are a kind of map, or algebraical signs; and there is no intimacy or subtlety in their rendering of the evil powers of nature, nothing that does not lose rather than gain from its subject, and no accidental beauty that would not be more in keeping with either Purgatory or Paradise.

With the "Purgatorio" Dante leaves more room to his illustrator, and Botticelli gradually ceases to be the slave of his text. Occasionally he takes a casual word very literally, as in the eighteenth canto, where he sets all the slothful biting at

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their own flesh. But in the next canto he shrinks from rendering the horrible details of the Siren, "quella antica strega," as he would certainly have done, with careful fidelity, in the "Inferno." In at least one design, the fifteenth, he has frankly continued his own rendering of a scene, without going on with Dante's continuation of it; and the design which he repeats, with changes, is, in its first form, as an illustration to the fourteenth canto, one of the subtlest and most emotional of them all, with something, in the row of blind beggars huddled against the rocks, of the emotional quality of Blake. He is not always careful to take the opportunities that Dante gives him; and thus, in the second canto, Casella is only the most robust of a number of naked shapes; in the fifth, la Pia is uncommemorated, though the design has many figures, and we remember that canto only for her few lines; and Rachel and Leah are not to be seen in the twenty-seventh, though the twenty-eighth is wholly given up to Matilda gathering flowers in Eden, and is one of the most beautiful of all the designs, in its almost Japanese arrangement, between the straight tree-trunks. There is spiritual meaning, as well as gracious arabesque, in the beautiful bodies of those who have sinned through love, and now strive to re-embrace among the flames; and a loveliness of line which is itself its own sufficient meaning in the two nudes of canto iv., one seated, with his arms about his knees, and the other turning slowly in the foreground, and in the nude figure in the seventh canto seated with his back to the hollow of the valley where the spirits of kings rest on the grass. In all these there is that delight in the beauty of bodies which is so Greek in Botticelli, and in the elaborate design in many compartments which illustrates canto x. there is more of his delight in moving draperies, and people dancing, and straight lances, and the crowd and trampling of horsemen, and a spirit like the Pagan or Renaissance spirit of the *Birth of Venus* or the *Spring*. It is in the series of "triumphs" in which he realises, exactly as Dante had planned it, but with what pictorial ecstasy, the pageant of the Car of Beatrice, that we

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see his design most triumphant, most characteristically his own. Is not the first perhaps the finest in its simplicity, its sweep of design: the lower curve of the river Lethe like a floating pennant, and the upper curves of the seven pennants of smoke blown back and carried round from the seven candlesticks borne by angels? And yet is not the second more splendid, more sumptuous, in its immensely rich and intricate network of decoration, woven with precise and delicate detail into a texture and pattern seen as clearly and as rapturously as Dante's?

In his vision of the Car of Beatrice Dante's imagery is, as Botticelli's design proves to us, marvellously pictorial. For the most part what may be called his larger imagery is mediæval, and, though distinctly visualised, has much of the mediæval uncouthness; as, for instance, in the eagle of canto xx. of the "Paradiso," made up of so many saints, five to the arch of the eyebrow. His smaller imagery, all those similes by which he shows us the reflection before we see the thing, have on the contrary a homely naturalness which sets us wondering afterwards how so simple a statement of fact can have turned into such great poetry. Think of all that poets have said about night, and then hear Dante:

La notte che le cose ci nasconde:

"Night that hides things from us." While both Milton and Shakespeare are constantly saying things for effect, and letting them dazzle us, Dante's style requires no heightening, no matter what he has to say, and it is on the same level of speech that he writes, of the church bells,

Tin tin sonando con sì dolce nota,

and, of the ineffable vision of the Virgin ensapphiring brightest heaven with lovely sapphire,

Onde si coronava il bel zaffiro
Del quale il ciel più chiaro s'insaffira.

It is always by their little details, the details that make things

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clear to the sight, that he names them; as, when Matilda looks up from the flowers she is gathering, he says of her, that she turned "like a lady dancing, who turns with the soles of her feet close to the ground, and scarcely sets foot before foot." How beautiful that is in drawing, how like Botticelli, who, though he does not illustrate exactly that attitude, might seem to remember the words when, in the fifth canto of the "Paradiso," he draws the naked feet of Beatrice, set delicately together, like a pigeon's preparing to alight. And it is in the "Paradiso" chiefly that Botticelli seems to melt into the very spirit of Dante, purifying it, sometimes, of those "corollaries" and "deductions" which are apt to turn heaven into a wrangling hell of the schoolmen.

Throughout the main part of the "Paradiso" Botticelli gives us, in his designs, only two figures, Dante and Beatrice, whether because he did not finish his drawings, or whether, as I would rather think, he saw that the main significance of the book is concentrated upon the celestial relations of Dante and Beatrice, now at once actual and lyrical. And so he gives us circle after circle with only these two figures, sometimes set into a sky of starry flames, sometimes detached against mere emptiness of light; disregarding incidents or persons who, in the poem, break a little upon its divine monotony. Even Cunizza in the amorous sphere is only seen in the half-closed eyes of Dante under the light of her presence, and in his hand uplifted in joyous surprise. And in the circle of the sun he does but shield his eyes against overpowering light, not seeing S. Thomas Aquinas and the other doctors of the church. Even the birds who make D and I and L with their flight, and the M of wings twined with lilies, do not tempt Botticelli out of his reticence. But every motion of the soul and speech of Dante and Beatrice is rendered with subtle fidelity in some gesture, some turn of the head or hands, some lifting of the eyelids or parting of the lips, with a restraint like Dante's, and like no other gesture in Italian poetry or painting. Think of Italian gesture, even of Leonardo's in the *Last Supper*! In

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every canto Botticelli makes a new marvel of the folds of Beatrice's robe; every movement is studied so as to set the lines into some new arrangement, in which, as in Venus and the Spring, hands and feet and hair have their part in the rhythm.

Like a pearl on a white forehead, or the reflection of faces seen in clear water: it is Dante's image for the aspect of certain spiritual realities as they come to him in one of the circles of Heaven, and Botticelli has drawn many of these designs to the "Paradiso," and some among the more elaborate ones which begin with the twenty-first canto, with just such faintness and precision. There are delicious *naïvetés*, as in the second head which grows on Dante's shoulders, looking backwards, because in the poem he turns; and in the face of Beatrice which is changed into a tragic mask, where, in the poem, she refrains from smiling, lest the radiance of the seventh heaven, drawn into her eyes, should shrivel Dante into ashes. In this design, that of Jacob's ladder, there is a whirl of baby angels like flowers or birds (the daws of Dante's simile), in which little bodies drunk with light fly exquisitely, as birds do, turning upon themselves in the air in their vehemence of delight. And Botticelli has repeated this note of rapture in his last almost completed design, where we see the river of light, its banks "painted with marvellous spring," and the "living sparks," like winged infants, plunging head foremost into the blossoms, and then whirling, drunk with odours, into the river out of the "smiling of the grasses."

In Botticelli's fidelity to Dante, I find something of Dante's fidelity to nature, and with the same exquisitely personal art. Only Wordsworth, occasionally, among poets, gets the inevitable magic of a statement which is at once completely truthful and completely beautiful: Dante gets it in almost every statement. Wordsworth's line, spoken of Milton:

> Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart,

might render the essence and secret of Dante, as a writer of verse, better than most translations of his whole poem. And

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in Botticelli we find a minutely beautiful truth like that of Dante, and in his choice of pure outline to convey Dante's vision a choice wholly appropriate. Reading Dante over again, canto by canto, and turning from the poem to the drawings, I find Dante more beautiful, seeing him through Botticelli's eyes, and I find in Botticelli a beauty wholly his own, a creation comparable with Dante's, in an art which Dante envied.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

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GHOSTS OF PICCADILLY

ALBANY

NOT "The Albany": the definite article, though now universal, was not used by the earliest tenants of the chambers, and it becomes a writer who gossips about them to respect their custom.

We need not linger overmuch on the history of the building. There were originally three houses on the site, and the most eastern of them was occupied by the third Lord Sunderland, son of that arch traitor whose elaborate disloyalty to James II. is one of the darker studies in the psychology of politics. He bought the other two houses and made one of the three, with a fine room for a finer library, now at Blenheim. Stephen Fox, the second Lord Holland, lived here afterwards, who was like his brother Charles in most things save genius, being fat, good-natured, fond of cards and a bottle. It was the birth of a son to him that brought the Jews upon poor Charles, no longer next heir to the large family fortune, ill-gotten by their father, who speculated with the country's money (in his possession as Paymaster) on his knowlege as a minister. By no means an unamiable ghost to collogue withal on a quiet night, Stephen Fox, a little breathless with bulkiness and good living, crossing Piccadilly, where his house was, to haunt Brooks's in St. James's Street. He sold it to the first Lord Melbourne, who rebuilt it with a ball-room ceiling by Cipriani, and then changed houses with the Duke of York and Albany, son of George II., and hence the name. It was turned into chambers

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for bachelors, the garden being built over for more profit, in 1804.

There is a rare and unaffected dignity about Albany still. The courtyard and the house do much to shut out the railway-station noises of contemporary Piccadilly, and Vigo Street at the other end is tolerably quiet, so that it is possible to muse there, even in the daytime. Walking through the arcade with its low roof, I have often agreed with Macaulay's remark when he went to live there, that it was a college life in the West End of London. That is to say, for Macaulay and for me, if I were rich enough to live in Albany: other famous tenants have led lives there not possible in colleges:

> If ancient tales say true nor wrong those holy men.

Many an interesting man has lived in Albany. One of the most attractive of them all to me, and one who more than most of the others may be supposed to haunt Piccadilly, is Mat Lewis, "the Monk," and since his fame is something dimmed now, I will treat him with some circumstance.

Most of us, as we grow older, abandon any feud we may have had, or been thought to have, with Mrs. Grundy. Now and then, however, I still feel a stir of my young dislike of her exploits, and it is an attraction for me in poor Mat Lewis that he was notable among Mrs. Grundy's victims.

Matthew Gregory Lewis was born in 1775, the son of a rich man, and was sent to Westminster and Christ Church, and after that to Weimar and Paris. He plunged into writing early, and had written poems, a novel, a comedy—all by seventeen and all forgotten. He was an *attaché* at The Hague in 1794, and there he wrote his most famous work, now also forgotten, "Ambrosio, or the Monk," which was ultimately to destory him socially. At first, however, it made him fashionable, very fashionable, and that precisely was what Mat Lewis, a harmless, vain, good-natured creature, most wished to be. A literary lion in "Society" he was a fashionable lion among authors. It was a great event for an aspiring author

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to be presented to Mat Lewis, as we know from the confession of one of them, namely—who do you think it was?—Walter Scott. Of all the revenges of time in the matter of authorship, I think this one of the oddest—that Walter Scott was proud to know Mat Lewis and to receive his quite good-natured patronage.

Mat was bringing out his "Tales of Wonder," and Erskine told him that one Walter Scott, a young advocate in Edinburgh, had translated some stirring things from the German. A correspondence followed, and later Mat went down to Edinburgh and asked Scott to dinner, and Scott confessed—with the utter absence of conceit native to that noble character—confessed thirty years later that he had never felt such elation before. He had seen Burns when he was seventeen, and this was the first poet he had seen since. Poor Mat!

So Mat Lewis was a lion in the literary world and the fashionable, enjoying it vastly, being, as Scott tells us,

> fonder of great people than he ought to have been, either as a man of talent or as a man of fashion. He had always dukes and duchesses in his mouth, and was pathetically fond of any one that had a title. You would have sworn he had been a parvenu of yesterday, yet he had lived all his life in good society.

Byron, too, has a story of Lewis crying at Oatlands because the Duchess of York had "said something *so* kind" to him. "Never mind, Lewis, don't cry. She could not mean it," said a brutal listener.

Mat was also a bore, "a good man," says Byron, "a clever man, but a bore, a damned bore, one may say." Scott tells us—and it is something for a man's memory that it is kept alive, so far as it is so, by Scott and Byron—of Charles Fox in his latter days, very fat and lethargic, enduring an attack from Lewis, "like a fat ox which for some time endures the persecution of a buzzing fly, rather than rise to get rid of it; and then at last he got up, and heavily plodded his way to the other side of the room."

Yet this absurd little snob and bore was the kindest creature alive, sharing his income with his mother, who was

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separated from his father, and when his father, enraged, cut it down by half sharing *that*, and doing good by stealth. Imagination he had—not of a broad and sweeping kind—fantastic, weird, rather morbid, but yet imagination, and after all the hob-goblin terrors which seem childish to us struck a serious note for those days. Clever, too, was Mat Lewis, and a man of taste, with a notable ear for rhythm.

We can see him in Albany, K. 1, in his glory, an extremely small and boyish figure, "the least man I ever saw to be strictly well and neatly made," says Scott, with queer eyes which "projected like those of some insect, and were flattish in their orbit." He had the panels of his bookcases filled with looking-glasses, and kept a black servant.

It was cruel and wanton in Mrs. Grundy to persecute this harmless little personage, with his snobbery and tediousness and projecting eyes and kindly heart—cruel because, for a clever man, he must have felt it so bitterly, and wanton, because she really could not have cared. Mathias, in the "Pursuits of Literature" attacked his famous book "The Monk" on the score of blasphemy and indecency, and Mrs. Grundy, who had never read it, but had exalted Lewis on the strength of its brilliant reputation, took alarm. There was a fierce outcry against Mat; an injunction was moved for against his book and—oh dear! oh dear!—"young ladies," says the invaluable Captain Gronow, "were forbidden to speak to him." The Monk, one remembers, though a wealthy, was not a marrying man, and conceivably the matrons had a spite against him. It was very like Mrs. Grundy, but it was hard in her to do it to Mat Lewis who so loved her smiles.

Perhaps the Monk was embittered by this treatment, or perhaps he hated Sheridan anyhow, but his verses on Sheridan were not characteristic of his good nature.

> For worst abuse of finest parts
> Was Misophil begotten;
> There might indeed be *blacker* hearts
> But none could be more *rotten*.

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I am sure it was not because Sheridan had scored off him about his play, *Castle Spectre*—a fine name, is it not?—replying to Mat's offer to bet on some occasion what Sheridan owed him for it as manager, that he never made large bets, but would bet him what it was worth.

Mat's kindliness, however, co-existed with some capacity for quarrelling, and indeed one commonly finds the two qualities together: he who never quarrels is apt to be a little cold-blooded or so, and not much given to active benevolence. Lord Melbourne told Charles Greville an odd tale of the Monk's quarrel with Sir Henry Lushington. It was convenient to Mat to stay with Lushington and his sister at Naples; so he wrote to suspend the quarrel, and after the visit wrote to resume it—the *status quo ante pacem*—and did so "with rather more acharnement than before." There is a suggestion of character in this, I think—of something solid below the folly and vanity.

The Monk's father died in 1812 leaving plantations in the West Indies, whither Mat journeyed in 1815. He made Byron a parting present of some preserved ginger, which his affectionate friend said he would never eat without tears—it was so hot. He visited Byron at Venice on his return, and went riding with the poet by the Brenta, the greater and absent-minded poet leading the way, the lesser and short-sighted poet following—into a ditch and into the river and into collision with the diligence, but all the time "talking without intermission, for he was a man of many words." On an expedition with Walter Scott, poor Mat grew weary and had to be carried, "in his shooting-array of a close sky-blue jacket, and the brightest red pantaloons I ever saw on a human breech. He also had a kind of feather in his cap."

This dear, ridiculous creature went again to Jamaica in 1817, with the characteristic intention of improving the condition of the slaves, and died on the voyage home, of yellow fever. They buried his body at sea, but his spirit must have gone on to England, and stayed awhile in Albany, K. 1,

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with the mirror-panelled bookcases. It is strange that this sham great author, with his bubble reputation of a day, should be yet alive for us, not pilloried by some Pope, but gently and affectionally recorded and pictured by two authentic giants of his trade.

> I would give many a Sugar Cane,
> Monk Lewis were alive again!

said Byron, and "I would pay my share," added Scott. They are gone to him now, and one fancies their ghosts in Piccadilly, stumping with the limp both had in life, smiling protectingly, and this absurd little figure, wonderfully dressed, strutting garrulous between them.

Another vanished memory, so far as work of his own is concerned, is that of Henry Luttrell, who lived in I. 5. But Albany and Piccadilly seem to belong more to our social than our literary history, and from no gossip that has to do with the social life of his time can Henry Luttrell be omitted. Yet there is little to say of him now. "Where are the snows of yester year?" one may ask of dead wits almost as surely as of dead beauties. Luttrell was a great wit of his day—the first half or so of the nineteenth century—and one meets him in memoirs far more respectfully noticed than poor Mat Lewis. He was one of those men, unhappily less frequently met now than then, who are of real and definite account in the society of their day for purely social merits—without position or money, or a mob-acclaimed repute. He was the author, it is true, of the "Letters to Julia," which had a fashionable vogue, and were a guarantee of mental parts in the eyes of his contemporaries; but his reputation could not have endured long on this one achievement. His birth was "obscure"; he was, in fact, an illegitimate son of Lord Carhampton. His means were slender, and he had no political importance.

Luttrell owed his social position simply to his social qualities: he was agreeable, a good talker, and had a fund of sound

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sense at the service of his friends. He and Samuel Rogers hunted in couples; it was said they were seldom seen apart, but that when they were either abused the other. But if he abused Sam Rogers, he abused no one else: his wit was said to be as kind as the banker-poet's was malignant. It is a pleasant memory to have left behind one: pity it should be faded.

Greater men, of course, than Mat Lewis or Henry Luttrell have lived in Albany. Of Byron I shall write later. Bulwer Lytton afterwards lived in Byron's rooms, A. 2, as no doubt he was delighted to live. You can picture him, if you like, putting on the stays which so greatly annoyed Tennyson, and otherwise making the most of himself. Other men, too, whose names mean something, but either I do not see their ghosts in Piccadilly, or I have nothing to say of them in this sort of light narration. It is clearly impossible, however, to pass over Thomas Babington Macaulay.

I do not pretend to believe, personally, for a moment, that Macaulay's ghost wastes time in haunting any scene of his labour on earth. Wherever he is I am sure he is talking hard, or writing earnestly, for the instruction of his companions, and has no leisure to muse on the accidents of his past. He is ready to furnish, I am sure, the exact and complete dates of his residence in Albany, the amount of his rent—it was £90, by the way, if you care to know—and a vigorous analysis of its advantages and defects. You cannot expect any hovering from this matter-of-fact intelligence, and your illusion of his presence must be entirely subjective. Still, if you like to imagine him in Albany it is easy to do so.

We know the furniture of his sitting-room in E. 1, when he went to live there in 1840. He had, Sir George Trevelyan tells us,

> half a dozen fine engravings from his favourite great masters; a handsome French clock, provided with a singularly melodious set of chimes, the gift of his friend and publisher, Mr. Thomas Longman; and the well-known bronze

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statuettes of Voltaire and Rousseau (neither of them heroes of his own) which had been presented to him by Lady Holland as a remembrance of her husband.

And we can imagine the historian himself seated at his desk amid these agreeable surroundings, a short, stout man with a homely face and a fine forehead. There he wrought the first two volumes of his history, and there he got for them the £20,000, at which later historians marvel and weep. We can imagine him, further, in his dressing-room, making clumsy efforts to tie his neckcloth, and trying to shave with an unskilful hand, since these physical peculiarities are recorded of him. Completing his toilet and looking round his apartment, he reflected with pleasure on the college life in the West End of London, to which I have already referred, and also—I quote from the same letter of his—to the fact that it was "in a situation which no younger son of a duke would be ashamed to be put on his card." It was rather a trivial reflection for a philosopher, but the greatest of us have our trivial moments.

Perhaps it is best, however, to imagine Macaulay at one of his famous breakfasts. There he sits, and if you have the critical temper of Mr. Charles Greville, you would notice that his voice was unmusical and monotonous, and his face heavy and dull—with nothing about him, in fact, to bespeak the genius and learning within. But much evidence of the genius and learning would have been given you had you really been there. Any subject you mentioned your host would know all about, and tell all about, until some one who might take liberties, like Lady Holland, would say it was enough, when he would stop as one replaces a book on a shelf—and take down another. If you put a question to him while the conversation was general he would wait for a pause, and then repeat it and give his answer to the table: that, at least, was Mrs. Brookfield's experience. Presently, if you were lucky, you would enjoy one of his "brilliant flashes of silence," as Sydney Smith called them. One of Macaulay's breakfasts is described by the late Duke of Argyll. (It is pleasing to know that so very cock-sure a personage as Macaulay was admired

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by the Duke, who was not diffident.) It was the day of table-turning, and they tried the experiment with a heavy table. Macaulay pooh-poohed the idea, but for all that the table had the temerity to turn violently. Did any one give it a push? was the question put to each guest by the host. One of them was Bishop Wilberforce, "Soapy Sam," renowned for saying the comforting thing, and so when all the rest denied, he admitted that he might have unconciously given a slight push. It would have been quite insufficient for the effect, but Macaulay's great mind was relieved. A scene for an observer of comic character.

I notice with regret that I have not written of Macaulay so genially as I am wont to write. His personality does not attract me, I fear, and then he was a partisan in history, and in my own little reading I incline to be a partisan on the other side. Well, we all have our prejudices and Macaulay's memory can afford mine. Besides, as I said, I am in no fear of meeting his ghost.

G. S. Street.

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THE SECRET OF JAPANESE PATRIOTISM

UNQUESTIONABLY the most interesting world phenomenon of the nineteenth century was the revolution in Japan—a bloodless revolution, whose consequences are so far-reaching that it is impossible to see the end of them. A great deal of attention has been directed by the Western world to this new phase in the East, and no side of the subject has been more debated than that which deals with the ethical, moral, and spiritual influences which have produced that extraordinary type, the modern Japanese. We are aware that the phenomena of Western life can be referred to certain causes and influences; we can trace the peculiarities of our social system to their origin; we can estimate the moulding force of various philosophies and divine the obligations of our civilisation to more than one form of the great Western religion. When, however, we attempt a similar process with an Oriental people like the Japanese we become at once conscious that we are attempting what is, relatively, impossible. In the first place, we have to translate their ideas into our own terms, often quite inadequate. We have as yet no common ground of language on which to become acquainted with each other. The Japanese, trained in Western universities, uses our terms in the sense in which we apply them—he finds the greatest difficulty in giving them a Japanese equivalent.

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No better illustration of this can be given than the word "patriotism." How often have Japanese in the West extricated themselves from a conversational dilemma by replying to the question, "What is the the religion of Japan?" by the assertion that "patriotism" fills the place in the minds and hearts of his countrymen which Westerners fill with religion. This explanation is utterly misleading unless one understands the meaning read into the word by the Japanese themselves. To a Westerner it implies something concrete, positive, active; the defence of hearth and home primarily, extending to the defence of geographical and political boundaries, or of the ideals and civilisation with which his country is identified.

Such a virtue as this patriotism has in all times and in all places been held of the highest moral value; it has even been regarded as specially attracting divine favour and ensuring reward in a future life; but it has always rested on a materialistic basis, and could not be regarded as a religion in any sense of the word. Of late years it has fallen into disfavour in certain Western countries, and a gospel of altruism, without boundaries of geography or race, is being preached in its stead. It is therefore increasingly difficult for Western peoples to see in patriotism, as conceived by them, a sufficient inspiration for a nation to accomplish all that Japan has done. We are deeply conscious of the part played in our own evolution by conceptions of a loftier nature than that of our earthly citizenship—even "of no mean city"—and by the conviction of spiritual revelation which from time to time has acted as a spur to urge the various races of the West onwards and upwards in the path of evolution. Are we to find in Japan no equivalent to our own religious experience? Is she to be the first nation able, on a basis merely of rationalism, to rise to greatness? Such a conclusion would be possible if we accepted as it stands the hackneyed statement that patriotism is the religion of Japan.

We can, of course, find a great deal of history to prove that

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Japan has never been indifferent to religion. An elementary account of that country will inform us that the people profess one of the three great organised creeds of the world—Buddhism—and at the same time retain a native cult known as Shinto. It is, however, difficult to estimate the precise character of the influence wielded by these two forms of religious belief. A closer (though brief) examination of their history may help us to understand better the attitude of the Japanese.

All people, however primitive, have a rudimentary religion. It is debated as to whether they pass first through the animistic period, in which they worship familiar objects, or the ghost period, in which the problem of life and death assails them, and they are constrained by the conviction of immortality within them to believe that, though the body perishes, the *ego* it enshrines remains alive. The "ghost religion" was undoubtedly the foundation of all religion. The spirits of the departed play a part in the conceptions of every race of mankind. At some period in race-evolution they are endowed with supernatural powers and become deities, but even before a genuine mythology is evolved the cult of ancestor-worship is a natural outcome of this "ghost religion." The monotheistic conception is obviously a much later one, and we are not concerned with it here; it is sufficient to note that even in the most modern and civilised of monotheistic communities the traces of an earlier faith still linger in the form of numerous superstitions.

The Japanese had arrived at a comparatively advanced stage of this natural religion at the time when their real history begins, although they cannot be said to have possessed at this period any definite form of belief or worship. At a later date their beliefs and practices were gathered into a more coherent form and called Shinto—"the divine way"—but this was after the introduction of Buddhism in the sixth century, and was a measure intended to enable the ancient faiths to withstand the onslaughts of the Indian religion. The study of early Japanese beliefs is of the deepest interest, both

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sociologically and metaphysically, and here, as in China, it is possible to trace back to the dawn of history, and even into the region of fable, certain clearly defined traits of character or peculiarities of development. For the purposes of this article, however, we must confine ourselves to two salient points—the worship of ancestors and the intimate connection between temporal and spiritual power.

In considering these it is impossible to differentiate between China and Japan, so closely is the evolution of the latter involved with that of the former. The "Book of Changes," the classic, ethical work of China, dates back to a prehistoric period, at least B.C. 1000. The ideas formulated in it run through all Chinese and Japanese philosophy, and colour the ideas of both races to this day. This book attempted to explain the phenomena of life in philosophic terms which had their foundation, not in scientific observation, but in mysticism. Unreal and abstract as these ideas seem to us to-day, childish as we may deem the doctrines of "masculine and feminine elements" and "forces of sympathy and antipathy," these conceptions have a hold on the Chinese and Japanese mind that modern scientific enlightenment has, as yet, been unable to shake. The ingrained mysticism of the Oriental, what we consider his "fatalism and superstition," lies too deep to be disturbed by any surface current, and he is not to be convinced of error by the cocksureness of modern scientists, who sometimes think they can measure the universe with their foot-rule.

The worship of ancestors was not part of this mysticism, though the "Book of Changes" accepts and confirms it. It was a natural and logical sequence of the "ghost religion" period; and, as China never produced an indigenous monotheism, her people went on during long ages elaborating their system. The Japanese dawn on history with the ancestor cult fully established, and, moreover, with a comparatively logical explanation of it. Their cosmogony included many gods, good and evil, some of animistic derivation, others shadowy "elements of evil." Generally speaking, however,

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their principal gods were good and beneficent, and from these they conceived themselves to be directly descended. To condense their mythology down to its essentials, they believed in a pantheon of immortals, and, besides, a large community of invisible spirits of the departed, some of whom were to be deified or had already attained that honour. The happiness of the living depended on the goodwill and favour of the dead, but they, in their turn, could not be happy without certain acts of remembrance on the part of the living. This is the essential feature of the cult called "ancestor-worship," which in modern everyday Japanese life consists in a few words of invocation for the blessing of the departed and in certain offerings of food, made in an emblematic sense.

The feature of this cult with which we are specially concerned is its sociological influence. The effect of a system which renders the members of a family mutually interdependent —not in this life only, but from age to age—was to develop the family on lines quite different from those familiar to us in our own civilisation. The family on earth and the family which has already joined the world of disembodied spirits are one. To disregard the acts of reverence and sacrifice which ensure peace to one's dead ancestors is matricide and patricide —every crime rolled into one—in Chinese or Japanese eyes. To break away from this tradition implies the uprooting of fundamental beliefs and the breaking of the closest family ties. The effect has been anti-individualistic. No man belongs to himself. Only in the earliest years of childhood does he enjoy a measure of freedom—one, indeed, which seems to Westerners, accustomed to discipline their children, almost excessive. From the time his school life begins, however, the restraint is tightened, and it is applied in that most potent form, public opinion. Maturity and marriage bring to the young Japanese a measure of responsibility which will only increase with years, as the head, or prospective head, of the family on earth. It is the sense of obligation (and the reality of obligation, as enforced by the united weight of family

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opinion) which is the first formative influence. Outside it is yet another circle, which also has its cult—the community. The family is only part of this wider circle, and the domestic cult is expanded by the admission of certain communal ancestors, whose shrines are likened by Lafcadio Hearn to the parish churches of our own civilisation. But the community (or clan) is involved in a still greater circle, that of the State; and here, at the circumference of this widening range of influence, we also, by a paradox, reach its centre, and begin to appreciate the Japanese idea of patriotism.

When the mythology of Japan passed into a self-conscious stage, and her vague religion was formulating, the essential feature of her society was aristocratic, as is that of all young societies. Consequently her religion also was aristocratic. The ruling family could claim no higher descent than that common to all Japanese; but by degrees it was recognised to belong to a superior order of god-ancestors. The apparent absurdity of this mythology, thus crudely stated, is an injustice to the Japanese, who embody in it merely the sense of divine origin which finds expression among all religious people. The dynasty thus divinely originated was that of priest-rulers for many centuries, and for a long period was entirely divorced from political power by the rise of a military caste, which usurped the functions of government. This military despotism followed the usual course of its kind, and saw the rise and fall of several dynasties; but behind it, to reassert itself at the critical moment, was the one god-descended dynasty of Mikados, which has held the throne of Japan since her history began. The widest circle of the ancestor cult is that which reaches the ancestors, not of family or clan, but of the State; and thus the ceremony, through which all official Japanese must pass on certain days, of offering reverence to the ancestral tablets of the emperor is an outward sign of the deep loyalty to the dynasty and the recognition of its position as the central fact not only in the political but the sociological structure of the Japanese nation.

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Buddhism did not upset the ancestor cult. The Indian religion, with its wealth of ritual, definite teaching, and high ethical code, was acceptable to high and low in Japan, meeting the intellectual and æsthetic needs of the former and the ignorant cravings of the latter, who, under the early form of Shinto, were left outside the ranks of the privileged. Buddhism had already, in its passage through Central Asia, China, and Korea, lost its original purity and austerity, and (itself free from mythological elements) had adopted wholesale the race-cults of the peoples it proselytised. The gods of heathen pantheons became the incarnations of Buddha, and the worship of ancestors was permitted (in a religion which acknowledged no survival of personality after death) as the reverence paid to the soul elements of ancestors during the period ensuing between their incarnations. The synthetic minds of the Oriental are more capable of reconciling such conflicting ideas than our own analytical ones, but the predominant factor in assuring the success of Buddhism in China was the fact that it was not only devoid of political ambitions, but also helped to strengthen the Government. The Chinese Emperor to-day is recognised as possessing spiritual as well as temporal power, since he can forbid, for a period, the reincarnation of wrong-doers. Buddhism did not interfere either in China or in Japan with the practical identity between Church and State any more than with ancestor-worship, though it introduced new features in a fresh code of ethics and an ecclesiastical order and system of sacerdotalism. In Japan it was at one time suspected of a design to undermine the State, and was subjected to persecutions, but by the ninth century it had spread widely and had absorbed the religious feeling of the country.

Buddhism reached China, and eventually Japan, in a form very different from that in which Gaudama gave it to the world in the fifth century B.C., but, varied as both its form and its influence have been, it contains one constant central idea of great importance. All other religions have as their basic idea

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the elevation of the divine or supernatural element in Nature. Buddhism alone conceives of man as the supreme factor in world-evolution—the master of his own fate. No deity, in the sense of an entity with power over man, is recognised. The survival of conscious identity after death has no part in the pure Buddhist doctrines, consequently the Christian, Islamic, and pagan beliefs in a future of reward or punishment are all discounted. Nevertheless, the soul is composed of immortal elements, good and evil, and as a man cultivates these in one life so they will be reincarnated either in higher or lower forms of creation. The Japanese had no conception of heaven or hell before Buddhism came to them. Had they received it pure from the lips of Gaudama, they might have been spared the materialistic idea of future happiness or misery altogether; but, as a matter of fact, very realistic rewards and torments were apportioned in the faith as they received it. The tendency of the higher philosophic forms of Buddhism to develop as a gospel of nothingness, and, at the other end of the intellectual scale, its perversion into gross superstitions and practical polytheism, were never illustrated among the Japanese. The optimism and virility of their character caused them to interpret Buddhism in an original manner, and it is to-day a practical, vital, even a missionary religion, despite the fact that it has ceased to enjoy any official support from Government.

The effect of Buddhism on ancestor-worship in its three forms was to strengthen the ideals underlying it. The precepts of love, gentleness, self-control, and contemplation inculcated by the Indian religion were exactly what was needed to make the difficult family life possible. Only habits of peace, courtesy, and self-effacement could make the obligations bearable. The old religion of Japan had no simple code of ethics for the poor and ignorant; these were supplied by Buddhism, just as Confucius taught his code of etiquette, worldly wisdom, and political morality to the more highly educated and thoughtful. Shinto was now given its name,

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and took definite form as the earlier, if not altogether indigenous, cult of the Japanese; but it languished and was almost absorbed by Buddhism, and for a time the two forms of worship were found in the same temple, as to-day they are sometimes still held in equal respect by one person.

The idea of the dignity of humanity, the sovereignty of man, of which the germ is found in the teachings of Buddha, fitted in a curious manner, only possible by a synthetic process, into the Japanese ethical and political conceptions. The logical sequence of the Buddhistic theory of man's place in the universe is the recognition of responsibility, and throughout the whole system of life in Japan this idea runs like a crimson thread. It is the individual who has himself only to think of who can be irresponsible—the type of whom we say in the West, "He is no man's enemy but his own!" Such a conception is impossible to a Buddhist, or to one who recognises the links which bind a man to his dead ancestors as well as to his future descendants. The Oriental is never merely an independent individual; he is always part of an interdependent community. The Buddhist can never console himself with the thought that his faults can injure only himself. The burden of life, the full sense of human dignity and responsibility, weighs heavily on these people; and it is only long centuries of training in self-control and discipline which gives them the power of fulfilling their obligations without obvious effort.

The Japanese go further than most Orientals in claiming for themselves a nature essentially good. The Christian doctrine of original sin is repugnant to them. Children of the gods, they claim that goodness is natural, not acquired. For this reason they do not acknowledge the need of any ethical system or elaborate form of worship, and it is this view which has helped them to evolve, out of elements found in Chinese philosophy—the lofty conceptions of *Tao*, "the divine way"—the right relation of man to the universe, which, if he can only place his feet within it, will lead him

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without conscious effort to the highest point of evolution. This semi-mystical idea, fed by Buddhist transcendentalism, fostered by the Japanese pride of divine descent, and favoured by their natural qualities of idealism mixed with practical common sense, has been the root of many interesting developments in the spiritual life of the Japanese.

Bushido—the way of the warrior—is one of these phases. It was originally a revolt of the military or *samurai* class against the effeminacy and luxury which developed after the eighth century. Among the virtues it inculcated none was more prominent than loyalty; but the most striking feature is, perhaps, its insistence on the dignity of the individual, as exemplified in the choice of death rather than dishonour, and in the inviolability of the word, once passed.

The eighteenth and nineteenth centuries saw a literary revival of Shinto, or, as it was termed, "pure Shinto." This revival veiled a political revolution against the usurpation of power by the military rulers, the Shoguns, or regents. By reviving the prestige of the semi-divine dynasty of the Mikados the military power was undermined. With the dawn of the new era the cult of everything purely Japanese set in with vigour, and in an attempt to purify the Shinto temples of the Indian religion and its emblems many art treasures were destroyed. The central fact in the religious upheaval of this period was the recognition of the dynasty as divinely descended and ordained, and to this day, although the Government has now severed all connection with religion in practice, the political system of Japan is essentially a part of the religious belief of her people.

Modern education must modify to a great extent some of the animistic beliefs and superstitions, but at present it has not sensibly shaken the age-old cult which is the basis of sociology and ethics—ancestor-worship. Undoubtedly the "worship" is assuming the form of memorial rites, and the modern shrines and temples partake more and more of this character, while the sacrifices of an earlier period have for a long time

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been as symbolic in character as our own custom of placing flowers on graves.

A more serious disintegrating influence will be found in the exigencies of industrial life, and the necessary weakening of communal ties; but the tendency seems to be, when a community is broken up, for it to recrystallise in another form. Many of the phenomena of Japanese life which have recently gained our admiration are not so much due to the power of organisation, found in a limited degree among the Chinese, as the incapacity for individual action which is the result of ages of compulsory co-operation.

While Shinto is recognised as a political cult, and supplies the Japanese Government with the spiritual sanction without which no Oriental system could be maintained, it does not, has never been able to, fill the place left vacant by its no-creed. The more highly educated Japanese might, perhaps, have turned to Christianity to fill this void, were it not that they, like the Chinese, distrust the influence of that religion for political reasons. The sixteenth century saw what might have been a successful revolution of Japanese Christians, only quelled by ruthless massacre and determined extirpation of all native Christians as well as their Jesuit and Franciscan teachers. Moreover, the modern Christian missionary would not temporise, as did the early Jesuits (who were so successful both in China and Japan), with the cult of ancestor-worship, and the result is the fear that Christianity, if it were to spread widely in either country, might break up the family ideal, the communal basis of society, and eventually the State itself.

The tendency of the politico-religious element in Japan is, therefore, rather anti-Christian than otherwise, and in recent times it has been reinforced from very influential quarters. The result has been a revival of Buddhism, which is now held up as the race-religion of the East, a bond of union between all who hold it, and a stimulus to race-patriotism. The incidents of this movement, which is far more active than is usually

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imagined, cannot be related here, but those who watch the currents of popular feeling in the Far East cannot fail to be struck with the reality of the Buddhist revival, and its possibilities as fundamentally a pure, intellectual, and philosophic religion, and capable of revival and reformation in forms peculiarly suited to the needs of educated Japan. The political side of the revival is of the greatest significance, especially in the relations between Japan and China.

One curious paradox remains to be noted. The doctrine of divine right, the inculcation of unswerving loyalty, is modified by the Japanese (and Chinese) conception of human dignity. Personal responsibility is not merged in blind obedience, and each Japanese, however unswerving in his loyalty, however humble his station, believes that he carries a natural mandate to redress wrong in a superior. So deep is his sense of this responsibility that he (or even she, for women are not exempt) will commit suicide as a protest against the misconduct of a superior if no other course is open. Carried to its logical conclusion, this conviction has led to rebellions and revolutions against the direct descendant of the gods. Confucian philosophy, which formed Japanese ideas to so great an extent, laid it down that the divine right of rulers is only valid so long as it works for the good of the people, and such an idea, although not consciously formulated by the Japanese, has frequently inspired their conduct.

We find, even in this brief sketch of the spiritual and ethical ideas of the Japanese, that patriotism, if the word is used in the Western sense, is totally inadequate to cover all that it implies to a Japanese mind. Taken in the Japanese sense, it may well be regarded as a religion, since it possesses the essentials of any true religion—the recognition of supreme power controlling the affairs of man, the practice of certain rites of prayer and praise, and conformity with rules of life. Patriotism means loyalty not in any limited sense, but to the family (dead and living), to the clan or community, and to the State as the larger family. It covers a range of obligations

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which constitute an unwritten, but binding, code of morals. It involves acquiescence in the ethical code of the "way," without which no patriot can hope to be a worthy son of his country. At the same time it carries with it that sense of moral responsibility, not only for himself but for the State of which he is a unit, which is such an extraordinary inspiration to the patriot, and inspires him to such heights of self-sacrifice. The lives spent in the practice of patriotism do not always lie in the more showy paths of personal bravery. They are to be seen in the class-room, in the factory, in the Government office, in every department of modern life and work where the modern Japanese is striving, without hope of personal reward, pecuniary or otherwise, to urge forward the development of his country.

The genuine nature of this inspiration, the lofty character of its ideal, cannot be denied; but the whole fabric rests on a foundation of semi-mythical beliefs and antiquated social customs which will now have to stand the shock of contact and rivalry with the forces of democracy. Japan has deliberately adopted a course which commits her to competition with Western nations, and competition is a cruel master. The ethical basis of Japanese life must be shaken by it, and the conditions it imposes destroy for ever the ancient civilisation founded on mutual responsibility and forbearance. The extremes of poverty and wealth and the other disquieting and inevitable accompaniments of advanced industrialism are already making their appearance. The most dangerous disintegrating factor, however, will be the doctrine of individualism, and it remains to be seen whether the peculiar form of patriotism in Japan, which makes it synonymous with religion, can be adjusted to make it fit in with this essentially Western and highly infectious doctrine.

ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN.

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STEADY-FLOATING MARINE STRUCTURES

WHAT bids fair to prove one of the most momentous inventions in the history of naval development has had its origin in Los Angeles. It is an invention that will revolutionise the construction of breakwaters, piers, railroad terminal harbours, lighthouses and lightships, floating forts, and practically every other kind of stationary marine structure for deep waters.

The desirability of some form of structure that would float steadily despite the action of the waves has been fully appreciated for many generations. Within modern times numerous attempts have been made to secure stability of flotation, but these have heretofore failed because they have attempted to defy the laws of nature instead of making these laws subserve man's purpose. Men have failed to realise that, on the surface, the power of the ocean is practically unlimited, below the surface the calm is unbroken and the element stable. It has remained for a Scottish engineer, Mr. W. E. Murray, to discover how nature herself may be made to help in providing steady-floating platforms of all kinds for use in wave disturbed waters, and when his simple yet ingenious solution of the problem is supplied the wonder only grows why it was not applied long ago. In this connection, however, it has to be remembered that recent progress in the use of steel for all

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manner of construction work to-day renders possible to the engineer schemes which twenty years ago would have been impossible.

The principle on which the Murray system of steady-floating foundations for marine structures is based, lies in the practical application of two well-known scientific laws: firstly, that the wave disturbed stratum of the ocean is comparatively shallow, extending to a depth of only a few feet even in rough weather, and at a maximum to fifteen feet even in the most tempestuous conditions of the ocean; and secondly, that with increasing depth there is increasing pressure of the superimposed water on any submerged body. Whereas all previous experimenters who have tackled the problem of steady-flotation have committed the cardinal error of leaving their structures in the wave disturbed stratum, that is to say, on the top of the ocean, Mr. Murray goes boldly down into the dense and motionless waters that lie below, and there he places the great mass of weight and the vast proportion of surface area of his floating structures. A floating body thus submerged, and kept submerged by a properly regulated and properly distributed load, is then embedded in a resisting medium. It is rigid and immovable, and any superstructure raised upon it, such as the tower for a lighthouse or the gun platform for a fortress, and so designed that the minimum surface is exposed to wave action, remains in stable equilibrium. There is virtually no oscillation of the entire structure even amongst heavy billows, as the momentary blow of each wave is negatived by the steady, strong resistance of the ponderous portion of the floating structure immersed in the still lower waters.

While the structures may be of any shape or size, a broad projecting flange at the base is a feature of all of them. This forms a very important part of the invention, for it obviates the necessity of going to inconvenient depths to attain the required rigidity. If the great heavily-weighted flange at the base is to be disturbed from its horizontal position, on the one side the immense column of water resting on it has to be lifted

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bodily, while on the other side a wall of resisting water has to be pushed aside and the flange itself thrust down into a resisting cushion of water. No wave blow, which is a momentary impact and not a continuous force like the push of a locomotive engine, can effect this, simple mathematical calculations showing that the static resistance is such that, with a two-thousand-pound blow to the square foot above, there will be only the oscillation of a fraction of a degree of an angle in the entire structure. In other words, the majority controls the minority, and what is virtually perfect steadiness of flotation is secured.

Nature affords a prototype of the Murray steady-floating steel structure in the great icebergs encountered in subarctic waters. These detached fragments of glaciers have the immense proportion of their mass submerged in the deep, dense and undisturbed lower waters, and therefore sit rigid and motionless amidst the billows. The Murray breakwater or the Murray lighthouse improves upon the iceberg, for the buoyant structure of steel enables the maximum load to be kept low down, while the wide projecting flange secures stability at a depth of only forty or fifty feet below the surface of the ocean.

The commercial applications of this invention are of bewildering variety. Lighthouses can be constructed at a fraction of the cost of stone structures, for they can be built where materials and labour are cheapest, and then towed to the point where they are required and there anchored. They can be located at any suitable distance from the actual point of danger, thus giving vessels the security of a wider offing. Our coast-lines may be so lighted that a ship, keeping well out to sea, can navigate from beacon to beacon. With a modified form of lighthouse, we get lightships and light buoys that will at night time show the course into a harbour just as clearly as a city street is now illuminated.

Where breakwaters are now impossible owing to the depth of water, the steady floating structures can supply the want,

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and with great economy. For in the case of existing breakwaters it is only the top portion that is required to do the work; all of the structure below the fifteen-foot stratum of wave-disturbed waters is simply the foundation—and a very costly foundation—for the effective superstructure. By the new system we have simply the minimum foundation; by applying the laws of flotation, the sea below is used as a support on which the breakwater rests. On this principle terminal railroad harbours can be constructed at any point of the coast. Piers and jetties can be sent out from the shore line quite regardless of the depth of water. Railway bridges across arms of the sea or of great lakes can be built—ideal bridges, for they are not suspended in mid-air, but are supported and cushioned by the waters in which they are immersed.

Other applications are coalings tations at sea, relay stations for wireless telegraphy, steady-floating platforms for raising sunken vessels, floating hospitals, quarantine stations, hotels, bath-houses, and so on.

While the commercial uses of the invention are so varied and so valuable, there is also a naval and military side that is of quite equal importance. The provision of an absolutely steady gun platform for floating fortresses on the open seas marks a new departure that will revolutionise the whole system of coast defences and must materially change the naval construction plans of every nation. Opposed to any hostile fleet seeking to bombard or attack a coastal city, harbour, arsenal or dockyard, there can now be placed, well out to sea, a screen of defensive forts that will render aggressive approach impossible. Each of these forts will have far more deadly efficiency than any battleship afloat, for it will be able to mount more guns, to fire with greater rapidity because of its steady flotation, and to aim with a deadly certainty quite impossible on a rolling vessel. The steady-floating forts themselves are quite invulnerable, for they cannot only be protected by any thickness of armour plate, but with the target they present, sloped at at angle of forty-five degreees or more,

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penetration by shell fire is impossible—any projectile hitting them would glance harmlessly into the air. Supplemented by mine fields between the forts and a screen of submerged steady-floating torpedo-stations still further out to sea, this system of coast defence will render a coast city quite immune to attack or bombardment.

At the price of a single battleship at least half a dozen Murray steady-floating fortresses can be constructed, and these stationary battleships—for such in effect they are—will need no big crew of sailors, stokers, engineers, mess stewards, &c., instead of the 800 or 900 men afloat on a present day battleship, a few men behind the guns will suffice for this Murray fortress. The saving through the long years of peace will thus be enormous.

The plan for a lighthouse includes a strong hollow steel caisson whose bottom extends in a wide ledge or flange far beyond the sides, and is so rimmed and divided as to form a series of pens, in which ballast is piled to sink the structure to the proper flotation. Proper arrangements for taking in and discharging water-ballast make it possible to sink the caisson to any desired depth. At a point near the surface the top of the caisson slopes towards the centre, at a moderately acute angle, and is there joined to a strong steel tower, which in its turn supports a lofty tube or cylinder sustaining the lens-room and light. This structure is to be built wherever it can be most economically constructed, towed to the required location, anchored by numerous large chains to immense and ponderous blocks of concrete, supplied with men, provisions, &c., and placed in commission. It is not too much to expect that, in times not far distant, the shorter and more important routes of commerce may be lined with such lights, as a street is illuminated by electric arc-lights, and that the rules of the road will in ordinary weather be followed by sea-going steamers, as readily as two lines of carriages pass each other on the public way. Nor is it impossible that the great Atlantic ferry will some day be crossed by boats, whose navigators will

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lay their course for and by a line of floating islets, each numbered and known by its peculiar colour and lights, and offering to the cast-away sailor a sure beacon of hope and deliverance.

Last year's toll of the remorseless sea was 1088 vessels, ranging from great battleships down to coasting craft of a few hundred tons burden. With these castaways of the deep there went down to a watery grave some eight thousand of our fellow beings. And this is a recurring yearly tragedy. Humanitarianism alone calls out for the adoption of steady-floating lighthouses, which will be capable of guarding every point of danger and so reducing to a mere fraction the present loss of precious ships and still more precious lives.

Built on similar lines, the torpedo-stations of the future, almost invisible and invulnerable to anything except torpedo attack, will guard the outer channels of our havens where no land fortress can be of use, and no vessel can be safely posted. The steadiness of the firing platform will ensure perfect accuracy of aim, and no enemy's fleet would dare oppose itself to so terrible an engine of destruction. A series of such torpedo-stations lining the coast near a large city, alternating with deep-water steady-floating forts, would make an effective blockade or naval attack impossible.

The Murray steady-floating steel fortress caps a floating caisson heavily armoured, with a revolving annular gun platform within an invulnerable turret, and furnishes a steady emplacement for the heaviest sea-coast artillery. Double the number of effective cannon for the cost of a single iron-clad; economy in garrison, wages and rations; the power of carrying defensive lines so far to sea that shot fired at them cannot reach the cities they defend; a complete circle of range; great rapidity and accuracy of fire; such are a few of the principal advantages of this system. These changes in the existing conditions of sea-coast defence are so radical, that its adoption by the leading nations of Europe would reduce

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the value of national "sea-power" to an incalculable extent and with tremendous effect on the policies and destinies of nations.

A more peaceful proposition is that of great hexagonal, steady-floating, steel coaling-stations, in which the sub-sea flanges are on the inside as well as the outside of the hexagon, whose massive walls enclose an artificial lagoon. The great coal pockets are divided and strengthened by massive steel partitions, and the crest of the outer faces forms a continuous pier, at one side of which a ship can always find lee and discharge or take in coal. Moored by great steel cables imbedded in enormous masses of concrete, such a coaling-station for the purpose of war or peace can be safely located in any part of the ocean were anchorage can be found, and the irresistible force of floating ice cannot act upon it. This invention also seems likely to revolutionise the conditions of naval supremacy. In the open seas, such a coaling-station, suitably defended, would be of more value than most of the islands and havens now occupied for the purpose.

The steady-floating steel salvage platform is intended for raising sunken vessels from great depths. It is really a long, narrow dry-dock without a bottom, whose deep, hollow walls, flanged along the outside, give a flotation—steady, immovable, and capable of lifting enormous tonnage. The steady, parallel platforms, furnished with many powerful winches, make it possible to lift simultaneously and powerfully on a large number of cables or chains, and comfortable quarters and workrooms, and a snug dry dock, enable temporary repairs to be made quickly and effectively, when a wreck is raised to the surface.

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GEORGE CRABBE AS A BOTANIST

OF late years there has been a marked revival of interest in the poetry of Crabbe. This may be partly due, as Dr. Ainger has suggested, to the influence of Edward FitzGerald, who was never tired of recommending to his friends "The Borough" and "The Tales." But, however, it may be explained, we see evidences of the fact, not only in the way in which many keen thinkers are drawn towards the poet of Aldeburgh; but also in Dr. Ainger's own monograph, in M. Huchon's study of "Crabbe and his Times," shortly to appear in English dress, and in the excellent edition of the poems now being issued by the Cambridge University Press.

It will of course be admitted that from the time when "The Village" appeared in 1783, Crabbe has always appealed to certain minds. Dr. Johnson wrote to Reynolds, "I have read the poem with great delight. It is original, vigorous, and elegant." Burke, we know, was Crabbe's enthusiastic admirer. It was the touching story of Phoebe Dawson that Fox asked to have read to him on his death-bed. During the last sad weeks of his life, as Scott lay dying in his study at Abbotsford, "the only books he ever called for were his Bible and his Crabbe." Byron spoke of Crabbe in 1820 as "the first of living poets," and in his famous eulogy as "Nature's sternest painter yet the best." In the same high strain of admiration passages might be quoted from Words-

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worth and Tennyson, from Jeffrey and Lord Macaulay, from John Henry Newman, and from the present Bishop of Birmingham. "With all its short- and long-comings," writes Sir Leslie Stephen, "Crabbe's better work leaves its mark on the reader's mind and memory as only the work of genius can, while so many a more splendid vision slips away leaving scarce a mark behind."

It is not the purpose of the present paper to attempt to investigate those qualities which have caused Crabbe's poems to appeal to so many men of critical faculty and discernment. That task has been ably accomplished, among other writers, by Dr. Ainger in his admirable memoir of the poet in "English Men of Letters." We simply desire to call attention to one aspect of Crabbe's life, which finds expression in many passages of his writings, and which has never, we believe, been adequately treated by any of his admirers. We allude to his enthusiastic love of botany. The subject is the more interesting inasmuch as so few of our poets have been men of science. And with this passion for botany there is associated in Crabbe's poems a minuteness of description with regard to natural scenery which is new in English poetry. "Distinctness in painting the common growth of field and hedgerow may be said to have had its origin with Crabbe. Gray and Goldsmith had their own rare and special gifts to which Crabbe could lay no claim. But neither these poets," says Dr. Ainger, "nor even Thomson, whose avowed purpose was to depict nature, are Crabbe's rivals in this respect." And these descriptions of natural scenery, like most of the botanical allusions, are mainly connected with one neighbourhood. Though Crabbe passed his life in many places—for nineteen years he lived in Leicestershire, and for eighteen in Wilts—yet it would hardly be an exaggeration to say that the whole of his writings turn upon Aldeburgh. The little seaside Suffolk town is of course the original of "The Village" and of "The Borough." The "Parish Register," though composed at Muston, contains

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a large number of passages which bear on Aldeburgh. Most of the "Tales" have more or less association with the same place. And very striking are the descriptions of scenery in the district. Every feature of the coast which stretches between Orford and Dunwich is somewhere or other reproduced in his writings. In "The Lover's Journey" he has depicted, with wonderful fidelity, the varied scenery between Aldeburgh and Beccles. The "barren heath beside the coast"; "the lanes of burning sand," beside which "the wholesome wormwood grows," and "the dark poppy flourishes on the dry and sterile soil"; the salt marshes, intersected by ditches "with sloping banks of slimy mud," where a "grave Flora scarcely deigns to bloom"; "the rushy moor," where

> There are blossoms rare, and curious rush,
> The gale's rich balm, and sun-dew's crimson blush,
> Whose velvet leaf, with radiant beauty dress'd,
> Form a gay pillow for the plover's breast;

—all are dwelt upon with the eye of a naturalist and a poet, our author realising, as he says, that "all that grows has grace," that "bog and marsh and fen, are only poor to undiscerning men."

Many are Crabbe's allusions to his native town, on which he clearly loved to dwell with feelings of affection. There is the famous passage of "almost Spenserian sweetness" at the opening of the "Tales of the Hall," where the elder brother George, "past his threescore years," returns to settle in his early home, beginning—

> He chose his native village, and the hill
> He climbed a boy had its attraction still.

Or the lines in the "Adventures of Richard," which evidently describe the lonely marsh-land between Aldeburgh and Orford—

> I loved to walk where none had walked before,
> About the rocks that ran along the shore;
> . . . .

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And hear the murmurs of the ocean flood,
With not a sound beside, except when flew
Aloft the lapwing or the grey curlew,
Who with wild notes my fancied power defied
And mock'd the dreams of solitary pride.

More striking still is the masterly description in "Peter Grimes" of the tidal river Alde as it flows past Slaughden Quay, with its "bounding marsh-bank" covered with coarse vegetation; with its vast stretches of mud-land, "half covered and half-dry," the haunt of gulls and other sea-birds; with the low-lying marish land beyond, where, in Crabbe's time, but not, alas! now,

The loud bittern, from the bulrush home,
Gave from the salt-ditch side the bellowing boom.

Nor, in touching upon our poet's power of depicting natural scenery, must allusion be omitted to several fine pictures of an autumn landscape to be found in his poems. Tennyson, we know, found it impossible to forget that "singularly beautiful picture," as Bishop Gore calls it, of a late autumn morning as it appeared to a dejected man, in "Delay has Danger." The passage is too long for quotation, but many will recognise it from the opening lines:

Early he rose, and look'd with many a sigh,
On the red light that fill'd the eastern sky.

Another passage, to be found in the "Maid's Story," was specially loved by Edward FitzGerald, who was never weary of quoting it to his friends, as an illustration of "how great a poet was lying neglected of men":

There was a day, ere yet the autumn closed,
When, ere her wintry wars, the earth reposed;
When, from the yellow weed the feathery crown
Light as the curling smoke, fell slowly down;
When the wing'd insect settled in our sight,
And waited wind to recommence her flight;
When the wide river was a silver sheet,
And on the ocean slept th' unanchored fleet;
When from our garden, as we looked above,
There was no cloud, and nothing seemed to move.

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With these may be associated the lines in "The Patron," in which, according to no less a critic than Dr. Ainger, the essence of a dank and misty day in late autumn has never by any poet been seized with more perfect truth:

> Cold grew the foggy morn; the day was brief;
> Loose on the cherry hung the crimson leaf;
> The dew dwelt ever on the herb; the woods
> Roar'd with strong blasts, with mighty showers the floods;
> All green was vanished, save of pine and yew,
> That still displayed their melancholy hue;
> Save the green holly with its berries red,
> And the green moss that o'er the gravel spread.

It appears, from his son's memoir, that it was during his four years' residence at Woodbridge, where he was apprenticed to a surgeon of the town, that George Crabbe first seriously began the study of botany, which passion, his son adds, "from early life to his latest years, my father cultivated with fond zeal, both in books and in the fields." At the expiration of his term of apprenticeship Crabbe returned to Aldeburgh, hoping to find the necessary means of shortly repairing to London, and of there completing his medical education. The money, however, was not forthcoming, and for some four or five years he passed a somewhat miserable existence in his native town, assisting his father among the butter-tubs on Slaughden Quay, and at the same time earning a wretched pittance as surgeon and apothecary to the poor inhabitants of the district. Among the borough documents we find this entry under September 17, 1775:

"The Aldbro' vestry orders that Mr. George Crabbe, jun., shall be employed to cure the boy Howard of the itch, and that whenever any of the poor shall have occasion for a surgeon, the overseer shall apply to him for that purpose."

His passion for natural history now served him in good stead, and he spent much of his leisure time in searching the district around—the seashore, the marshes, the heath-lands between Thorpe and Dunwich—for rare insects and plants.

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His love of botany was, however, in one sense injurious to his success; for we are told that his ignorant patients, seeing him return from his walks with handfuls of weeds, decided that as Dr. Crabbe got his medicines in the ditches he could have little claim to payment. In the summer of 1778 he made the acquaintance of the Colonel commanding the Warwickshire Militia, at that time quartered in the town, from whom he happily received many kindnesses. Among other gifts the Colonel presented him with a copy of Hudson's "Flora Anglica," then the standard work on British plants. At length, however, utterly disheartened by his uncongenial surroundings and the apparent hopelessness of his career, he determined to go to London.

One gloomy day, towards the close of the year 1779, he had strolled [his son tells us] to a bleak and cheerless part of the cliff above Aldeburgh, called "The Marsh Hill," brooding, as he went, over the humiliating necessities of his condition, and plucking every now and then, I have no doubt, the hundredth specimen of some common weed. He stopped opposite a shallow, muddy piece of water, as desolate and gloomy as his own mind, called the Leech-pond, and "it was while I gazed on it," he said to my brother and me, one happy morning, "that I determined to go to London and venture all."

We need not dwell upon the weary period of distress and poverty which followed, when "want stared him in the face and a gaol seemed the only refuge for his head." This painful time was at last relieved by the notice and friendship of Edmund Burke, under whose patronage Crabbe was enabled to publish "The Library," which marked the turning-point in his career. Acting on the advice of his powerful friend, our poet also determined to relinquish the profession of medicine for that of theology; and shortly afterwards he was ordained by the Bishop of Norwich to the curacy of his native town.

From henceforth Crabbe lived the life of a country parson, partly, after a few months spent at Aldeburgh, in Leicestershire—as chaplain to the Duke of Rutland at Belvoir Castle, as curate of Stathern, and as Rector of Muston;

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then for some thirteen years in Suffolk, serving the curacies of Sweffling and Great Glenham; and finally, for the last eighteen years of his life, as Rector of Trowbridge, in Wiltshire. His son tells us that in after years Crabbe often said that the four years he spent at Stathern were the happiest in his life. Accompanied by his young wife, he would spend long days in wandering through the deep glades and secluded paths of the surrounding woods, catching beetles and moths and butterflies, and collecting botanical specimens. Like his own "village priest" in the "Tales of the Hall,"

> He knew the plants in mountain, wood, and mead;
> . . . all that lived or moved
> Were books to him; he studied them, and loved.

During this period he contributed a chapter on the natural history of the Vale of Belvoir to Nichol's account of Leicestershire; just as afterwards, during his residence in Suffolk, he prepared for Loder's "History of Framlingham," and for the "Botanist's Guide," catalogues of local plants, which contained many species new to the county. Both in Leicestershire and Suffolk, a portion of his garden was devoted to the cultivation of rare British plants; and just before leaving Muston he was busily engaged in laying out a new botanical garden. He would also, we learn from his son's memoir, copy out with his own hand portions of expensive works on botany "of which his situation could only permit him to obtain a temporary loan." Several of these botanical note-books, through the kindness and courtesy of Mr. John Murray, I have lately had the great satisfaction of carefully examining. Written in the most exquisitely clear and beautiful handwriting, they consist for the most part of extracts from scientific "Transactions," and from costly books on botany. We meet with extracts from Curtis's "Flora Londinensis," and from the "Transactions of the Linnæan Society;" with observations on mosses, grasses, and the germination of ferns; with notes on "a New Method of preserving Fungi," on "Four new British Lichens,"

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by the Rev. Hugh Davis, on "Plants newly found in Scotland," by Mr. Dickson. It is clear from the note-books that the poet was mainly interested, as indeed his son tells us, in the Grasses, Sedges, and Cryptogams. One note-book contains fifty pages—written in the same exquisite handwriting—of descriptions of British Fungi from Withering's "Botany"; another deals with the Sedges, and also includes long extracts from Withering on English Sea-weeds. Now and again we meet with a note on the medicinal virtues of plants, doubtless an interesting aspect of botany to one who had practised as a village apothecary. He notes that Mr. Gataker, surgeon of Westminster, recommended the dried leaves of the Black Nightshade (*Solanum nigrum, L.*), powdered, as a remedy for dropsy, "but this was not found to answer on trial." Again, we read that "experiments with the exprest juice of *Galium aparine* in cancers have failed." These note-books are disappointing in the sense that they contain few local allusions, but they reveal in the most striking manner the poet's rare interest in botany.

At one time, apparently during his residence in Suffolk, Crabbe wrote an English treatise on botany, which most unfortunately was never published. It appears that the work when almost completed was committed to the flames, in consequence of the remonstrances of one Mr. Davis, the Vice-Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, who could not brook the idea of "degrading the science of botany by treating of it in a modern language." The reason for the destruction of the manuscript becomes the more strange when it is remembered that Withering's "Arrangement of British Plants," which superseded Hudson's "Flora Anglica," and from which, as we have seen, Crabbe had made copious extracts, had appeared only a few years before in the same unorthodox language. We learn from the son's memoirs, that the poet used sometimes regretfully to say that had the Treatise appeared at the time his friend arrested its progress, he might have had the honour of being considered the first discoverer of more than one

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addition to the British Flora. He used specially to mention the rare little seaside clover, now known as *Trifolium suffocatum*, of which he always claimed to be the first discover in Britain. The plant, it appears, was first recorded as growing in England in 1792, while the exact date of Crabbe's discovery is unknown. But writing in 1794 to a botanical friend, he says: "I found at Aldeburgh *Pisum maritimum* (Seaside Everlasting Pea), *Chelidonium Glaucium* (Yellow Horned Poppy), *Statice Armeria* (Common Thrift), and many trefoils, some very scarce kinds: but *one day* I met with a plant that is new—no author describes it." A specimen of this new plant was sent to the distinguished botanist, Sir Joseph Banks, who identified it as *Trifolium suffocatum, L.* In a letter accompanying the specimen Crabbe wrote: "The plant grows at Aldeburgh in Suffolk in a very dry soil, over which the sea passed in an unusually high tide, about twelve years since, and destroyed the vegetation for some time after." It is unfortunate that we do no know the date of the "one day" above italicised when the poet first found the new trefoil on the beach at Aldeburgh, but it is clear that he always regarded himself as its original discoverer in England. The specimen sent by Crabbe to Sir Joseph is still preserved in the Banks Herbarium in the British Museum at South Kensington.

Turning now more specially to Crabbe's poetical works, we notice that the main botanical allusions are to be found in those poems which have the most distinct associations with Aldeburgh, such as "The Village," "The Borough," and "The Lover's Journey." But mention must first be made of the marvellous skill with which in one of the "Tales of the Hall," he marshals the technical botanical terms. The "Preceptor Husband" is attempting to teach his bewildered lady the rudiments of the science—

> He showed the flowers, the stamineæ, the style,
> Calix and corol, pericarp and fruit,
> And all the plant produces, branch and root;

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> Of these he treated, every varying shape,
> Till poor Augusta panted to escape,
> He showed the various foliage plants produce,
> Lunate and lyrate, runcinate, retuse;
> Long were the learned words, and urged with force,
> Panduriform, pinnatified, premorse,
> Latent and patent, papulous and plane—
> "Oh!" said the pupil, "it will turn my brain."

"In "The Borough" we are introduced to his "friend the Weaver," with whom doubtless Crabbe had made many an expedition in the neighbourhood of Aldeburgh, in search of insects and rare plants, who "both his Flora and his Fauna knew," and whose special delight was in the study of entomology. To the "shady grove" he makes his way, "eager he looks," and soon his eyes are gladdened with the sight of "bright troops of virgin moths and fresh-born butterflies":

> Above the sovereign oak a Sovereign skims,
> The Purple Emperor, strong in wing and limbs;
> There fair Camilla takes her flight serene,
> Adonis blue, and Paphia, silver-green.

Many are the allusions—some of considerable interest—to the flora in the neighbourhood of Aldeburgh, from "the rank weeds that every art and care defy" to the more "curious plants" of the district. The weeds of cultivation in "the fields of thin-set rye," the flora of the fens and marshes towards Orford, the wide barren heathlands which stretch beyond Leiston Common towards Dunwich, where

> The neat low gorse with golden bloom
> Delights each sense, is beauty, is perfume;
> And the gay ling, with all its purple flowers,
> A man at leisure might admire for hours—

all are noticed with precision and delight. Even the coarser plants, which found a home in waste places within the bounds of the borough, outside, for instance, the palings of cottage gardens,

> Where thrift and lavender, and lad's-love bloom,

come in for special and minute mention:

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> There, fed by food they love, to rankest size,
> Around the dwellings docks and wormwood rise;
> Here the strong mallow strikes her slimy root,
> Here the dull nightshade hangs her deadly fruit;
> On hills of dust the henbane's faded green,
> And pencil'd flowers of sickly scent, is seen;
> At the wall's base the fiery nettle springs,
> With fruit globose and fierce with poison'd stings;
> Above (the growth of many a year) is spread
> The yellow level of the stone-crop's bed;
> In every chink delights the fern to grow,
> With glossy leaf and tawny bloom below:
> These, with the sea-weeds rolling up and down,
> Form the contracted Flora of the town.

Some of these allusions are of distinct interest to a botanist. Last summer I visited Aldeburgh for the express purpose of comparing the flora of to-day with what it was when Crabbe described the borough. Most of his species still remained. Docks and wormwood and mallow and the yellow stonecrop abounded, and if by the "dull nightshade" the poet meant the black nightshade (*Solanum nigrum*) that too was abundant. The deadly nightshade (*Atropa belladonna*) is a very rare plant in Suffolk; still Crabbe found it among the ruins of the grand old castle of Framlingham, but had it occurred at Aldeburgh he would doubtless have mentioned it in the notes he supplied for the "Botanical Guide." The henbane too is a scarce plant, and in former times was much sought after by those who "culled simples," for its supposed medicinal properties; and Crabbe doubtless often gathered it in the days when he was surgeon to the borough. To my great delight I came across several specimens of this sickly-looking plant, which, as an old herbalist rightly says, "has a very heavy, ill, soporiferous smell, somewhat offensive." It was growing on waste ground near the lighthouse, and also at Slaughden Quay. From his description of the "fiery" nettle with "fruit globose," there can be little doubt that our poet meant the Roman nettle (*Urtica pilulifera, L.*), at once distinguished from the common kinds by its globulous heads of female flowers, and

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by the intense virulence of its sting. This is now a very rare plant, and is probably extinct in Suffolk; but it is interesting to know that the celebrated botanist John Ray found it at Aldeburgh, towards the end of the seventeenth century; and it was also noticed there in 1774, by a contemporary of our poet. Interesting too is the allusion to the little wall-ferns which "in every chink delight to grow." In another "Letter" of "The Borough," Crabbe refers to the "long-enduring ferns" which managed to maintain an existence on the gray walls of Aldeburgh church, and which showed "Flora's triumph o'er the falling tower." The delicate little wall-rue fern (*A. Ruta-muraria, L.*) may still be seen in its old position; it is also abundant on an ancient tomb, close to where Crabbe's father and mother lie buried; while all along the north side of the churchyard wall it is plentiful between the interstices of the stones.

The poor nature of the soil in the near neighbourhood of the sea comes in for frequent mention in the Poems. Crabbe refers again and again to the "lengths of burning sand":

> Where thistles stretch their prickly arms of war,

and

> Where the blue bugloss paints the sterile soil.

Nor are the Suffolk hedgerows forgotten, where grow

> —the crab, the bramble, and the sloe,
> The hyp, the cornel, and the beech, the food
> And the wild solace of the gipsy brood.

More interesting, botanically, is his description of the marsh-flora to be found in the neighbourhood of Slaughden Quay, where "Samphire-banks and salt-wort bound the flood"; and where

> The few dull flowers, that o'er the place are spread
> Partake the nature of their fenny bed;
> Here on its wiry stem, in rigid bloom,
> Grows the salt lavender that lacks perfume;
> Here the dwarf sallows creep, the septfoil harsh,
> And the soft slimy mallow of the marsh.

With reference to the samphire, Crabbe adds a note that the

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jointed glasswort (*Salicornia*) is meant, not the true Samphire, *Crithmum maritimum, L.* This latter plant, still as abundant on Shakespeare's Cliff at Dover as when *King Lear* was written, had not been recorded for Suffolk in Crabbe's time; but several large patches of it were flourishing on the muddy shore near the mouth of the River Orwell last summer. The glasswort is still called samphire in Suffolk, and is gathered for purposes of pickling. I noticed a large basket of it exhibited for sale as "samphire" on the stall of a fishmonger's shop in Westgate Street, Ipswich, not long since, and was told that it made a most excellent pickle. The salesman seemed very much surprised when I ventured to remark that his so-called samphire was only the jointed glasswort. There is also a note attached by the poet himself to his description of the fen-flora in "The Lover's Journey"; which as an illustration of his interest in botany is worth quoting:

> A fat-leaved, pale-flowering scurvy-grass [he writes] appears early in the year, and the razor-edged bull-rush in the summer and autumn. The fen itself has a dark and saline herbage; there are rushes and *arrow-head*, and in a few patches the flakes of the cotton-grass are seen, but more commonly the *sea-aster*, the dullest of that numerous and hardy genus; a *thrift*, blue in flower, but withering and remaining withered till the winter scatters it; the *saltwort*, both simple and shrubby; a few kinds of grass changed by their soil and atmosphere, and low plants of two or three denominations undistinguished in a general view of the scenery; such is the vegetation of the fen when it is at a small distance from the ocean. In this case [he adds] there arise from it effluvia strong and peculiar, half-saline, half-putrid, which would be considered by most people as offensive, and by some as dangerous; but there are others to whom singularity of taste or association of ideas has rendered it agreeable and pleasant.

In addition to those species mentioned by Crabbe as forming "the grave Flora" of the fen, all of which may still be found in the neighbourhood of Aldeburgh, several other rare and notable plants are associated with his name. On the "vast baich of stones," which runs for twelve miles or more from Aldeburgh to Hollesley Bay, one of the most remarkable ledges of shingle to be seen on the British shore, Crabbe

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found near the Orford Lighthouse, that most scarce species, *Diotis maritima, Cass.*, or the Sea Cotton-weed. The plant, which is densely covered with a white cottony wool, is now doubtless extinct in Suffolk, perhaps in England; but in former years it appears to have been known in many localities along the English and Welsh shores, and is mentioned by Gerarde, Ray, and others of the early botanists. It is interesting to know that Crabbe met with it, and in so romantic a situation. Two other very scarce plants, now all but extinct in England, he found in the fen-ditches near Beccles, the Marsh Sow-thistle (*Sonchus palustris, L.*), and the Marsh Cineraria (*Senecio palustris, DC.*). The former of these, a tall stout species growing, says an old herbalist, "to a man's height or more," was at one time not uncommon in certain districts of East Anglia, but it has now almost entirely disappeared in consequence of the draining of the fens. The same cause is also responsible for the extreme rarity of the Marsh Cineraria. It may likewise be noted that our poet found the Mousetail (*Myosurus minimus, L.*), a "rare little plant, at Parham, in a wet meadow, under the trees"; and *Anchusa sempervirens, L.*, or the Evergreen Alkanet, "a rare plant in Suffolk, by the old road to Parham, after you pass the run of water, before the first houses on the right hand;" and the Sickle Medick (*Medicago falcata, L.*) both at Orford, and in the "old Church Yard at Dunwich." This entry is a most interesting one. The plant, which is named after the shape of its seed-pod, which exactly resembles a sickle, is a local and uncommon one, and confined to the Eastern Counties. At Orford I found it last summer in some quantity, doubtless on the very spot where Crabbe noticed it a century ago. In Dunwich churchyard it was found by the distinguished botanist, Adam Buddle, the friend of the illustrious John Ray, in the year 1698: it was there a hundred years later, when Crabbe visited the desolate spot; and it is there to-day beneath "the one hollow tower and hoary" of the ruined church, which, as Swinburne says:

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Naked in the sea-wind stands and moans.

One other species in connection with the poet must, in conclusion, be mentioned. The most interesting plant in the Suffolk Flora, from its historical and legendary associations, is the Sea Pea (*Lathyrus maritimus, Big.*). The story goes, in the language of old Stowe the Chronicler, that in the great dearth which happened in the reign of Queen Mary, in the year 1555, the poor people on the shore of Suffolk did maintain themselves and their children with "pease" which "to a miracle sprang up in the autumn, among the bare stones, on the shore between the towns of Aldeburgh and Orford, no earth being intermixed, of their own accord, and bore fruit sufficient for hundreds of persons." There can be no doubt as to the truth of the main portion of the story, which was investigated at the time by persons of distinction. The only point open to dispute is with regard to the miraculous nature of the occurrence. That the sea-pease did in the year 1555, on the shelf of shingle between Orford and Aldeburgh, afford sustenance to a large number of persons may be readily admitted. But with respect to the miracle, it seems equally certain that the plant had flourished there unnoticed for a number of years. Still, abundant though it undoubtedly was in that disastrous year, when Dr. Rowland Taylor, the learned Rector of Hadleigh in Suffolk, suffered martyrdom at the stake, the species afterwards became rare. It is now regarded as among the choicest of British plants. It was therefore with no small feelings of delight that I found this plant, only last summer, still flourishing on the lonely shelf of shingle between Orford and Aldeburgh. More interesting still, a specimen of this plant, pressed and mounted by the poet himself, and with the label in his own exquisite handwriting duly attached to it, was exhibited among his relics, in the "Crabbe Celebration," held at Aldeburgh in the autumn of 1905.

JOHN VAUGHAN.

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SPIRITUALISM

The Ghost in Man, the Ghost that once was Man,
But cannot wholly free itself from Man,
Are calling to each other through a dawn
Stranger than earth has ever seen; the Veil
Is rending, and the Voices of the Day
Are heard across the Voices of the Dark.

"The Ring."—TENNYSON.

READERS of Tennyson who do not happen to know of his interest in what is called Spiritualism, will no doubt have been somewhat puzzled by the foregoing lines. Apart from the claims of Spiritualism, they appear to have no assignable meaning; but considered in the light of those claims, and assuming that the poet's own thought is being expressed, the lines are a perfectly clear confession of faith. Whatever his grounds of belief may have been, Tennyson certainly seems to have come to the conclusion that communication from departed souls does actually take place; and that a new religious era is dawning, of which the ampler day is being heralded by those voices which we thought to hear no more. We do not know how the poet arrived at this momentous conclusion, but we do know that he had special interviews with one of the most notable non-professional psychics of modern times—Mr. W. Stainton Moses—and it may be that he was "converted" by experiences which were never published. Or he may have had a "flash of insight" which was sufficient or the seer, but which does not, and ought not to, convince

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any one else. On any theory, it is at least interesting to note the absolutely conflicting opinions on this subject, of the two great poets of the nineteenth century—Tennyson's as expressed in these lines, Browning's as expressed in "Sludge the Medium" and elsewhere. Which of the two will history show to have been the truer seer? In other words, Is the principal claim of Spiritualism based on fact, or is it delusion and folly?

Before proceeding to any discussion of the question, it is desirable to make preliminary observations on two points. First, I wish to state that I am not a Spiritualist, and that I am not concerned to argue either for Tennyson's Spiritualism or for the 'ism of any one else. I am a seeker of the truth, willing to follow the evidence wherever it may lead; I lay claim to no vast extent of learning, either "occult" or otherwise; and I possess no qualifications for expressing an opinion, except the knowledge which I have obtained as a result of some years of study, devoted exclusively to this subject. Secondly, I think that the term Spiritualism is an exceedingly unfortunate designation. Properly speaking, it ought to mean the opposite of Materialism—*i.e.*, it ought to mean a philosophy, or an attitude of mind, which is essentially spiritual. Thus all true Christians, and indeed almost all, if not all, religionists of whatever school, may be considered spiritualists. But the term has acquired another and quite special meaning, which ought to be expressed by a different word. It would be better if those who base their religion on belief in communication with disembodied spirits would call themselves *Spiritists*—in harmony with the "Spiritisme" of the French Kardecists. For the purposes of this article I shall use this more accurate term.

The claim of the Spiritists is that disembodied consciousnesses exist, and that they can and do in various ways influence us who are still in the body. This claim is based not on any subjective and incommunicable "moral certainty," such as the Kantian proof of the existence of God, nor

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indeed on any *a priori* reasoning of whatever kind; it is a claim which, whether substantiated or not, does indubitably rest on alleged grounds which the methods of modern science are competent to examine. It bases itself on phenomena which are alleged to happen; some of them spontaneous, some evocable at will under certain conditions. The former cannot be studied experimentally, and it has consequently been said that alleged apparitions, hauntings, &c., cannot be amenable to scientific inquiry; but the doubtfulness of this statement is obvious when we remember that many sciences concern themselves with the observation of phenomena—*e.g.*, earthquakes—which are not under our experimental control. As to those spiritistic phenomena which are alleged to be evocable at will, it is, as Professor Sidgwick once said, nothing short of a scandal to science that she should continue to ignore allegations which have been made and which are being made by so many men of the highest moral, intellectual, and social standing. Whatever the significance of the phenomena, it does at least seem probable that if they occur as alleged they must be transcendently important; that they will necessitate changes in our scientific and religious conceptions, greater than have ever been necessitated before. Beside the effect of any general authentication of these phenomena, it may well be supposed that the effect produced by the new theories of Copernicus and Darwin will be small and superficial; for it would mean not merely a reconstruction of our ideas about the material environment, but also probably an admission of a new environment altogether. It would render plausible that hypothesis of a spiritual world which has hitherto been left to theology, and which nineteenth-century science thought it had exploded. It would place religion on a rational, scientific basis. Is there any likelihood—we may inquire with justifiable interest—that this cataclysmic general authentication will come about?

It may be cheerfully admitted, at once, that the phenomena of spiritism are to a great extent trivial seeming, and to some

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extent absurd. To a mind saturated with orthodox science, they are not only trivial and absurd, but also impossible. Lord Kelvin lends the weight of his great name to a condemnation of "that wretched superstition of animal magnetism, and table-turning, and spiritualism, and mesmerism, and clairvoyance, and spirit-rapping, of which we have heard so much";[1] and Professor Ray Lankester deals out similar censure, though in somewhat less dogmatic tone, to those "enthusiasts" (psychical researchers, I suppose) who "have been eagerly collecting ghost stories and records of human illusion and fancy."[2] When such excommunicatory decrees are fulminated from the high places of science, one can hardly blame the man in the street for thinking that the phenomena are due either to fraud or to some physical cause, or for refusing to waste his time in their investigation. "I strongly suspect it is the Devil; but if not, it must be electricity," is still the explanation given by multitudes who encounter any phenomena outside the daily range of their somewhat limited experience. Hence it is improbable that anything I can say will disturb so widely cherished and so simple a faith.[3] But when we find men like Professor Barrett, Sir William Crookes, Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, and Sir Oliver Lodge placing themselves in array over against Lord Kelvin and Professor Ray Lankester, and saying that, whatever the explanation may be, some of these phenomena do happen under conditions which exclude the hypothesis of fraud—when we find this, I say, it is at least permissible to wonder *which side has done the most investigating*. If as regards scientific repute Lord Kelvin is voted unanimously to the Pontiff's chair of science, it will nevertheless be allowed with equal unanimity that the quartette aforesaid may be granted at least the Cardinal's hat; and it may even be suggested that a senile Pope may get rather out of date even in matters ecclesisatical. In mere authority, then, there is no

[1] "Popular Lectures and Addresses," vol. i. p. 265.

[2] "Presidential Address," British Association Meeting, 1906.

[3] Professor W. F. Barrett, in "Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research," vol. xiii.

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great difference of weight; and it remains to ask, as we have said, *which side has done the most investigating.*

In the answer to this question, it must be admitted that the Cardinals aforesaid win all along the line. The youngest of the quartette—Sir Oliver Lodge—has been an active investigator and writer on the subject for at least sixteen years; Professor Barrett helped to found the Society for Psychical Research in 1882, and has done almost continuous work on these lines during at least twenty-five years; Sir William Crookes published his famous articles (afterwards reprinted in book form as "Researches in the Phenomena of Spiritualism)" over thirty years ago, and may still be considered an interested student, if no longer a very active investigator; while the veteran Dr. Wallace has to his credit an investigation-period of something near half a century. On the other hand, Professor Ray Lankester seems to have remained content with the laurels won in his exploit with Slade—whom he prosecuted for fraud by the "slate-writing" dodge—while as to Lord Kelvin, I am not aware of any evidence to show that he ever investigated these things at all. It has been remarked, and with truth, that the most ignorant of men may be interesting and instructive, so long as he speaks from his own experience; but that the opinions of the wisest of men, on subjects which he has never studied, are certainly valueless. The aforesaid Cardinals of science—to whom I must apologise for investing them with metaphorical ecclesiastical millinery—are certainly not ignorant, nor is their experience short or scanty; and it would seem to follow—regrettable fall from grace though it may seem to be—that the verdict of science, so far as she knows anything about it, is definitely and distinctly in favour of the reality of certain alleged phenomena which have hitherto been contemptuously ignored by the majority of cultured men. The grounds on which this conclusion rests may be found chiefly in the twenty volumes of "Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research." The reader who comes fresh to the subject will probably be as much surprised by the qualitative strength of

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the Society's membership-lists as by the evidential contents of these volumes.

Having indicated that the pioneer forces are at least strong enough to compel respectful attention, I may perhaps venture to advance from under the cover of the heavy artillery, and—as a somewhat dilettante and half-armed skirmisher—to do a little reconnoitring "on my own." Possibly all that I shall say might be endorsed by the eminent scientists mentioned, and two of them, at least, would say that I am cautious and perhaps ultra-conservative; but I do not imply in any way that I am quoting or summarising their opinions. In what follows I am giving my own views, based on my own experience and that of a few intimate friends who are also investigators.

First, as to the alleged phenomena; the question of explanation may be considered later.

On this point I may say without preamble, that I am reasonably sure of the actual occurrence of many phenomena which cannot at present be explained by reference to any known scientific laws or by any legitimate extension of such laws. These phenomena are as follows:

a. Spontaneous phenomena.

1. Apparitions. These may be appearances of living or dead people. A curious feature is that in very many of these cases the person whose apparition is seen, is—unknown to the percipient—undergoing some stressful experience such as dying.[1]
2. Supernormal sounds. These are fairly common, and frequently coincide with a death. The common stories of "death raps" are probably not entirely fictional. I know of two cases which occurred in the experience of two friends of mine, and which are inexplicable on normal lines.

b. Induced phenomena.

1. So-called "Trance-messages." A person may visit a "medium," who, in a state of trance, will sometimes

[1] See Report on Census of Hallucinations, "Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research," vol. x.

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show astonishing familiarity with the most intimate details of the sitter's family life. In a recent case in which the sitter was a friend of mine, his deceased mother purported to "control" and speak through the medium, sending her love to surviving relatives, and mentioning them correctly by name, with the appropriate emotional accompaniments. Questions were answered correctly and without hesitation, and much evidence was given which could not have been obtained by fraud. The sitting took place in London: my friend lives two hundred miles away; had never heard the medium's name until two days before the sitting, and so far as he is aware his existence was unknown to the medium until the same date; was a materialist and disbeliever in survival of death, but is now not quite so sure. It cannot be *proved* that the medium knew nothing about him—it is difficult to prove a negative—but part of the evidence concerned matter which was known to no living person but himself, and to only one dead person—viz., his mother. Perhaps thought-transference from his mind to the medium's will account for it without any assumption of "spirits"; but the experience certainly does not seem explicable on any less far-reaching supposition.

2. Automatic writing, not in trance. Many people have this peculiar faculty. Taking a pencil in the hand, or resting the hands on a planchette—with or without a coadjutor—and making the mind passive and quiet, messages will sometimes be written which do not emanate from any conscious stratum of the mind. These more or less incoherent, and sometimes absurd or meaningless sentences, do generally emanate solely, in my opinion, from the mind of the automatist. They come from the subliminal strata where *dreams* are manufactured; and they are equally unconnected with the normal waking consciousness. I admit that these messages sometimes contain matter which seems

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to point to a discarnate consciousness, but I think this is rare, and the evidence is never conclusive.

3. "Physical phenomena." I believe—absurd though it sounds—that objects sometimes move without impulse being applied by any known means. I believe also that what Sir William Crookes calls "percussive sounds" may be produced in a genuinely supernormal manner. Some kind of force seems to be externalised from the body of the medium, and applied to objects at a distance of a few feet or yards. Some one has said that if atheism is true, it differs from other truths by its uselessness; and the same may be said of the skipping about of untouched chairs and tables, and of the weird phenomenon of raps. Bnt science ought to examine all facts, and a use will probably be found for them. It has been asked, "Of what use is a new-born child?" The argument from uselessness is clearly useless. The objection which I for my part am disposed to urge against physical phenomena is that, in this department more than any other, it is difficult to exclude altogether the possibility of fraud. The recent exposure of three fraudulent "materialisation-mediums" in quick succession, casts a very lurid light on other physical phenomena as well as on alleged materialisation; and though these things may perhaps be genuine sometimes—it is dangerous to dogmatise, either negatively or positively—the fact remains that very little good evidence exists besides that of Sir William Crookes, and that there certainly has been a great deal of vulgar and bare-faced fraud by bogus mediums. Perhaps the uncritical spiritist is as much to blame as the "medium"; for his boundless credulity must be a sore temptation to a clever scamp. Of course, I do not mean to imply that *all* spiritists are credulous and uncritical; but only that these defects are regrettably common (characteristic even) among the devotees.

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So much for the phenomena: now for the explanation. The reader is justified in asking me for my theory as to these happenings, which I am credulous enough to believe. I am sorry to disappoint, but I regret to say that I can find no theory which seems even approximately satisfactory. Every theory that has so far been brought forward, if it is brought forward as an explanation of all the facts, seems to be confronted with insuperable objections. Thought-transference, suggestion, and an externalisation of force by unknown means, may "explain" some things; though it must be admitted that we know little about thought-transference, &c., and that our explanation is itself badly in need of being explained. But some phenomena, such as precognition, cannot be explained even by invoking thought-transference and giving it plenary powers. The hypothesis of disembodied consciousness explains more facts than any other one theory—though it does not explain precognition—but in many cases it is unacceptable; and in the crude presentation furnished *in concreto* at the average spiritualistic seance it is sometimes vulgar and silly to the last degree. Huxley said that "if Spiritualism is true, it furnishes an additional argument against suicide"; for the company on the other side seem to be a very low lot. Mr. Andrew Lang admits that his bias is "a desire not to believe that the dead are in any way mixed up with sittings at so many dollars," and I sympathise with his bias and his desire. However, I suppose our desires will not alter the facts, and there may be further disillusionments in store, as there were for the pre-Copernicans and the pre-Darwinians just before those dignity-damaging discoverers sprang their new ideas on a surprised and indignant world. But as for me, I will cling to my delusions until they are reft from me; and in the excellent company of Mr. Lang I will at least be happy while I may, with fairy-books, anthropology, and what Mr. Podmore calls—with some contempt—psychical bric-a-brac. If when I leave this vile body I am to be at the beck and call of any low-class medium who desires to summon me from the vasty deep or elsewhere, I will at least try to

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forget the fate in store as long as I may. One world at a time. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

But, to speak seriously, I do not think that we need fear such a consummation. There is no scientific certainty about the conditions of life "behind the veil"; and where there is doubt, we may follow Tennyson's advice and "cleave ever to the sunnier side." Where there is no certainty, we may justifiably allow our hopes to mould our beliefs. But even apart from such considerations, there is, I think, good scientific reason for optimism. The best evidence hitherto collected goes to prove—if we assume for the moment the authenticity of these messages—that after the body's death the soul enters on a further stage in its upward way towards a goal unthinkably remote; that evolution continues in action on the dark gulf's farther side; that though strife and stress continue in the spiritual realms, such strife is the necessary condition of attaining the aim which whilst here we cannot even dimly conjecture; and that the inconceivable Sum of Things is veritably under the guidance of Supreme Love and Power, though functioning often in ways inscrutable to our flesh-swathed minds. Therefore, whether or not Tennyson saw truth in detail, we can at least believe in general with the pronouncement of a poet not far inferior to Tennyson, that the Power behind is working for good, and that His laws endure.

> That fixed decree at silent work which wills
> Evolve the dark to light, the dead to life,
> To fulness void, to form the yet unformed,
> Good unto better, better unto best,
> By wordless edict; having none to bid,
> None to forbid; for this is past all gods
> Immutable, unspeakable, supreme,
> A Power which builds, unbuilds and builds again,
> Ruling all things according to the rule
> Of virtue, which is beauty, truth and use,
> So that all things do well which serve the Power,
> And ill which hinder.—"Light of Asia" (Arnold).

J. Arthur Hill.

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THE SCOWRERS AND THE MOHOCKS

THE streets of London are not without their dangers and discomforts, but these are mostly the inevitable results of an advancing civilisation. Some two centuries ago, however, they had a different tale to tell, and the perils which then beset them were those of a civilisation which was hardly abreast of the greatness which England had achieved in other directions. In the midst of our well-lighted, well-paved, and admirably policed London, it is difficult to realise how widely it differs from the London of the early eighteenth century. In 1708 the most westerly street in London was Bolton Street, Piccadilly. Even in 1759, Horace Walpole speaks of the surprise with which he saw twenty new stone houses in Piccadilly in the place of the mean habitations which previously stood there. So slow was the westward movement that as late as 1805 there was a turnpike at Hyde Park Corner. The fields came close to Oxford Street (then Tyburn Road) and Holborn on the north; and even to the south of this line open spaces like Lincoln's Inn Fields were lonely and unsafe at night. An excellent description of the London streets is given by Gay in his *Trivia*, published in 1716. Their dirtiness is evidenced by the crowds of shoe-blacks:

> The black youth at chosen stands rejoice,
> And "clean your shoes" resounds from ev'ry voice.

According to Mr. Davey, in his "Pageant of London," a

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gentleman of this period would usually have his shoes cleaned three or four times a day. Sweepers, too, abounded:

> waggish boys the stunted besom ply
> To rid the slabby pavement;

and "the laborious beggar sweeps the road." In addition, moreover, to their native dirt, the streets were made the receptacle for all kinds of external filth, and the whole was churned up by the heavy traffic into an indescribable mire. Contamination also was to be feared, not only from the streets, but from their passengers.

> Oft in the mingling press,
> The barber's apron soils the sable dress;
> Shun the perfumer's touch with cautious eye,
> Nor let the baker's step advance too nigh:
> Ye walkers, too, that youthful colours wear,
> Three sullying trades avoid with equal care;
> The little chimney-sweeper skulks along,
> And marks with sooty stain the heedless throng!
>
> . . . .
>
> The chandler's basket, on his shoulder borne,
> With tallow spots thy coat; resign the way,
> To shun the surly butcher's greasy tray.

Under these circumstances it is easy to understand the competition for "the wall," so often referred to in the literature of the age, and which kept the passenger traffic in a perpetual state of subacute conflict. Sometimes this conflict became more than subacute, and it was often a matter of rather delicate discretion "when to assert the wall and when resign." Chairmen and bullies were the most frequent violators of vested interests in this respect, and Gay recommends a strong cane as the best argument for each of them. In short, neither the streets nor the traffic which surged through them were under any effective control, and consequently there were large opportunities for various kinds of street raiders.

In Jacobean times the streets were infested by the "Muns," the "Tityre Tu's," and the "Hectors." The Hectors seem to have differed little from ordinary bullies (see *Epsom Wells*,

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by Shadwell), and of the other two not much is known beyond the names. In the case of the Tityre Tu's, however, the name seems to indicate a society which had a smattering at least of classical knowledge. Thomas Shadwell puts a reference to all three into the mouth of Tope, the senile debauchee:

> I knew the Hectors [he says], and before them the Muns and the Tityre Tu's; they were brave fellows indeed. In those days a man could not go from the Rose Tavern to the Piazza once, but he must venture his life twice, my dear Sir Willy.

The Rose, which figures in the *Rake's Progress*, was a tavern in Covent Garden, much frequented, but not of particularly good repute. In the latter part of the seventeenth century the "Scowrers" appeared, and of these we can get quite a good idea from Shadwell's play of that name, published in 1691. The play opens on the morning after an active night's work. The leaders of the band are Sir William Rant and Wildfire, who are young bloods, and Tope who is an old, boastful and garrulous profligate. Besides these there are some subordinates, who form the rank and file of the scowering army. Sir William's recollections of the previous night are half drowned in wine, so he applies to his valet, Ralph, to refresh them: "Some action in the fore part of the night I remember, but the latter part is all darkness to me: yet it runs in my head we had fray. . . . where was it?" Whereupon Ralph tells him, in a tone of reproach, "Why, here in Covent Garden. You would needs have a skirmish with some drunken bullies, awkward, roaring, blustering rascals: and Brigadier Stokes, with a detachment of quarter-staves and rusty halberts, fell in pell-mell and routed both parties."

Sir William inquires anxiously, "What execution was there? Whose scull crack't? Whose lungs pierced? Or who lustily bruised?"

> Ralph: One of the Bullies has a good lusty flesh wound, the others are a little hack't: but all of them were carryed captive to the Round House, where they have solac'd with ale and brandy all night long. Two of your

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footmen with bloody coxcombs were likewise in Limbo: two or three of the watchmen have slight hurts, which they are ready to swear are mortal; but your friends, Mr. Tope and Mr. Wildfire, are escap'd unhurt, save a little dry beating, which indeed we seldom fail of.

Sir William: An evening very handsomely spent! I am glad the Bullies are maul'd. I would rejoice as much to run an English Bully through, as an Irish Rapparee. The city ought to pay a certain number of Bullies' heads for a tribute to the Government, as the Welsh did wolves; but see my footmen ransom'd.

The Rapparees were bands of marauders which had sprung up in Ireland about 1690, but the cause of Sir William's special quarrel with them is not very obvious. With regard to the Bullies, this odious class seems to have been largely represented about that time. Gay hits off the Bully in some neat lines in *Trivia*:

> But when the bully, with assuming pace,
> Cocks his broad hat, edged round with tarnish'd lace,
> Yield not the way; defy his strutting pride,
> And thrust him to the muddy kennel's side;
> He never turns again, nor dares oppose,
> But mutters coward curses as he goes.

The Bully is a rogue, a braggart, and a swindler, haunting the outskirts of society, or ruffling it in the disreputable security of Alsatia. He carries false dice about with him for the benefit of any unwary victim whom he can persuade to gamble, and is always ready to lure young men to their ruin. Between times he turns his hand to black-mailing, or lives on the vices of some unfaithful wife. He is fully depicted in the character of Nickum, in *The Volunteers*, where he is described as "a sharper";—Shadwell, who always prides himself on being up-to-date in his phraseology, being careful to explain that this "is a new name for a rogue and a cheat." (*The Volunteers* was published after his death, which took place in 1692.) It also seems, from the same authority, that the title "Miss" made its first appearance about the same time. Aping the manhood which they did not possess, the Bullies were as much despised by the lusty Scowrers as they were dreaded by the

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weak and timorous. Even old Tope exclaims, "I will not wear, like a Bully, my arm in a scarf as a sign of battel past, when perhaps the wound is no bigger than that of a lancet in letting blood."

The favourite practice of the Scowrers was to invade some tavern in the evening, drive out the customers, ill-treat the proprietor and his attendants, wreck the premises, and above all "roar." For noise was an essential part of the Scowrer's procedure: the Motor-bus would have been music to them. When they invade Sir Humphrey Maggot's house, Sir William explains, "Oh, honest Alderman, nown nuncle, i' faith we are come to roar a little with thee":—and they did. The Scowrers proper were more or less persons of quality, but they had humble imitators in less fashionable circles. These figure also in Shadwell's play, and his description of them is quaint.

WHACHUM, a City-wit and Scowrer, imitator of Sir William.
BLUSTER, DINGBOY } his two companions; Scoundrels.

Sir Willam and his band are inclined to resent the pretensions of these aspirants. "These Mushrooms Scowrers," he exclaims, "had best see they do it handsomely, and bring no disgrace upon us, or we may chance to whip some of 'em thro' the lungs about that business." For your Scowrer was an artist in his way, and took a pride in his profession. "'Tis a hard thing," remarks Wildfire reflectively, "to scower naturally and handsomely." But Whachum is enraptured with Sir William's performances, and pays many tributes to the purity of his style.

Oh had you seen him scower, as I did, oh so delicately, so like a gentleman! How he cleared the Rose Tavern! . . . He and two other fine gentlemen came roaring in the handsomeliest, and the most genteely turn'd us all out of the room, and swing'd us, and kick'd us about, I vow to Gad, 'twould have done your heart good to have seen it.

Even his profanity has an air of its own.

Oh, if you did but hear him swear and curse, you'd be in love with him! He

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does 'em so like a gentleman, while a company of ye here about the town pop out your oaths like pellets out of alder guns. They come so easily, so sweetly from him, even like music from an organ pipe!

To some extent, of course, this account is a burlesque, but it is not merely fabulous. For Shadwell's work was, in modern phrase, remarkably "topical," and his plays are all interwoven with the quips, cranks, and oddities current in his day. We may be pretty sure, therefore, that this description of the Scowrers and their imitators has a real foundation in fact. Throughout the play the city Scowrers and their exploits are held up to ridicule. Like the Bullies, they are only valiant when there is no real danger. Whachum, after boasting that he has twisted off over two hundred knockers, proceeds

O' my conscience, this morning I beat twenty higling-women, spread their butter about the kennel, broke all their eggs, let their sucking pigs loose, flung down all the Peds with pippins about the streets, scower'd like lightning, and kick'd fellows like thunder: ha, ha, ha. . . . I wiped out all the milk scores at the doors, nay, I went about serenading with six fiddlers in a dung-cart. Ha, ha; there was a frolic! Ha, ha; there's a mad fellow for you!

But the distinction drawn here is not merely between two sets of rowdies. It points in reality to a much deeper line of social cleavage; the line between fashion and commerce, or, as it may be expressed, between the West End and the City. In feudal times the younger sons of great families habitually went into trade without losing caste; and this custom continued down to the Stuart times. But soon afterwards a change set in, and in the course of the eighteenth century a severance—which at times almost amounted to an antagonism—was established between the aristocracy and the mercantile classes. The little brush between Sir Roger de Coverley and Sir Andrew Freeport, in No. 174 of the *Spectator*—between the country gentleman and the City merchant—gives expression to this feeling, though here Sir Andrew has decidedly the best of the argument. The process was evidently at work in Shadwell's time. All through *The Scowrers* the City is girded

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at. The pompous Sir Humphrey—"a foolish Jacobite Alderman"—assures Sir William that "Duns may be very honest men." Sir William retorts, "So you citizens are apt to think, but we gentlemen believe no such matter." Lady Maggot complains that she can "never teach a citizen manners." The wild Eugenia declares that "there is not such an odious creature as a city-spark;" and even the gentler Clara exclaims against Whachum as "a filthy city-wit."

The charge of being a "wit" may seem a strange reproach, but the term in those days had undergone a curious perversion of meaning. It had been appropriated as a sort of honorary title by men about town, with the idea, perhaps, of shedding a mild intellectnal lustre over their dissipations. In most cases it was singularly ill deserved, but society, then as now, was disposed to take people at their own valuation in such matters. And thus, as lawyers are by courtesy "learned," and M.P.s "honourable," so the man of fashion of the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries became, without much difficulty, a "man of fashion and wit." In this combination the fashion was a reality, the wit was a sham. Naturally enough the former smothered the latter, and a man of wit came to mean little more than a man of the fashionable profligate habits. The literature of the period is full of this curious usage of "wit;" and Mr. Rant's rebuke to his repentant son on the company which he had been keeping, shows how little it connoted any intellectual worth.

> You'll say they're men of wit; but have a care
> Of a great Wit, who has no understanding.

Even in their politics the Scowrers proper are represented as worthier than the civic variety of the species. The latter are Tories, while the former are true Whigs and supporters of the Government, a fact which seems to Whachum to be the only blot on their fame.

> Whachum: They are the bravest blades, and purest wits in Christendom.
>
> Dingboy: But hark you, Squire, by their discourse, even now, they seem to be Whigs.

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BLUSTER: Damn'd Whigs, methinks!

WHACHUM: I am afraid they are a little Whiggish; really, 'tis a thousand pities, they have kept ill company.

Shadwell was made Laureate by William III., in the place of Dryden, who lost the post at the Revolution; and hence this rather clumsy compliment to his political patrons.

Various petty disturbers of the public peace emulated the Scowrers at a respectful distance. Among these the best known were the Nickers, whose nightly amusement was breaking windows with coppers.

> His scatter'd pence the flying Nicker flings,
> And with the copper shower the casement rings.[1]

It is difficult to imagine a milder piece of silly mischief; and as a financial transaction it was hopelessly unsound. For, as the Nicker took to his heels as soon as he had invested his coppers, he got no return whatever on his outlay.

The Scowrers no doubt were reckless and quarrelsome rioters, who paid little heed to the sanctity of person or property, but they did not generally display the deliberate malignity which characterised their successors, the Mohocks or Hawkubites. Our chief information about the Mohocks comes from a paper in No. 324 of the *Spectator* (March 10, 1712), which was written, or at any rate transcribed by Steele, and which certainly shows traces of embroidery. From it we learn that they were "a nocturnal fraternity," whose name, the Mohock club, was borrowed "from a sort of cannibals in India." They had a president called the Emperor of the Mohocks, whose arms were a Turkish crescent which his imperial Majesty bore "in a very extraordinary manner engraven upon his forehead." After inflaming themselves with drink,

> they make a general sally, and attack all that are so unfortunate as to walk the streets through which they patrole. Some are knocked down, others stabbed, others cut and carbonadoed. To put the watch to a total rout, and mortify some of those inoffensive militia, is reckoned a *coup d'éclat*. The particular

[1] *Trivia*.

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talents by which these misanthropes are distinguished from one another, consist in the various kinds of barbarities which they execute upon their prisoners. Some are celebrated for a happy dexterity in tipping the lion upon them, which is performed by squeezing the nose flat to the face, and boring out the eyes with the fingers. Others are called the dancing-masters, and teach their scholars to cut capers by running their swords through their legs—a new invention, whether originally French I cannot tell. A third sort are the tumblers,

who practised certain outrages upon women. Besides these there were the Sweaters, whose functions are thus described by Steele in No. 332 of the *Spectator*.

It is their custom [he says], as soon as they have inclosed the person upon whom they design the favour of a sweat, to whip out their swords, and holding them parallel to the horison, they describe a sort of magic circle round about him with the points. As soon as this piece of conjuration is performed, and the patient without doubt already beginning to wax warm, to forward the operation, that member of the circle, towards whom he is so rude as to turn his back first, runs his sword directly into that part of the patient wherein schoolboys are punished; and as it is very natural to imagine this will soon make him tack about to some other point; every gentleman does himself the same justice as often as he receives the affront. After this jig is gone two or three times round, and the patient is thought to have sweat sufficiently, he is very handsomely rubbed down by some attendants who carry with them instruments for that purpose, and so discharged.

Another Mohock pastime was to enclose women in casks and roll them down the street. Steele declares that the Mohocks had been "but of late established," and that the *Spectator* hoped, by calling attention to them, to procure their speedy suppression. Here, however, he is not quite correct in his dates, for the Mohocks appeared first in 1709, though not in such force as in 1712. Lady Stafford observes in a letter of March 11, 1712:

Here is nothing talked about but men that goes in partys about the street and cuts people with swords or knives, and they call themselves by som hard name that I can nethere speak nor spell; but a Satturday night coming from the opera they assaulted Mr. Davenant and drew their swords upon him, but he took won of them and sent to the round house, but 'tis thought 'twas somebody that would have been known and they gave mony and made their eskape, but what was the great jest about town was they said they had cut off his head of hare.

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As will be seen later, the Davenant story was a good deal exaggerated; but in a subsequent letter of March 14, 1712, Lady Stafford writes: "The town says Lord Hinchingbrock is among those that goes about doing mischiefe."[1]

Gay's play, *The Mohocks* (published April 15, 1712), carries us no further, for it is manifestly based on the *Spectator*. It is a farcical production, dramatic in form only, which never was, and perhaps was never intented to be acted. Modern writers have been inclined to treat the Mohocks as fabulous beings, and in a later number of the *Spectator* (No. 347, April 8, 1712) Budgell, who contributes a mock manifesto from their Emperor, half suggests that they had hardly more reality than the hobgoblins which haunt the imagination of the rustic. It is true that the evidence does not seem to cover much ground, and it is also likely enough that rumour magnified their atrocities. Similarly, during the garotter scare in the "sixties," the wildest stories of the garotter's cunning and ferocity were afloat. But of the existence of the Mohocks there can be no reasonable doubt whatever. Gay, who was inclined to make fun of them, and wrote a skit which he called "An Argument proving from History, Reason and Scripture that the present race of Mohocks and Hawkabites are the Gog and Magog mentioned in the Revelation," expressly asserts their existence in *Trivia*.

> Who has not heard the Scowrer's midnight fame?
> Who has not trembled at the Mohock's name?
> Was there a Watchman took his hourly rounds,
> Safe from their blows, or new-invented wounds!
> I pass their desp'rate deeds, and mischiefs done,
> Where from Snow-hill black steepy torrents run;
> How matrons, hoop'd within the hogshead womb,
> Were tumbled furious thence, the rolling tomb
> O'er the stones thunders, bounds from side to side:
> So Regulus to save his country died.

Again in a letter of March 14, 1712, Lady Wentworth writes to her son Lord Stafford:

[1] "Wentworth Papers."

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I am very much frighted with the fyer, but much more with a gang of Devils that call themselv's Mohocks. They put an old woman into a Hogshead, and rooled her down a hill. They cut off som's nosis, others hands and several barbarass tricks, without any provocation. They are said to be young gentlemen. They never take any money from any. Instead of setting fifty pd. upon the head of a Highwayman, sure they would doe much better to sett a hundred upon their heads.[1]

The same idea seems to have occurred to the authorities; for, so serious had the Mohock outrages become, that on March 17, 1712, a Royal Proclamation was issued offering a reward of £100 for the apprehension of any Mohock. Swift was in mortal terror of them. He writes to Stella on March 9, 1712:

Did I tell you of a race of rakes, called the Mohocks, that play the devil about this town every night, slit peoples noses, etc. . . . Young Davenant was telling us at Court how he was set upon by the Mohocks, and how they run his chair through with a sword. It is not safe being in the streets at night for them. The Bishop of Salisbury's son [Thomas Burnet] is said to be of the gang.

And here politics come in once more. Shadwell represented the baser sort of Scowrers as Tories. But times are changed: the Tories are now in power, and the reproach of being Whigs is made by Swift to be the crowning misdeed of the Mohocks.

They are all Whigs [he writes], and a great lady sent to me, to speak to her father and to lord-treasurer [Harley] to have a care of them, and to be careful also of myself; for she heard they had malicious intentions against the Ministers and their friends. I know not whether there be anything in this, though others are of the same opinion.

Davenant's assailant turned out to have been only an ordinary drunkard, and Swift begins to hope that there may be little or no truth in the current reports. But his new confidence is short-lived, for he is told in some coffee-house that the gang has special designs upon him; and accordingly, after dinner with the lord-treasurer, he comes "home in a chair for fear of the Mohocks." A few days later he receives another fright, and abandons his chair because Harley tells him that

[1] "Wentworth Papers."

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"the Mohocks insult chairs more than they do those on foot." Lord Winchilsea also tells him "that two of the Mohocks caught a maid of old Lady Winchilsea's at the door of their house in the Park with a candle, and had just lighted out somebody. They cut all her face, and beat her without any provocation." Then once more he seeks the security of a chair. "Our Mohocks go on still and cut people's faces every night, but they shan't cut mine. I like it better as it is. The dogs will cost me at least a crown a week in chairs. I believe the souls of your houghers of cattle have got into them." One cannot help contrasting this rather craven anxiety with the sturdiness of Johnson a generation later, who kept four men who had attacked him in the street at bay till the watch came up, and who, when threatened with a thrashing by Macpherson (the inventor of "Ossian"), replied, "Your rage I defy," and simply provided himself with a thick stick. Swift tells Stella all about the Royal Proclamation, adding that some Mohocks had been taken, one of whom was a baronet. This story seems to be corroborated by one of the papers of the day, which records that on June 6, 1712, Sir Mark Cole and three other gentlemen were tried at the Old Bailey for riot, assault, and beating the watch. The account goes on to state that they were Mohocks, that they had attacked the watch in Devereux Street, slit two persons' noses, cut a woman in the arm so as to disable her for life, rolled a woman in a tub down Snow Hill, misused other women in a barbarous manner, and overset several coaches and chairs with short clubs loaded with lead at each end. The defence was very curious. The prisoners denied that they were Mohocks, and alleged that they were "Scowrers," who had gone out with a magistrate's warrant to scour the streets, arrest Mohocks and other offenders, and deliver them to justice. This plea did not prevail, and they were convicted; but the fact that it was put forward suggests an interesting possibility in the history of the Scowrers. It seems to indicate that they may originally have been a sort of vigilance committee for preserving

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order in the streets, and that the authorities occasionally availed themselves of their assistance for this purpose. In this case the original aim of the association must have been gradually perverted. *Optimi corruptio pessima*, and the sheep dogs must have taken to worry the flock.

It is perhaps worth noting that the Scowrers, even after the fall (if fall there was), were fond of posing in mock heroic form as the champions of respectability, proclaiming it their business to take care that citizens went home betimes, instead of wasting their substance at taverns.

> TOPE: My dear Knight, my dear Will. Rant, thou art the Prince of Drunkards and Scowrers; thou art a noble scavenger, and every night thou clearest the streets of scoundrel Bullies, and of idle Rascals, and of all Ale-toasts and Sops in Brandy.
>
> WILDFIRE: And the taverns of tradesmen and of sober rogues of business, who should be at their cheating calling, or watchings their wives at home.[1]

The same strain reappears in the *Spectator's* manifesto of the Mohock Emperor. But in truth, none of the guardians of the night in those days seem to have been beyond reproach. We learn from Mr. Davey ("The Pageant of London") that the watchmen, linkmen and lamplighters were all more or less in league with the footpads. Gay tells the same story:

> Though thou art tempted by the linkman's call,
> Yet trust him not along the lonely wall;
> In the midway he'll quench the flaming brand,
> And share the booty with the pilfering band.[2]

It is hard to understand how the brutal and senseless rowdyism of the Mohocks can ever have been regarded as a serious political movement, but suspicions to this effect did, as we have seen, actually arise. It was a period, be it remembered, which was seething with intrigue. The Queen, at once stupid and obstinate, was surrounded by clever and unscrupulous statesmen in her council chamber, and subjected to feminine influence, which was equally unscrupulous, in her closet. A Stuart

[1] *The Scowrers.* [2] *Trivia.*

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restoration was so eminently possible that politicians were strongly tempted to make themselves safe with both sides. Political life thus became enveloped in an atmosphere of suspicion, under which even ordinary occurrences were apt to be distorted into plots. Swift's fears for his own personal safety were, as usual, very pronounced; but this feeling is well illustrated by an incident which he relates. He tells Stella that "a poor fellow" named Burr had called on him with a present of oranges. But Swift would not see him. "Perhaps it might be only some beggar who wanted a little money. Perhaps it might be something worse. Let them keep their poison for their rats. I don't love it."

The Tories, whose own hands were none too clean, accused the Whigs of all sorts of treasonable schemes against the Queen and her Government. For instance, when certain screw bolts were found to be missing from some of the timbers of St. Paul's, this was at once construed into a Whig plot for the destruction of the Queen and Ministers during service on Thanksgiving Day. Perhaps the strangest of all was the supposed Pistol-plot against Harley. According to Swift, a band-box was sent to Harley containing three loaded pistols, so arranged as to explode when the string with which the parcel was fastened was removed. Swift, suspecting something, cut the string carefully, and contrived to open the parcel without discharging the pistols. The incident at first caused considerable excitement; but very soon persistent rumours arose to the effect that the whole thing was a hoax, and that the so-called pistols were nothing more deadly than some of the iron cases then in common use for holding ink and pens. The Whigs went so far as to declare that it was a trick entirely devised by Swift himself; but whether this be true or not, the whole story is very curious. In like manner the ravages of the Mohocks were also ascribed to the political designs of the Whigs, and this charge is dealt with in a satirical ballad called "Plot upon Plot":

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You wicked Whigs! What can you mean?
When will your plotting cease
Against our most renowned Queen,
Her Ministry and peace?

. . . .

You sent your Mohocks next abroad,
With razors arm'd, and knives;
Who on night-walkers make inroad,
And scared our maids and wives:
They scour'd the Watch, and windows broke,
But 'twas their true intent,
(As our wise Ministry did smoke,)
T' o'erturn the Government.

The Whigs ridiculed the accusation, pointing out that most of those apprehended as Mohocks proved to be only common thieves or footpads, and declared that the tales of these atrocities had been deliberately exaggerated by the Tories, in order to discredit their political opponents. Later critics seem rather to incline to this view, which certainly derives some support from the fact the Mohocks, always elusive figures, seem to have faded into the background soon after the Proclamation in 1712. The inference drawn is that they never existed at all in any large numbers; but this is not necessarily correct. They might afford to indulge in their riotous pastimes so long as they had to fear no stouter opponents than the Watch. But the offer of a large reward for the apprehension of each Mohock would bring a great many more enemies into the field, and they may have prudently concluded that under these circumstances the game was not worth the candle.

Swift, at any rate, was fully convinced, not only of their existence, but of the political aim of their proceedings; and he deliberately formulates a shocking charge against Prince Eugene of Savoy in connection with them. Prince Eugene, who arrived in London on January 5, 1712, charged with a mission from the Emperor to regain the adherence of England to the coalition against France, was not a particularly welcome visitor to the Ministry, who were endeavouring to bring the War of the Spanish Succession to an end. He seems to have

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made no secret of his Whig sympathies, but there are no sufficient reasons for supposing him to be guilty of the designs against Harley's life imputed to him by Swift. After declaring that the Prince had a natural tincture of Italian cruelty, and would "at any time sacrifice a thousand men's lives to a caprice of glory or revenge," Swift proceeds:

> He had conceived an incurable hatred for the treasurer, as the person who principally opposed this insatiable passion for war; said "He had hopes of others; but that the treasurer was *un méchant diable*, not to be moved." Therefore, since it was impossible for him or his friends to compass their designs, while that minister continued at the head of affairs, he proposed an expedient often practised by those of his own country. "That the treasurer [to use his own expression] should be taken off *à la negligence*; that this might easily be done, and pass for an effect of chance, if it were preceded by encouraging some proper people to commit small riots in the night." And in several parts of the town, a crew of obscure ruffians were accordingly employed about that time, who probably exceeded their commission; and mixing themselves with those disorderly people, that often infest the streets at midnight, acted inhuman outrages on many persons, whom they cut and mangled in the face and arms, and other parts of the body, without any provocation.[1]

Swift admits the gravity of this accusation, but declares that it was established, not only by the testimony of persons present on the occasion, but also by intercepted letters and papers. No details of this testimony, however, are produced, and the charge is altogether inconsistent with everything that is known of Prince Eugene's character.

It is clear from the nature of the outrages described that the Mohocks are referred to in the above passage. It is not accurate, however, to speak of them as obscure ruffians, for, whatever their imitators may have been, the original Mohocks came from the classes not the masses.

Atrocious as their conduct was, it was free from the baser criminal motives. They had no personal profit in view, and "mohocked" simply, so to speak, for the fun of the thing. This was the distinctive feature of Scowrers and Mohocks alike, and it differentiates them from common thieves and

[1] "History of the Four Last Years of Queen Anne."

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plunderers. Their animating spirit is strangely persistent in human nature, and they have had precursors in many ages. We may see them in the "Ribauds" of France under Philip II. in 1180, who, curiously enough, acquired a sort of recognised position, under the supervision of an officer of the royal household called "Le Roi des Ribauds." This monarch, who had some quaint duties and still quainter privileges, used to exercise freely on the Ribauds the royal prerogative of taxation. The Ribauds might have their fun, but they must pay for it in the shape of fines, which their king was authorised to impose. And as the fines helped to swell the State revenue, it is possible that the State authorities did not take too morose a view of the Ribaud excesses. In the first half of the seventeenth-century Paris had her Rougets and Grisons, young aristocrats who played the Mohock in distinctive costumes of red and grey respectively; and England perhaps can boast of a Royal Mohock in Harry the Madcap prince. The Mohocks have also had successors. Soon after the accession of George IV. to the throne in 1820 there was a recrudescence, though in a milder form, of Mohock rowdyism; and attacks on the watch—"boxing the Charlies" as the phrase went—once more became fashionable among the wilder spirits of London. These revelries, however, were rudely disturbed by the establishment, in 1829, by Sir Robert Peel of an efficient body of police, whose successors are still endeared to us under the pet name of "peelers." These proved much more capable of dealing with disorder than the incompetent watchmen whom they replaced. At the end of the eighteenth century there were 808 watchmen in the City of London, "generally aged, often infirm, and the honest among them very frequently half-starved." Their wages varied from 8½d. to 1s. 6d. a night. In the other metropolitan districts, including Westminster, Southwark, and part of Kensington, there were 1241 watchmen, very similar in age and physical condition, but, in the wealthier districts, rather better paid.[1]

[1] "On the Police of the Metropolis."—COLQUHOUN.

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Yet again, in early Victorian days there was another Mohock outburst under the auspices of the Marquis of Waterford; and once more knockers and bell handles were wrenched off, public monuments injured, lights extinguished, and crockery smashed. From the "Annual Register" of 1887 we learn that Lord Waterford, having arrived at Bergen, began to play in the streets "the pranks by which he has acquired a very equivocal reputation in the United Kingdom." This form of humour, however, was quite wasted upon the local authorities, the Marquis being promptly knocked down by a watchman, and taken up half dead. The same authority tells us that, in the following year, he and some other men of fashion were convicted at Derby Assizes of trying to overturn a caravan, screwing up a toll-bar keeper, and painting houses and people red. For these recreations they were fined £100 a-piece.

So far as decent society is concerned, this seems to have been the last flicker of expiring savagery, in one of its lowest and most senseless forms, and the possibility of any rekindling of it is exceedingly remote. Nowadays we should be disgusted no doubt, at its impropriety, but we should be still more bored by its stupidity. The last tattered remnants of the Mohock mantle have fallen upon the hooligans of the proletariat, and there it may be safely predicted, they will remain, unless red ruin and the breaking of the laws should hurl back our civilisation to the outworn days before Queen Anne was dead.

NORMAN PEARSON.

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THE BRITISH VERSUS THE AMERICAN HORTICULTURISTS

PERHAPS there has never been a period in the world's history when rivalry amongst nations was so keen as it is at the present time. Each country is striving its hardest to outstrip its competitors in the great struggle for supremacy, and, as is fitting in this twentieth century, the engagements circle round commercial enterpise rather than the stress of the battlefield. Great as have been the discoveries and inventions, the leaders in craft and science find that more is expected of them than ever before; and where so much is excellent it is only the superlatively good that will stand the test of time. The skilful adventurer may captivate public opinion for a season, but unless his fair promises can be supported by something of genuine worth, his successes cannot fail to be short lived. Nevertheless, it is an undoubted fact that if a certain statement can only be repeated often enough, there will always be found a following of people ready to believe what is announced. To take an advantage of this weak side to human nature is deplorable in the extreme, and it is to be feared that there are few civilised communities in which this special form of deception does not flourish to a greater or less degree. But it is in the United States of America, more than in any other country, that Bounce—with the capital B—has established itself as a fine art. A glance through the advertisement pages of almost any periodical pub-

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lished in America forms quite an interesting study in its way. Well-nigh every firm informs the reader that it has "the largest factories in the world," and does a "bigger business than any other house," with such insistence that the superlative degree loses all significance, and one feels that ere long it will be necessary to devise a term indicative of something which is better than the best.

Within the last few years there has been no more flagrant instance of the abuse of advertisement, than the manner in which our cousins across the water have been booming the so-called triumphs of their horticultural experts. The wonderful success which has attended the work of English experimenters is well known, and this seems to have been rather a sore point with American investigators, and accordingly they have set to work with the very laudable desire of "going one better than the old country." In the pursuit of their labours they appear to have overlooked the fact, that whatever men may desire, Nature is but little inclined to hurry, and the most that humanity can hope to do is to follow a lead which the mother of all things has given. As might have been seen at the commencement this hustling has led to few good results and very little of real value to the gardens of the world has been produced in the States, when we compare the work with that which has been accomplished in Europe. In spite of much dismal failure the advertisement of American varieties goes on apace; each introduction is credited with being better than anything which has ever been placed on the market before, and one feels that in all this noise and push it will not be amiss to put a few of the examples to the simple test of comparison with similar British productions as well as inquiring a little closely into the merits of these novelities.

Free as one might wish to keep from any personalities, there is no gainsaying the fact, that to-day the question of what America has done in the world of horticulture centres round one name—Luther Burbank. Of the individual himself the present writer knows nothing, and would wish to give him

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all the credit of being a conscientious worker, anxious to add to the treasures of the garden. If this indeed be so, the man is much more to be condoled with than condemned, as a victim of the very worst form of modern journalism, although it is surely a pity that no protest is made against the treatment. It is almost incredible that a scientific experimenter could speak of the making of a blue rose, as Mr. Burbank is said to have done by an American writer. He is announced to have stated concerning this achievement, "it is one of the easiest things in the world if one should set out diligently upon it, but it would consume very much time in the making, and it would be doubtful, after all, if it added much to the charm of this rare flower;" and later, "he has seen in the consideration of its colouring an easy avenue to a land of blue roses." The foremost rose expert in England, after many years of study and experiment has expressed it as his opinion that the establishment of a strain of really sky-blue roses was a practical impossibility. After an immense amount of labour the bluest rose extant—Sir Rowland Hill—was produced, but this is of a dull purple tint, so unattractive in appearance as to be scarcely worth growing.

Mr. Luther Burbank is the owner of large experimental grounds at Santa Rosa and Sevastopol, California, and he, together with his staff of workers, has called forth a great deal of attention during recent years. The American press never seems to weary of praising everything that emanates from the far western gardens, and the originator of the new varities is hailed with such titles as "magician" and "wizard." More than one British journal has joined in the chorus of approval and published matter which has exposed the appalling ignorance of its staff on the most ordinary botanical and horticultural subjects. Still further, three years ago the Carnegie Institution at Washington expressed itself as so satisfied with the work of Luther Burbank and his fellows that it announced its intention of making a grant to the Californian establishment of ten thousand dollars a year for a restricted

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period. It cannot therefore be said of Mr. Burbank that he has no honour in his own country.

It will be instructive to consider the real value of a few varieties which the Burbank experimental stations have given to the world. In this connection it is hardly a matter for wonder that British horticulturists feel that they must raise their voices in protest, when certain plants are put before the public as great novelties which have been known in the gardens of Europe for a generation or more. One of the most audacious examples is the case of the flower introduced as the Shasta Daisy. It is stated that to produce this variety millions of individual specimens were grown, and that the final outcome is the result of the cross-fertilisation of three species of Chrysanthemum; an English variety (presumably *C. leucanthemum*); a Japanese species and an American form. But strange to say the Shasta Daisy is practically identical with a very well-known plant in British gardens—the Pyrranean Daisy (*C. maximum*), a species which most of us can remember from our childhood's days. Printed descriptions of the Shasta Daisy tally exactly with the well-known characteristics of this plant; the largeness of the blooms, the extreme floriferousness of the species, its ease of culture and the great size to which examples will grow; all this may be said for the Pyrranean Daisy. How it can possibly be stated that the ancestors of the Shasta Daisy were British, Japanese and American, passes comprehension. In another of the "floral wonders" which have been sent out from the Californian gardens, with the best will in the world one can see nothing remarkable. A new Poppy creation, about which a great stir has been made, does not seem to differ materially from the ordinary *Papaver orientale*, a common enough species in our gardens, in which the giant blooms are typically red in colour, although there are many varieties exhibiting all shades of the tint. It is claimed that the Burbank Poppy was only obtained after years of labour, and that its most marvellous feature is the fact that its

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blooms are sometimes "from eight to ten inches in diameter." Really, there is nothing very wonderful in this, for in hundreds of British gardens the Oriental Poppy displays its handsome blooms to that size, and this plant was introduced into Britain from Armenia nearly two hundred years ago—to be exact in 1714. In the case of other flowers, which it is claimed Mr. Burbank and his workers have improved immeasurably, it must be confessed that more often than not British gardeners can see little of real value in the varieties. A great deal has been said about the new Californian Gladioli, but actually these are immeasurably inferior to those which were introduced a while ago by Kelway or the continental Lemoine. For some unexplained reason the Burbank Amaryllids seem to have delighted the famous Dutch botanist, Professor H. de Vries; this is rather remarkable when one considers the fact that a fellow countryman of the professor, M. de Graaff of Ledden, has given the whole of his life, as indeed his ancestors did before him, to the improvement of the Amaryllids, and with what magnificent results the whole gardening world knows. The Burbank varieties of dahlias, lilies, roses, are much behind those which British growers have long had in cultivation, and most of the other floral innovations are scarcely worthy of detailed consideration.

In the more serious work of the garden it is to be feared that the Burbank "creations" appear in an even less favourable light than the flowers. The most important of all vegetables—the potato—is said to have received a good deal of attention at the Californian trial grounds, but British experts search in vain for any variety which will compare with those of home introduction. In the case of fruits it is not quite easy to see why we in the United Kingdom should grow such a variety as the American "Giant Plum," when our own "Victoria," a kind which quite old-fashioned gardening books talk about, is larger and probably better in every way. As for the "stoneless plum," well, one feels that one would like to know

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a little more about this novelty before taking it quite as it is said to be. We have all kinds of weird introductions on our list of what Burbank has accomplished, such as the "plum-cot"—a combination of an apricot and a plum; a cross between a strawberry and a raspberry; another between a tomato and a potato; and so on: It is more than doubtful whether such hybrids will prove themselves to be worthy of any prominent position in the fruit world. Perhaps of all, however, there has been most said about the "thornless cactus." Mr. Burbank claims to have created a cactus, a species of *Opuntia*, which is quite destitute of thorns, the thalli of which are excellent food for man and beast, whilst at the same time the plant produces a delicious fruit, and most startling statement of all, it will thrive equally well in tropical or arctic regions? By means of this truly marvellous plant it is contended that all the desert land in the world will now be enabled to produce food for the service of man, and in Mr. Burbank's reported words, "The population of the globe may be doubled, and yet . . . there would still be enough for all." This plant, for which all mankind is anxiously awaiting, is not yet ready to put upon the market, but it must surely be the most remarkable variety since the dawn of time. Of course, it is too early to criticise the merits of this cactus, although in passing it may be well to place on record the fact that "thornless opuntias" which bear edible fruits are no novelties in Europe; whilst the idea that any cactus could thrive well in the arctic regions is rather difficult to understand, seeing that no species of the group will grow with much success out of doors in England, and then only in the very mildest localities.

It is not more than two or three years ago since the announcement of the production of the "coreless apple" in America by a Mr. John F. Spencer, of Colorado, was sent out to the world. We were told that this was the greatest marvel of the age—an apple tree which bore fruit entirely destitute of core, and of such a fine flavour that it would

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eclipse all known varieties. A remarkable statement concerning this apple, which one is sorry to say appeared in a reputable English magazine, is worth quoting:

> The coreless apple does not produce any petalled blossom. In its place is evolved a cluster of green leaves which may best be described as a disorganised bud. It gives off no fragrance, and the destructive Codlin Moth passes it by to the intense delight of the grower. It produces stamens, and possesses a small percentage of pollen. Having no ordinary petals, and being a late variety the tree is practically proof against spring frosts.

Now, in the first place, the immunity which the "coreless apple" is said to enjoy from the attacks of the Codlin Moth (*Tinea pomonella*) is on the face of it pure fiction, for the female insect has nothing to do with the blossoms at all, and does not emerge from the chrysalis until June, when it repairs to the young fruit and lays its eggs in the eyes of the little apples. Secondly, one would think that by this time everyone must know that it is not the *petals* of the flower which have any direct connection with the fruit, but the delicate essential organs, and it is these which suffer from the influence of frost. A flower without petals would be every bit as liable to sustain damage from low temperature as one with a perfect corolla, and perhaps more so. Fortunately English gardeners are cautious and did not start to root up all the existing trees in order to make room for this great apple novelty without first inquiring into the quality of the new fruit. The pronouncement on it has not been at all favourable, it is declared to be of poor flavour in comparison with known varieties, and alas! even its coreless condition seems not to be a thoroughly established trait. Whatever other people may do, we in this country shall prefer to keep to our Cox's orange pippins and Blenheim oranges, for the present at any rate, and put up with the pips in them just as our forefathers had to do. As a matter of fact, there has not been very much said about the coreless apple lately.

There is not the least desire on the part of British horticulturists to discount good work in whatever part of the world

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it may be accomplished, but the only possible way in which judgment can be pronounced is on the results. There is no doubt that there is a considerable amount of good work being accomplished in the States, and this being so, it is all the more to be deplored that charlatanism should be allowed to hold such undisputed sway. It is calculated to prejudice all nations against the varieties sent out from American experimental gardens, and indeed is doing so to a considerable extent at the present time.

The system of dealing with plants in vogue at the Burbank establishment differs considerably from that commonly followed in this country. Briefly the scheme consists in the raising of large numbers—at times amounting to thousands—of one kind of plant for the selection of the best, and thus increasing the probability of good varieties coming to light; in addition, of course, the well-known practice of artificial cross-fertilisation of blossoms is resorted to as is required. This method of growing plants on a very large scale, so as to enhance the possibility of success, certainly appears to be all right in theory, in spite of the fact that up to the present our slower style of procedure leads to more satisfactory results. There is one little point which is very apt to be overlooked when considering the merits or otherwise of the varieties sent out from these farms. The Californian climate is admittedly one of the finest in the world, a perfect summer season nearly eight months long followed by a short moist winter—conditions which it would be difficult to surpass for the culture of plants. Under such idyllic circumstances, one would expect to find that wonderful horticultural achievements had been accomplished. Take the case of the thornless cactus, to which reference has already been made. It is said that in three years specimens have been raised from seed which weighed approximately twelve hundred pounds. Such an amazingly rapid development could only take place in a most favourable locality where the conditions were such as to admit of an uninterrupted growth, so that a performance of this nature cannot truthfully be referred to

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as a stable characteristic of the thornless cactus. Place one of these plants in an arid desert region, such as Mr. Burbank has undertaken to clothe with vegetation, and does anybody really think that the thornless cactus would grow any more quickly than the plants which already drag out a slow existence in these parched districts. Moreover, in every sense of the word, California is one of the worst countries to practise the raising of new varieties of plants which are to stand the tests of all climates. Instead of the strain becoming inured to all sorts of weathers, it is induced to place a certain reliance upon the stability of the Californian climate, and fares very badly indeed where such conditions do not prevail. The whole aim and object of the plant specialist should be to produce a hardy stock capable of taking care of itself at all times. As is well known, the best potatoes in the world come from Scotland, where the cool summers tend to produce a sturdy strain unequalled in disease-resisting powers. In this respect it is most important that those settling in British colonies as land cultivators should see to it that their material for planting is obtained from thoroughly sound stock. It is pleasant to be able to record that the great British firms fully realise the needs of the colonists in this way and may be trusted to supply genuine strains.

Most American experimenters appear to have fallen under the delusion that size is everything in vegetables and fruits. We hear of quinces which weigh nearly a pound, rhubarb which is of such a huge size as to be almost arborescent, and vegetable roots so big that it is well-nigh impossible to use them in the ordinary way. Size and form, although pleasing to the eye, administer nothing to the palate, and after all taste is the sense which the experimenter should endeavour to satisfy. With special culture it is comparatively easy to grow very large fruits and vegetables, but it is an infinitely more delicate matter to breed into a whole strain the fine flavour which is the hall-mark of a good variety. It is not an invariable rule, but it is very often the case, that the largest fruits and vegetables

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are wanting in flavour, and are really of small value when compared with some of the smaller specimens. The fact is so much realised in this country, that at many produce-shows exhibitors are made to understand that the size of the material they send in will no longer be taken into first consideration.

Most persons will admit that there are ways in which the great people cross the Atlantic are in advance, and in which we might well take a lesson from them. Still, in Britain we reserve the right to criticise and judge the work of any nation, and should we discover that what we have already is better than the proffered material, we claim that we are justified in saying so. If the American gardeners have anything of value to teach our horticulturists they will be only too glad to learn. Meanwhile the British plant-breeders continue their quiet labours until on occasion the patient workers are brought anew into prominence by the introduction of some lovely flower, delicious fruit, or prolific vegetable—a variety which shall carry the originator's name to the ends of the earth and add yet one more success to the horticultural triumph of this country.

S. Leonard Bastin.

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AN APPRECIATION OF "THE FAR HORIZON"

IN writing "The Far Horizon," Lucas Malet has achieved success in an experiment daring and difficult in any art. She has discarded those elements of action, atmosphere and personality that most strongly sway the emotions and through which romance readily strikes upon imagination with the force of reality. Youth, passion, wealth, ambition are not motives of action in this book. Its atmosphere is commonplace. Its principal personalities are a man in later life, doomed to a future of inaction because his work is done—and a woman whose future seems hopeless because her strength once proved unequal to the burden laid upon her. These lives appear to be sterile of opportunity either for achievements or for the redemption of past failure. Yet, although her subject does not lend itself to brilliant colours, the artist has touched her picture with an exceedingly lovely light. She has written a romance full of deep human interest, which is at once intensely pathetic and splendid with the inspiration of hope.

As Lucas Malet has not lived in Spain, her Dominic Iglesias is a truly remarkable conception of her genius. It is amazing in its insight into the nature of the most difficult, aloof and sensitive of European peoples. Probably no other type would have served the writer's purpose, because none other could offer such strong resistance to the influences of an alien association and environment. From his infancy, when

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some storm of revolution swept his parents to the refuge of exiles in England, Iglesias knows no other land or people. He is merged in the cold unresponsive humanity of the North, and absorbed into its grey life of grim utility. He retains no link of friendship with his blood-kin, nor any memory of existence in the colour and hot sunshine of the South. Yet, despite the associations of a lifetime, despite the overwhelming force of occupation and habit, he remains instinct with the pride and fire of his race—as detached from the mass of mankind about him as though he were a stranger newly come within their gates. The North fails utterly to mould his personality to its pattern, and it fails likewise to tame his spirit. His pride defies its social inequalities. Its soulless commercialism never touches his heart—and money is not master of his mind. He remains as quick in imagination, as easily swayed by generous impulse and noble sentiment, as though he served Spain in the days of chivalrous adventure, instead of serving a London banker of to-day by keeping the ledgers in his counting-house.

The whole conception of Spanish character and temperament, as portrayed in Dominic Iglesias, is so true and his relations with the other characters throughout the book are represented in every case with such absolute consistency and nice accuracy, that the work is a veritable triumph of intuitive thought. It is only possible for one who perfectly understands or profoundly sympathises with the Spanish people. For the key to much that is incomprehensible to Englishmen in Iglesias, lies beyond his individuality in the fierce, tender, lonely soul of Spain. His passionate devotion to the memory of his mother and his curious intolerance of any mention of her, his just resentment and noble altruism with respect to his employer, his patient enduring friendship for Lovegrove, his quixotic sacrifice and murderous rage in regard to the contemptible De Courcy Smyth, the strength of his unshaken hold upon the faith of his fathers—all these seemingly contradictory elements of character, disclosed by the conduct of

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Iglesias, are just those national traits through which the Spaniards won and lost the domination of the two worlds. In his swift moods of pride, kindness and anger, in his constant distance of manner and dominant will, this man was an absolute enigma to the people among whom he lived. Consequently his isolation was inevitable. Indeed, his personality is in so sharp a contrast to his surroundings that merely to think of the man is to realise his utter loneliness and feel the pain of it. And the constant oppression of his loneliness is a convincing proof of the writer's power and constructive skill. For loneliness—not emotion—is the original motive of action in this romance.

Impelled by his loneliness, which leisure renders intolerable, Iglesias, in a spirit of revolt, determines to seek distraction in pleasure—to him an unknown solace which fate denied him even in his youth—when some chance eddy in a stream of fashion brings the baffling, imperfect and wholly adorable Poppy St. John into his life. That an Englishwoman has created the complex, alien individuality of Iglesias is an achievement for the literature of her land. That a woman has created the character of Poppy on lines so harshly true, yet loving and tender, is an achievement for art. For this "Lady of the wind-swept Dust" is indelibly coloured with the prejudice that makes the passion of men, however selfish, the subject for excuse or sentiment and pitilessly condemns the passion of women, no matter what force of love, sacrifice, or sorrow compels their surrender. In women—perhaps for their preservation—this prejudice is developed with the strength of instinct. And it argues the possession of an extraordinary power of detachment, a wide sympathy and a fine sense of justice, for any woman to have laid bare the imperfections of Poppy St. John illumined by the untarnished nobility of her nature. This character, however, is even more eloquent of the writer's art than of her personality. It proves her to be endowed with that fine sense of form which is essential for the proper balance and construction of any work. For,

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in relation to the character of Iglesias, Poppy St. John is so conceived that this man and woman must be to one another's lives what the rain and sunshine are to a fertile soil. Without the other, the life of each might remain to the end sterile or sown with tares. But the relationship between them quickens potentialities of dormant virtue in both and stirs their souls to the full exercise of power. Iglesias finds in faithful friendship a truer solace for his loneliness than the perilous satisfaction he sought in pleasure. At the great crisis in his life, the stern responsibility and sweetness of this friendship give him the strength and understanding which save him from himself. So that when for a while he loses his friend, and loneliness closes down once more upon him, he turns for comfort not to things of sense but to spiritual forces and passes from blind groping among the shadows of existence, through the searching fire of denial, to the light of faith and accomplishes, in the union of his soul with the Eternal, the greatest achievement that is possible to man, while to the beautiful, pathetic Poppy St. John wandering deep among the shadows, the chivalry and respect of this proud man—who loves her not to use her meanly but to serve her nobly—come with the healing virtue of a strong sea wind. She sickens at the sordid sweetness in which she had sought solace—also for loneliness. To her, the discipline and ennobling influence of this relationship give the strength and understanding which save her from herself at that critical moment when she is free once more to choose her lot in life. And she too passes from among the shadows, through the searching fire of denial, to vindicate her genius in fame and raise her soul to heights far above those to be attained by faith alone—through the sacrament of a life redeemed from deadly sin.

Thus, in so far as it deals with the greatest problem of human existence—the relations of sex—this romance is dedicated to ideals. Nevertheless it possesses every element of a drama of passion. The strength and fascination of the man and the wit and seductive beauty of the woman whose intense

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personalities are drawn together by an irresistible impulse of mutual sympathy, their circumstances of isolation and melancholy from which they cannot find relief except in one another, the whole atmosphere and suggestion of the vast city in which they live—all combine to invest their relationship with a sense of incessant strain and danger. And there are moments when it seems as if some sudden wave of emotion must inevitably overwhelm them and sweep them to disaster—as when the sight of the man who has a latchkey to Poppy's door fills Iglesias with fierce repulsion and jealousy which threaten to sever their relations altogether; or later, when under the spell of love confessed, they rise from her balcony—steeped in the sheen of the moon on the tired summer air of London—and pass through her dim-lit, faintly-scented bedroom to bid farewell to the little house of bitter regrets and kindly memories. This was perhaps the most fateful moment of their lives, the hour of their supreme trial—and triumph. And throughout the trial which culminates in this triumph of the soul over the power of instinct and emotion, the writer strikes a note of truth regarding womanhood that is heard in every harmony or discord of human life. For good or evil in the life of every man, the predominant force alike of influence or inspiration is a woman—and it is a woman who most often has to bear the breaking strains of life. It is the gleam of pure gold in Poppy St. John which first arrests Iglesias when, for all his strength and virtue, he deliberately treads the path to perilous places. It is her influence in his life that first inspires the great achievement which transforms it. And from first to last it is Poppy St. John—unblessed by sacred memories and outside the social pale—who bears the breaking strain of the effort of renunciation by which this man and woman attain a perfect relationship.

Full as it is of pathos and beauty, the purely human interest attaching to this relationship does not in itself suffice to explain the purpose of this romance. Its purpose lies in a sphere of action and perspective distinct from that of worldly

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considerations. The thought of the writer has penetrated beyond the mould of matter which manifests—and masks—the mystery of life. Her vision of existence is not confined to the buying, selling and begetting which limit the horizon of the ordinary mind. She contemplates the destiny of man upon the limitless perspective of the far horizon which bounds the ocean of material existence with the glory of the uncreated light. And she rightly conceives that the real function of man is to reflect that all-pervading light by the rays of the soul within him. So that, in its infinitely small degree, humanity may hasten the consummation of that ultimate design by which the light shall continue to banish darkness from the universe until the whole fabric of creation stands transparent in its rays. This is the vast mysterious drama of existence in which the creatures of the writer's imagination have suffered, striven and renounced—this is the great design for the consummation of which they have triumphed. And in its proud assertion of the invincibility of the divine element in human nature and the possibility of the immediate realisation of ideals lies the true purpose of this romance —the noble inspiration of which is the message that it carries to mankind.

E. John Solano.

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ON THE LINE

IT will be remembered that in 1903 the British Government instructed its Consul at Boma, Mr. Casement, to inquire into and report on the alleged maladministration of the Upper Congo territories. Mr. Casement's report when published (White Book. Africa No. 1, 1904) contained charges against King Leopold's African administration so grave as to be received with mingled horror and incredulity, and as a result of the report, Viscount Mountmorres in 1904 undertook to visit the Congo territory and report his personal experience in a series of letters to the *Globe*. His qualifications for the task were not of course to be compared with those of Mr. Casement, for the latter, in addition to wide experience in West Africa and Portuguese East Africa, had the unique advantage of having travelled in the Congo territory when the Congo Free State was in its infancy, and was thus able not only to compare methods of administration in that country with those in force in the African protectorates and colonies of other sovereign powers, but also to estimate the moral and material effect on the natives of twenty years of King Leopold's administration. The publication in volume form of Lord Mountmorres' report (**The Congo Independent State: a Report on a Voyage of Inquiry**, by Viscount Mountmorres. Williams & Norgate. London, 1906) has been delayed by the illness of the author. This delay, unfortunately, discounts the controversial value of the book, as since the

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author's journey to the Congo, the report of King Leopold's Commission of Inquiry, by admitting the charges made against the Congo administration to be true, has altered the whole aspect of the Congo question. From a question as to the truth or falsehood of certain allegations it has become one of what measures of reform should be adopted. As, however, the Belgian Government is now seriously considering the advisability of annexing the Congo territory, and will have to determine what defects in the existing administration have given rise to abuse, it is interesting to examine the views of one who has seen it at work, and who is very obviously in sympathy with the existing government.

The author admits the gravity of the abuses which have arisen from the surrender by the State to concessionaire companies of the right to impose taxes, and declares that "no words can convey an adequate impression of the terrible and callous inhumanity which marks the methods of the territorial companies, nor of the abject misery and hopelessness of the native population." He asserts, however, that the State has granted concessions over only "a very small part of its territories," and is of opinion that "the Independent State of the Congo, in so far as those regions are concerned which are under its immediate rule, has no more reason to be blamed than any other." He must surely be mistaken in calculating that out of the 800,000 square miles covered by the Congo Free State, an area of only 25,000 square miles is exploited by concessionaire companies. According to a map published in "King Leopold's Rule in Africa," by E. D. Morel (Heinemann, 1904), the area exploited by the Abir, Anversoise, Kasai, Kwango, Katanga and Lomami Trusts amounts to 886,412 square miles. To this total must be added the area covered by three smaller ill-defined concessions, and the 112,000 square miles, known as the Domaine de la Couronne. This last is not exploited by a concessionaire company, but is reserved as the personal property of King Leopold. Its officials are responsible not to the Congo Government but

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to the king alone, and the territory must therefore be included in the area not directly governed by the State. The territory for which the State is not directly responsible appears by these figures to be not merely a thirty-secondth but considerably more than a half of the whole area of the Congo Free State, and as Lord Mountmorres emphatically condemns the methods of the concessionaire companies, it is important to know which of these calculations is correct. Lord Mountmorres does not seem to consider that the State can be blamed for the crimes of the concessionaire companies. The singularity of this view is the more remarkable in that the State holds from one-third to two-thirds of the shares of these companies.

The author is loud in praise of the extent to which the State has developed its territories; of the rapid transport afforded by river steamers ranging between 15 and 500 tons burden, by motor cars, and by traction engines; of the extent to which communication by telegraph and telephone is possible, and of the magnificence of its public buildings. This rapid development never fails to arouse the admiration of Congo apologists, but its connection with the fundamental question of Congo misrule is not obvious, and certainly does not turn the controversial scale in favour of the Congo State when it is considered at what a cost to the natives in sweat, and too often in blood, this development has been achieved, and that the forced labour of the natives has not only paid for all this, but has yielded a handsome revenue besides. The author also expresses much admiration for the scientific work undertaken by the State: the experimental plantations, the farms for the acclimatisation of domestic animals, and the domestication of elephants; the Government publications issued to all officials containing advice on matters ranging from the care of health to the cultivation of garden produce, and, above all, for the research into the causes of tropical diseases which the State encourages. Such organisation as this compels admiration. Indeed, the whole purpose of the State, as expressed by laws designed in the natives' interest and defined in the pious

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utterances of its Sovereign, seems inspired by ideals higher than those of any other sovereign power in Africa. The pity is that an administration capable of devising so high a standard should fall so low as, in order to swell its revenues, to put a premium on extortion by paying its officials commission on a sliding scale on the amount of revenue they can raise, a policy which Lord Mountmorres condemns when employed by concessionaire companies, but ignores when employed by the State itself.

He denies, however, that the tax falls hardly on the natives. No man, he says, can be taxed whose name is not on the district official's register; and yet few try to escape taxation by avoiding having their names registered, for the natives find that a man whose name is not registered is deprived of State protection. One wonders whether the author obtained this information from an official or a native source, or what civil rights the State confers so desirable that a man will pay a fortnightly tax rather than relinquish them. The statement is to some extent discounted in an article contributed to the *National Review* of November last by the Governor-General of the Congo State, in which Baron Wahis naïvely admits that "the natives always move away when the whites establish themselves in any district."

The author would probably admit that much of his information is derived from official sources, for it is too wide and too detailed to have been independently collected during a visit to the Congo territory of only a few months' duration. If this is so, his evidence is naturally not above suspicion of bias; and that he was misinformed on one highly important point is obvious. He declares that "from the very fountain-head downwards the political administration is separated from the judiciary, the Minister of Justice ranking with the Vice-Governor-General, and being answerable, not to him, but direct to his Sovereign in Europe." The Commission of Inquiry, which is unlikely to have been kept in ignorance of anything favourable to the State, reported that no white man

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could be prosecuted without the authorisation of the Governor-General, and declared "that it is the moral enfranchisement of the magistrate from his dependence on the administrative authority that is most urgent."

The author's defence of the State's administration wherever this is direct and not entrusted to concessionaire companies, is enthusiastic but not convincing. His information seems too clearly to have been derived from official and therefore interested sources. He quotes the law which limits the amount of labour that can be demanded from each adult as if it were not on the heartless and deliberate violation of that law that the case against the Congo administration is fundamentally based. He lays stress on the fact that his visits to officials were often unexpected, as if the crimes for which the Congo State is responsible, crimes which were committed for the most part in the depths of the forests by armed native sentries, were a matter of daily occurrence, easy to be detected by any one travelling through the country with discretion and secrecy. Not having personally witnessed any abuses he concludes that the State has suddenly undergone complete reformation, and brushes aside as irrelevant missionary evidence of all crimes not committed within the few months previous to his visit. Ignoring the fact that protests against Congo maladministration were first made by a Swedish missionary, then by the Aborigines' Protection Society, and continued by some fifty missionaries and travellers of various nationalities, he affects to regard the motives of those who impeach the Congo State as interested. In his concluding remarks he says:

> Those who by this system [King Leopold's appropriation of all forest produce] are shut out from a participation in the wealth of these splendid territories, although they may have good grounds for complaining at this exclusion, are not justified in maintaining that the organisation which has the monopoly of this wealth has been guilty of inhumanity or neglect of the interests of the natives in developing its resources.

This veiled sneer at those who are engaged in fighting

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a gigantic trust that battens on human misery, a sneer that is constantly repeated in the free literature which King Leopold's secret press bureau distributes in the *wagon-lits* of Continental trains, is hardly worthy of a book that claims to be an impartial contribution to the discussion on the Congo question.

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THE LONELY LADY OF GROSVENOR SQUARE

BY MRS. HENRY DE LA PASTURE

CHAPTER XXII

MADAME LA MARQUISE

> As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
> So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.
>
> J. Russell Lowell.

"IS Madame de Courset at home?" asked the Duchess.

"I believe the Marquise has not yet left her room, your Grace," said Hewitt distantly.

For the assurances of Mr. Valentine had finally dispersed the doubts of Hewitt, so that he made haste to show his zeal in the service of his new mistress, by resenting any implied slight to her importance.

It was his instinct, apart from training, to be obsequious to Duchesses; even though they should elect to call at unsuitable hours, on foot, and badly dressed, and more obviously in a hurry than was at all compatible with ducal dignity; but the latest domestic *on dit*, had acquainted Hewitt with the fact that there had been a somewhat heated controversy between the Duke and his parent just before the young man's latest visit to Grosvenor Square; and Hewitt had put his own construction upon the only detail which had yet transpired; that

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her Grace had been discovered in tears, after the departure of her son.

"Of course she've been and took against the match now there's a heir turned up," reflected Hewitt. "But I can't see as she can *do* nothing, storm as she will, since the Duke's of age. Mrs. Dunham must have been right when she declared that she was sure and certain something was settled yesterday, when he called on Miss Jane; or her Grace wouldn't never have turned out of her bed at this hour of the morning, and come round here seemingly in the worst of tempers."

Therefore Hewitt determined to uphold the dignity of his family by employing a tone of the most distant respect towards the Duchess, instead of exhibiting the reverential urbanity demanded by her exalted rank, when inviting her to enter.

The Duchess waited for no invitation, and heeded the intonations of Hewitt as little as she heeded the colour of the doormat over which she stepped.

"Tell Madame de Courset I will wait," she said, stumping into the morning-room, of which the door stood open, without further ado. "And tell her—here, you had better take up my card—that I should be glad to speak to her as soon as possible."

"How very strange that the Duchess should ask for you, and not for me," said Jeanne, surprised.

"No, do not think it strange," said Anne-Marie, as she rose from the carpet on which they were both kneeling, at play with petit Jean. "It is, on the contrary, what I should have expected, though it is perhaps rather early——" she glanced at the clock, "half-past ten. But there is yet two hours before we must be at the office of M. Valentine."

She smoothed her raven hair, adjusted her flowing black draperies, and went downstairs to meet the mother of her sister's fiancé.

It is certain that the Duchess expected to see no such tall and stately figure, no such gracious dignity and winning

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beauty, as suddenly confronted her when Anne-Marie entered the room and closed the door behind her. She returned Madame de Courset's composed and graceful salutation with an agitated nod.

The poor Duchess was neither young nor slim; she was much upset by a wakeful night; she had walked too fast, and too soon after breakfast; and the morning was excessively warm.

It was impossible that she could rise, as she would have wished, to the occasion.

Anne-Marie, acting with the calm decisive promptness to which Louis had referred as her characteristic, opened the conversation without embarrassment.

"I have expected, madame, to see you, since yesterday."

"Expected me?" panted the Duchess, in amaze.

"That you should call so early—that you should lose no moment—even this is to be expected. I, too, am the mother of a son, and can understand," said Anne-Marie, with dignity inexpressible.

Then the Duchess found breath.

"Last night—late last night, my son informed me, that after applying to you, *to you*, for permission, he had asked your—your sister-in-law to marry him.

"It is true," said Anne-Marie. "He had the delicacy to apply first to me, who stand in the place, alas, of her brother, her natural guardian. I am very well aware that in your country this is not necessary; I know that here a man need not even seek the permission of his parents to marry. Myself, I think this a very wrong and terrible thing."

"It is, *terrible*. I am glad you see it in such a sensible light," said the Duchess, feelingly.

"But in this case—for my sister has told me of your amiability, of her stay in your house, and your maternal solicitude—she needs not to have doubt of your approval—of your gladness to accept her as a daughter?" said Anne-Marie; but now there was a questioning accent in her voice.

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The Duchess hesitated.

The explanation was not easy. She had, in a thousand ways, invited Jeanne to take for granted that such a daughter would be more than welcome to her. She had been not only affectionate, but effusive, during her stay at Challonslegh; and above all during that last short and moving interview, when she had supposed that Jeanne was about to inherit her brother's large fortune.

"Has something occured to make you change—that you wish it no longer?" asked this clear-sighted questioner.

"Nothing—nothing, so far as Jeanne herself is concerned," said the Duchess, feeling she could say no less. The tears rose to her eyes. She was not unfeeling; and she felt it, besides, very hard that she should thus be forced, of cruel necessity, to appear to be a mercenary woman. That she *was* rather a mercenary woman made it none the less hard.

"Madame de Courset," she said, half-ashamed to find herself appealing, apologetically, to the very woman whom she had yesterday continued to denounce as an impostor, despite her son's assurances that the family lawyer had been aware of the marriage of Louis, and in the existence of his son—"no one in the world—no one, I can assure you, that I have ever seen would suit me better as a daughter than little Jeanne. She is personally, and in disposition, all I could possibly wish her to be."

"*Mais oui, elle est très douce,*" said Anne-Marie, as though she had already divined and understood the somewhat arbitrary character of Jeanne's prospective mother-in-law.

"But my son——" said the Duchess, moving uneasily beneath the calm gaze of those clear eyes, "the Duke, madame, in spite of his rank, is a very poor man."

"*C'est toujours ainsi,*" said Anne-Marie, sympathetically. "In our class we do not make money—we spend it. What would you? *Cela se comprend!*"

The Duchess was petrified. But she knew not how to disagree with Anne-Marie, seated calm and reposeful before

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her—so loftily and unmistakably a representative of the *ancienne noblesse;* so entirely and innocently unaware that there could be any doubt of her own complete equality with the Duchess of Monaghan.

"M'yes," said the Duchess, faintly.

There was a moment's pause; the elder lady struggling to recover herself, and the younger politely waiting lest the elder should wish to speak first. Finding this not to be the case, the Marquise came to the rescue of the Duchess.

"Happily," she said, graciously, "though the fortune of M. le Duc is not equal to his position, nor (you will permit me to add, madame) to his merits, this slight misfortune need not, in this particular case, present any obstacle to the union of our families. Since the *dot* of my sister will be so large —if it is this consideration that is troubling Madame la Duchesse ——?"

"It is, it is," cried the mother of the Duke, almost weeping. "I daresay you will think badly of me; one is not supposed to care about such things, but——"

"*Mais pas du tout!*" said Anne-Marie, surprised. "It is surely the duty of a mother to occupy herself of such matters! If not she, then who? In France we should think it strange indeed if she had neglected to inform herself, by every inquiry, of the prudence of the marriage of her son."

"I have always said they manage these things better in France," said the Duchess, wiping her eyes.

She was really a pathetic figure, as she sat on poor Miss Marney's favourite couch; her short stout form outlined against the delicate rose-coloured cushions; her broad face flushed and heated, her grey front (which she had replaced in a hurry on her return to town), more than a little awry, beneath a bonnet so old and so unfashionable that her maid would fain have thrown it into the dustbin, but that it happened to be the one her Grace usually asked for.

"Alas, madame," said Anne-Marie, "it is not always easy, even in France, for those of our order to marry where they

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would. That, also, understands itself. But in this case—the *dot* of my sister renders it possible——"

"But my dear—my dear Marquise," said the Duchess, abandoning the last shred of supposition that this most clear-headed, sensible, and sympathetic of listeners could be an impostor. "*Has* she a *dot?* that is the question. When I asked my son last night, he could tell me nothing. He knew what the poor—her poor brother's intentions originally were, no doubt; but he could only suppose with me that the birth of an heir would have made all the difference. I am sure he would not have willingly trifled with my anxiety," said the poor Duchess, again growing rather lachrymose, "but I cannot say that he expressed the interest in a question of such vital importance to him that a young man in his position ought to feel."

"It is very natural," said Anne-Marie indulgently. "The young leave these considerations to their family. They love, and they think not of such matters. But how could my sister go to her husband, and a husband of a position so great as M. le Duc de Monaghan," said Anne-Marie, with her courteous inclination, "without a *dot?* That would be impossible indeed! These questions are for us, madame, to discuss."

What a reasonable, what a superior creature was this! The Duchess felt almost inclined to embrace Anne-Marie.

"Unless her poor brother left a will," she said hurriedly, "your sister-in-law will, I believe, get nothing at all of the great fortune left by her aunt. Surely, madame, you must be aware of this?"

"Alas, madame, I understand little of your laws. It seems that one child of the same parents can here be given all, and another nothing. Our customs appear to me more just. The children, brother and sister, share alike. Has a woman, then, less need of money than a man?"

"More need, more need," said the Duchess hungrily, "and especially when she marries a poor man."

"My husband," said Anne-Marie, softly, "did make a

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will, just after our marriage in South Africa; that his sister might by the law of England have her share of all that belonged to him, in case of his death. And her share was to be the half of all. This he told me, and this he wrote to my sister, and to Mr. Valentine."

"But that was before he inherited this property—before the birth of his son——"

Anne-Marie shook her head wearily, and half-closed her beautiful hazel eyes. She was growing very tired of her interview with the Duchess.

"It makes no difference—none at all," she said gently. "That is the will of my husband."

The Duchess had a heart, though it was a small one; and suddenly, though tardily, it smote her, as she looked at the pathetic young face, framed in the severe French mourning of recent widowhood. She remembered *how* recent, and had the grace to be ashamed of her intrusion, and of what now even justly presented itself to her as her importunity.

"Forgive me," said the Duchess; her loud voice softened.

Anne-Marie smiled faintly, and made a little movement with one hand, as who should say, It is nothing.

"Forgive me; and if I might ask you—say nothing to my son of my visit here. I ought not, indeed, to have come to disturb you, but—but—oh, when your son grows up you, too, may know what it is to have to stand by watching him"—she wrung her hands in a despairing burst of confidence—"watching *them*, in my case, do one thing after another that you would stop if you could. But no, you must not interfere, for they are *men*, and independent, though they be ever so wild or so foolish."

"Is M. le Duc, then, wild and foolish?" said Anne-Marie, in wonder.

"No, no, no! I was not thinking of Denis. My feelings carried me away," cried the Duchess. "I have other sons, less wise, but not less dear than he, poor fellows. Oh no, no, Denis is all that any one could wish. It is for that I am so

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doubly anxious that he should marry and settle down and have sons of his own—if only there is enough fortune to make it possible. His conduct has never given me a moment's anxiety in all his life."

"That is what I understood," said Anne-Marie gravely. "When I heard from my sister of the visits of her cousin, which had afforded consolation to her solitude (a consolation that would not have been possible, madame, in our country to a young girl, though attended by so devoted a *gouvernante* as this good Dunham; but I am aware that young girls here are accorded a liberty extraordinary), I, too, found it my duty, as you will readily figure to yourself, madame, to make inquiries. And I had the happiness of learning from the respectable M. Valentine that M. le Duc was of a character irreproachable; otherwise, as you will perfectly comprehend, I could not," said Anne-Marie, with a sad but charming smile, "have accorded my sanction to his application for the hand of my sister."

Thus was the Duchess vanquished and routed in her encounter with Anne-Marie; and so completely that it was not until she reached home that she realised, being by no means a quick-witted woman, that, in spite of the serene assurance of the Marquise, nothing could be known for certain concerning Jeanne's fortune until the will of Louis had been opened.

But the close of the day fortunately put an end to her doubts; when her son—who had every desire to relieve his mother's anxiety as soon as possible, and was, to say the least, and in spite of his love, as much interested in the matter as she was—informed her that Louis had made no fresh will upon succeeding to his property, since the one drawn up and signed immediately after his marriage would, as he had instructed Mr. Valentine, answer every necessary purpose.

This divided all his property, without reference to the amount, in equal shares between his wife and sister, in

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accordance with his letter to Jeanne; and appointed her sole executrix.

The situation was perfectly clear, and afforded no difficulties beyond the exact division of the estate; and over this, as the Duke remarked to his mother, Anne-Marie and Jeanne were very little likely to dispute.

"No, indeed, Jeanne is far too amiable; and the Marquise is an admirable person," said the Duchess; forgetting, in her joy, that she had implored Anne-Marie not to mention her visit to the Duke.

"Have you seen her?" he asked in amaze.

"I——I called upon her this morning, Denis," said his mother, faltering.

So they perceived that Madame la Marquise could keep a secret.

Jeanne had intended to break the news of his nephew's marriage to Uncle Roberts by word of mouth, in accordance with the intention Louis himself had expressed; but Anne-Marie, in calm consultation with the respectable M. Valentine, decided otherwise.

"To write, it is better," she said. "Let there be, on this occasion, no more surprises, no more *coups de théâtres*."

"But it is so difficult to know what to write. He does not like letters, particularly long letters; and it would need a very long letter to explain it all," said Jeanne. "And one never knows how Uncle Roberts will take things."

"Then it is as well that you should not be there," said Anne-Marie sensibly. "A man in these circumstances needs time to reflect how he will act. Time also, perhaps, to overcome the first burst of his surprise, it may be his anger—in fine, his emotions, and to compose himself. It is *ce bon* M. Valentine who will write of what he learnt from my husband. He will doubtless send a copy of his letter of announcement, or of such papers as may be necessary. It goes without saying that it is *ces messieurs* who will concern themselves of

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business. But for you, you will write of your engagement, and of your filial sentiment; and for me, I have but to ask that I may be permitted to make a pilgrimage to the home of my husband's infancy; and to demand the blessing of his uncle for my son."

The letters were written and despatched in strict accordance with these directions; and whatever Uncle Roberts' emotions may have been on the receipt of the intelligence they conveyed—he certainly took time to reflect and compose himself before he decided upon the proper course of action to take in the matter; for ten days elapsed before his anxiously awaiting niece received an answer to her letter; and to theirs, the lawyer and Anne-Marie received no answers at all.

"Dear Niece," wrote Uncle Roberts in his usual laconic style. "Yours to hand. I hope you may be happy in your choice, and that your Future Husband is a godly man. You will be set in High Places, take heed lest you fall.

"To hear of the poor lad's marriage was a Surprize to Sally Morgan and myself. If it had pleased God to spare him, he would have told me all Himself on his coming Home, this was not to be. I should take it kind of the french Lady he has married to bring his Son to see me. Sally Morgan bids me say the Spare Room is now ready, likewise his that was, and your own.

"May God's Blessing rest on you is the prayer of your affectionate uncle and well-wisher,

"Llewellyn Roberts."

"Oh, Anne-Marie, do you see? He did not write earlier, only because he waited till the spare room should be ready. How like Uncle Roberts."

"It is the letter of a noble, a pious and a generous man," said Anne-Marie, reading between the lines of the homely yet dignified epistle. "He makes us no reproaches. He speaks

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not of his own feelings. I will teach my son to honour him, and we will make the journey together before we return to France."

For Anne-Marie withstood firmly, though gently, all the entreaties of Jeanne, all the arguments of Mr. Valentine, and all the invitations of the Duchess.

She would not prolong her stay in England, she said, by a day, after the marriage of her sister should be accomplished. She would return to her home.

"My son is French," she said, "by birth, by parentage, by descent. Also he shall be French by education, by sentiment, and by association. This would not be possible were he to be brought out of his own country: which would also, to me, be exile," she added, with frankness.

The Duke declared himself on her side, and Jeanne was persuaded to see the justice of her arguments from Anne-Marie's point of view; but not all her reverence for the family traditions reconciled her to the proposals that her nephew should grow up a stranger to the country in which his fathers had been born, and for which they had died, for three successive generations.

It was Anne-Marie who decided that the Marney collection must not be divided, but should belong to Jeanne's share of the property. The Duke rejoiced at the prospect of being enabled to examine the Dutch pictures in detail, and discover as many fresh beauties in them as he chose, for the rest of his natural life.

The house in Grosvenor Square was also to be Jeanne's; and as a set-off, the large and valuable Orsett estates were to be sold for the benefit of Anne-Marie and her son.

"For me——I will buy the Château de Courset," said the Marquise. "It is there my son shall spend his childhood."

"Is it for sale?" cried Jeanne, turning pale with excitement and awe, for the restoration of the château had been among the fondest and most unlikely dreams of her childhood.

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"How very fortunate it should be for sale," said the Duke and Mr. Valentine in a breath.

"*Mais non*," said Anne-Marie, calmly, "it is not for sale. It belongs to a *bon petit bourgeois gentilhomme*. He is a brave boy, and above all a very prudent one. He is also of my acquaintance. When I offer him more money than it is worth, he will certainly not refuse me."

"No, madame, I do not think he will refuse you," said Mr. Valentine, and he looked at the Duke, whose blue eyes twinkled responsively.

He, too, thought it probable that Anne-Marie would get her way.

The event subsequently justified his conviction, for the brave *bourgeois* retired with all possible speed from the Château de Courset, to make room for the Marquise and her son; overwhelmed with the magnitude of the sum offered him for this concession.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE LONELY LADY LONELY NO MORE

Is life a boon?
If so, it must befall,
That Death whene'er he call
Must call too soon.
W. S. GILBERT.

AWAY from London, from the heat and crowd of the season, the rolling of carriages and motors and electric broughams, the clatter of hansoms and rattling of omnibuses in noisy streets, from an atmosphere vitiated by myriads of chimneys, and choked with the dust of the wood-pavements—to the silence of the mountains, to the pure fresh air of the green valleys after the rain, to the May meeting of spring and summer on the flowering hillsides.

At Coed-Ithel the old stone-tiled, ivy-clasped house was no longer bared to the view of every passer-by, through the

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gnarled and naked boughs of winter, but was embowered and hidden in blossoming orchards holding aloft their burden of rosy bud and white bloom against a cloudless turquoise sky.

The dark yew guarding the rustic gate stood among the snowy loveliness of the pear trees, like a death's head at a bridal feast.

Golden lights fell through the green leaves of the oaks, upon the grass, now yellow with buttercups, upon patches of wild blue hyacinths, upon violets smothered in growth, and mossgrown stones hiding the trickle of the mountain stream —a torrent no longer.

Jeanne felt that Coed-Ithel needed no apology — no explanation from her, upon such a May-day as this.

Uncle Roberts, alas, had discarded his working-clothes for his Sunday suit; his rust-coloured hair and whiskers bore traces of a recent and liberal application of Macassar oil; but Frenchwomen, though not less delicate, are certainly less squeamish than their English sisters; and if Anne-Marie observed the strong scent of the Macassar (which indeed she could hardly have failed to do, since she embraced her astounded relative on both cheeks before he had time to resist), she accepted it as an evidence of Uncle Roberts' desire to do her honour, and was touched accordingly.

The embarrassment of the occasion was intensified by their reception in the small and musty parlour, which was ill-adapted for the accommodation of so large a party; whereas the farm kitchen was large and lofty, and would have possessed the additional advantage of putting the farmer at his ease among more familiar surroundings.

As it was, Uncle Roberts felt almost like a visitor himself, as he balanced his heavy person carefully on the edge of a horsehair chair, wiped his brow with his red handkerchief and told the Duke that the weather was uncommonly warm for the time of year.

Happily petit Jean came to the rescue with loud, plaintive and reiterated demands for milk, and his frank requests being

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translated to the farmer, Uncle Roberts jumped up in great relief, and invited his grandnephew into the dairy, forgetting his previous arrangement that Granny Morgan and her handmaid should bring a tray of refreshments into the parlour, where a space had been cleared for it among the shells and albums and fancy mats upon the centre-table.

Poor Granny Morgan, who had been waiting only for the first ardour of greetings to subside before making her appearance, according to contract, was dismayed to see the whole party pouring thankfully out of the parlour; but she forgot her dismay in the excitement of beholding petit Jean, and the embarrassment of being embraced by Anne-Marie.

"To think of *yon* being the wife of our Louis," she said afterwards to Jeanne. "Foreigner or no foreigner, no Englishwoman could have wore a better crape-dress for the poor boy; nor I never saw none half so deep; and to hear her speak English just like any other Christian, fair amazed me. And the way she took her food! 'Farmer,' I said to your uncle, when he told me her was a-coming, 'tis no manner of use for you to ask me to cook snails for her, nor yet frogs,' I says, 'for I won't do it,' and he give me a scornful look, as much as to say, 'You're showing your ignorance, woman.' You know his way if a body so much as opens her mouth to cross him."

The visitors would have been hard to please had they desired better fare than Granny Morgan spread before them, of home-brewed cider and perry; of tender spring chickens, early peas and gooseberries, and rich wrinkled yellow cream.

The praise of Anne-Marie won the old woman's heart.

"She took her vittles with the best of us, though I doubt she's been used to the grandest of cooking. To think our lad should have had the face—but he was one to dare anything, and I'll warrant he didn't ask her twice, for all she looks like a queen. He had the way with him. But you mark my words, deary, her heart's broke, and I see'd her look at the little boy so sorrowful that I fair went to the back kitchen and burst out crying, for it minded me of the poor lad."

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"Yes, petit Jean is very like Louis," said Jeanne, sadly. She waited for a moment, and then said falteringly, "You haven't said a word about—about *him*, Granny?"

"Haven't I, deary?" said Granny Morgan, with well-feigned surprise. "Well then, no more I haven't, so I declare! I've been and forgot to wish you happy, my deary, so here I does it with all my heart," and she kissed Jeanne emphatically.

"But what do you *think* of him? Oh, do say you like him, Granny, for you don't know how good he's been to me."

"I shouldn't wonder if he was good to you, my deary; for I'm not one to judge by appearances," said Granny Morgan, soothingly; "and 'tisn't always the finest fellars as makes the best husbands."

"But indeed—indeed, he is a fine fellow——"

"They says Love is blind," said Granny Morgan, lifting her hands admiringly, "and so I'm sure he'd need to be sometimes. When I heard you was to marry a grand lord, says I, here's a to-do, and however did he come for to pick up with our Jenny! says I, mazed-like. But now I've see'd him, deary, why 'tis all to be understood; for he's but a slip of a boy, and a lame one at that, who would be looking for a straight comely maid to tend him, like; but you showed your sense, my deary, in taking him, for half a loaf be better than no bread; and now you'll be a lady, which all the money in the world wouldn't have made ye if a gentleman hadn't come along to make you one. But to think of him alongside of our Louis, oh deary me," and she wept into her apron.

Jeanne cried for company, but she blushed too as she recognised in Granny Morgan's crude reflections the echo of her own past impressions of Denis. She too had once seen that he was little and lame and delicate—and had seen nothing else.

The *succès* of Anne-Marie, glad as she was to note it, was counterbalanced in poor Jeanne's eyes by the obvious failure

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of her childhood's friends to recognise any remarkable qualities in her betrothed husband.

The exaltedness of his rank did not impress them, because to the inhabitants of Coed-Ithel a duke was a lord, like any other lord; and one title just as good, or of as little account, as another, according to your principles.

Uncle Roberts objected to all titles, in what he chose to call "the abstrack"; but to show he was not proud, and that he knew his manners, and had no ill-feeling towards his niece's future husband, he called Denis "my lord" once or twice in the course of conversation, or whenever he remembered to do so. Most of his remarks were naturally addressed to the Duke, because Uncle Roberts never, if he could help it, talked to persons of the inferior sex when a man was present, and the force of habit was too strong to be overcome.

But though he talked to Denis, he looked at Anne-Marie and at the little boy beside her; and his face betrayed a sad wonder, and almost awe, as he watched them both.

After supper, and when petit Jean had been borne away upstairs by his nurse, Uncle Roberts seated himself in the porch, with his pipe, and smoked and enjoyed the mildness of the May evening as his custom was; and it was then that Anne-Marie, in her long black draperies came to bear him company, and talked to him in her pretty broken English as she sat beside him.

Jeanne, beholding her uncle absorbed in listening to those low clear tones, stole through a side door, with her lover.

They wandered through the blossoming orchards, and climbed together the rising grass slopes behind the farm, and watched the moon rise over the edge of the fir-crowned hill, whilst yet the afterglow of the sunset had scarcely died from the clear pale evening sky.

Her heart was too full for much speech; and Denis, divining the sadness of her thoughts, was silent too, yet knowing that his presence and his sympathy comforted her without words.

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She led him presently to a seat beside a clump of oaks, near the fallen walls of a stone cot, which had stood upon the mountain before the oaks were planted, and when the grim giant yew now overshadowing the ruin was still young; and they rested, and listened to the ceaseless song of the mountain brook, and the sleepy twittering of the birds, disturbed by the rising of the moon.

"Here we used to play," she whispered, "and here Louis used to tell me all he meant to do when he was grown up and now——what is left of it all?"

"A memory that will never die in the hearts that love him —his share in the example and inspiration that heroes leave to weaker men——" There was a silence, and Denis added gently, "His son will carry on the traditions of his house."

"Yes, there is petit Jean," said Jeanne wistfully. "I thank God for petit Jean. But oh Denis——" she crept closer to him, "he will not be mine as Louis was. He belongs to his mother, and she to him, and both to Louis. I feel it more and more each day. I have thought sometimes lately that—that even if he had come back—it might have been like that. There would have been very little place for me. They would have filled each other's lives——"

The Duke had, perhaps, already thought of this, and wondered if the little sister had been spared, in her sorrow, many a disillusion almost harder yet to bear than grief itself; but he was loyally silent concerning these reflections.

"You and I, too, will fill each other's lives. It is Nature," he whispered.

He took her into his arms, and she clung to him and was consoled; a little consoled in the midst of her tears—which were no longer bitter, but only sad and tender.

Her utter dependence was very sweet to him, and he understood this childish human sorrow better than he understood the strange unearthly resignation of Anne-Marie—to whom, for her part, these young lovers seemed but children, playing at love.

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When they returned to the house, that the Duke might take leave of his host, and enter the fly which was waiting to conduct him to the little hostel down in the valley—they found that Anne-Marie had already retired, and that Uncle Roberts was awaiting them alone, shaking the ashes of his pipe into the kitchen fireplace.

His nature was not formed for excess, either of melancholy, or of mirth; but it was easily to be discerned that something had pleased him, and he took them immediately into his confidence in the matter.

"Jenny——" said Uncle Roberts, "d'ye know what I've been thinking?"

"No, uncle."

"Why that I shan't have to go over to Tref Goch, and pay another thirty shillings to old Lawyer Williams for making a fresh will, after all—as I'll be bound he do expect. For I left my farm and all my worldly goods as I do possess, to Louis de Courset, d'ye see, and under that will, as sure as I'm alive, the Louis de Courset as is sleeping upstairs will get the lot."

Jeanne's tap at the door of the spare room was so gentle that it passed unheard; and very softly she opened the door.

Petit Jean lay asleep on the narrow bedstead in the corner; and by the centre table, with her back to the opening door, all unconscious of intrusion, Anne-Marie knelt before a crucifix.

There, also, was all that remained to her of Louis—a little row of medals, and the Cross of his Order; but he would have prized them beyond everything in the world, and she hated and treasured them.

What was left?

A photograph, a wedding ring, and a packet of letters.

Her black hair fell like a mourning veil over her white draperies; her face was hidden upon her outstretched arms; her hands were clasped in a silent agony of supplication,

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Awed and trembling, Jeanne closed the door without a sound upon that holy place of love and sorrow. She dared not enter, nor make her presence known. It was, to her, as though the soul of Louis were keeping guard over his wife's secret anguish; as though she, too, had "watched an angel pray."

Jeanne and Denis were married in London, later in the summer, and they kept the date, place, and hour of their wedding a secret from all save their nearest relatives, that it might be as quiet and private as possible.

Yet when the time for the ceremony arrived, there sat Cecilia, in a front pew, with her eyes starting out of her head.

During the honeymoon, Jeanne had the happiness of beholding at last the home of her ancestors, though she was disappointed to find it no fine palace, but a plain three-storied, green-shuttered mansion, with slated roof, and a tall poplar set at each corner, standing among coppices, streams, and pollards, in the flat, uninteresting country of the Boulonnais.

She has, however, the consolation of living in as romantic and turreted a castle as Ireland can boast; in a country not less wildly picturesque, nor less well-timbered and well-watered than her native Wales.

The Marney Collection is displayed to advantage in wide and lofty galleries, where space and light abound, and where the owners need fear no deterioration from London smoke or fog.

The Marney thousands have restored Cuilmore, and brought peace and plenty to many humble homes. The old servants have been pensioned off and dispersed; only Dunham and Mrs. Pyke live with Jeanne, in a corner of the great castle, with a maid to wait upon them in their old age; in the evening they play double-dummy together, and think, doubtless, of their old mistress, and wear out such portions of her wardrobe as Dunham does not still feel it her duty to hoard in cupboards, with little bags of camphor among the folds.

The Romney portrait looks down upon poor Miss Caroline's

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ancient harp, and upon her gilt furniture, and upon the Book of Beauty, still kept faithfully upon the occasional table next the sofa by the orderly little Duchess; but the miniatures of the young Marquis, page to Madame Royale, of the Chevalier Charles, and the Chanoinesse Anne-Marie, have gone back to the Château de Courset—they are the property of Jean-Louis.

And the windows of the new morning-room look out upon a wide green park and a rolling river, and distant blue hills instead of into a London street.

For the house in Grosvenor Square is dismantled, and the rooms are empty. The policeman, passing on his beat, sees no more a lonely lady gazing from the window; but instead, a board, with the inscription, To be Let or Sold.

(*Concluded*)

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THE MONTHLY REVIEW

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The Editor of the Monthly Review *is always happy to receive MSS., and to give them his consideration, provided that they are type-written or easily legible, and accompanied by a stamped envelope for their return if not accepted. In the case of all unsolicited contributions the Editor requests his correspondents* (i) *to excuse him from replying otherwise than by formal printed letter;* (ii) *to state whether he is offered the refusal of the MS. indefinitely or only for a limited period. Where the offer is indefinite, the Editor cannot be answerable for time or opportunities lost through his adverse decision after long consideration; nor can he in any case be responsible for the loss of a MS. submitted to him, although every care will be taken of those sent. They should be addressed to the* Editor, *"Monthly Review," 50a Albemarle Street, London, W.*

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MR. HALDANE'S ARMY SCHEME

THE proposals of the Secretary of State for War are replete with the elements of sound, practical and practicable reform; yet it would be idle to pretend that they go far enough to obtain, as they stand, the whole-hearted approval of those who hope to see our land forces sufficiently formidable to furnish a reliable safeguard against the risks of war. Upon the other hand, the evident intention to augment our effective fighting strength very considerably, and the steps actually taken in this direction, more especially by invoking the patriotism of all classes of the community in aid of the efforts being made to procure an efficient system of national defence, will most assuredly provoke to anger those foolish persons who systematically obstruct every attempt made to strengthen our military position, crying peace when there is no peace, and wallowing blindly in the mire of "improvident economy." With the objections already made, or hereafter to be raised, by the various shades of anti-patriotic opinion, it is not, however, worth while to trouble ourselves; they are irritating to some small extent, but must be endured, along with the many other petty trials that humanity is heir to. Certainly no army scheme of the slightest use to the nation could be pleasing to such persons, and the fact that they are dissatisfied with that propounded by Mr. Haldane is a point

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in its favour; because their approval would have been suggestive of its inefficiency. We may therefore confine ourselves to considering what good things the Secretary of State proposes to give us—immediately or as the result of gradual development—and to what extent there are just grounds for disappointment, upon account of omissions from the programme, of items which many believe to be essential.

The conclusion arrived at by the Elgin Commission on the South African war may fairly be taken as an accurate as well as concise exposition of the views of all those who really understand the nature of the reforms required, in view of eventualities that we may be called upon to face far sooner than is commonly supposed. In Section 155 of the Report of the Commission will be found these often quoted and highly memorable words, "The true lesson of the war in our opinion is, that no military system will be satisfactory which does not contain powers of expansion outside the limit of the Regular forces of the Crown, whatever that limit may be." In other words, however great or small the strength of the Regular army, it is necessary that it shall have the nation behind it, and consequently that the auxiliary forces shall be so organised in peace that they may be enabled to meet the requirements of "expansion" in war, not only in point of numbers but also of efficiency. Von der Goltz, among others, has told us that "to make war is to attack," and it is quite obvious that unless we are in a position to assail an enemy on land as well as at sea, we cannot hope to emerge victoriously from a war with any first-class Power; for the simple reason that of all Powers in the world we can least afford an undue prolongation of hostilities. Though we might clear the seas of an enemy's warships, yet so long as a single armed merchant-steamer carrying his flag remained uncaptured, our food and other supplies would continue to reach us at exorbitant or even at famine prices; and so we might financially be starved into submission. It is not necessary for us to have an army large enough to fight its way to a European capital;

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but it is essential that we should have one capable of making itself, within some limited area, reasonably disagreeable. The military correspondent of the *Times*, writing upon the subject of the Russo-Japanese war, pointed out that if, fighting in the water, a shark should get the better of an elephant, it does not therefore follow that the victorious shark should flounder far inland in pursuit. This puts our own case exactly. We have need to be in a position to reap the advantages that naval success may procure for us, but would be foolish to attempt, without allies, really extensive operations on land. Russia was beaten in the Crimea and in Manchuria, and Spain was vanquished in Cuba and the Philippines. There are more ways of reducing an adversary to peace than by the occupation of his capital, and to an island Power possessed of the command of the sea, the alternatives are often many and usually valuable, but there must be land forces capable of utilising them, since otherwise a period of very expensive "stale-mate" must succeed the conclusion of the struggle for naval supremacy.

That we cannot afford to maintain a Regular army large enough to meet the offensive or even the defensive calls that Imperial defence may make upon it, is certain; and the principle that "expansion" from auxiliary sources must consequently be provided is accepted now by so large a majority of the British nation—including Mr. Haldane—that the application of it exactly as now proposed, or in some analogous form, may fairly be regarded as indispensable. What then should be the foundations of a system capable of efficiently providing "powers of expansion outside the limit of the Regular forces of the Crown"? Sir Edwin Collen, Sir Edward Hutton and many other well-known authorities, are of opinion that the situation demands the organisation of our land forces in *three lines*.

First Line.—The Regular army, to maintain order within and upon the frontiers of the Empire, and to be an example in peace and a nucleus in the event of a great war for the auxiliary forces.

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Second Line.—The Militia, considerably augmented in numbers and greatly improved in its efficiency, to supplement the regulars in the event of an abnormally large army being required beyond the seas, or otherwise to supply it with "drafts" to make good the waste of war.

Third Line.—The Volunteers, for home defence only, but subject to the right of individual officers and men to offer their services for over-sea operations, in case there should be need of them.

Mr. Haldane thinks somewhat differently, and his views have the support of larger numbers of equally influential officers. He does not, however, if I understand him correctly, deny the virtues of the "three lines" organisation, but its practicability. The point at issue is a matter of opinion upon which it is scarcely possible to adjudicate with certainty, except after actual experiments, and we certainly cannot afford to waste time upon such things. Mr. Haldane is at the head of affairs and naturally elects to employ the measures which he is persuaded are the best. Therefore we can only hope that he is right. The opinion of the Secretary of State is that we cannot advantageously have more than *two* "lines," the *first* composed of the regulars serving with the colours, and not only the regular but also the "irregular" reservists; the *second* of the "Territorial forces," comprising in *one* "National Army" the elements now represented by the Militia, Yeomanry, and Volunteers. It is proposed to resuscitate, in slightly altered guise, the ancient militia system, so that the raising and administration of the Territorial forces will, within specified limits, be entrusted to "County Associations," having at their head the Lord Lieutenant, and for members the Deputy Lieutenants, local officers (to the extent of "at least one half"), and certain other persons appointed *ex-officio*. The result is that neither will the Militia itself be absorbed by the Volunteers, nor the Volunteers by the Militia; but that an entirely new, or more accurately a reconstituted, National Militia will in the course of time absorb both. The *cadres*

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of the existing Militia, together with those of the Volunteers, will pass to the new territorial forces, in which the men now belonging to both will be invited to enlist; but "toll," so to speak, will, it is hoped, be taken of the Militia to form the nucleus of the new supplementary reserves for the regulars, which, although trained upon an auxiliary ("citizen first and soldiers afterwards") basis, will in point of fact become part and parcel of the regulars. Moreover, by Section 88 of the proposed "Territorial and Reserve Forces Bill of 1907," Non-regular reservists will be liable (if they have consented thereto) to be called up for service without reference to a "Proclamation" or communication to Parliament, whenever warlike operations are "in *preparation* or in progress," provided that their services are required outside the United Kingdom. The provision of power to his Majesty to call up the reserves, quietly without Proclamation, in *preparation* for hostilities that appear to be imminent, is obviously a great advance in the direction of sound "peace strategy."

It is not intended that any but genuine ex-regular reservists shall at first be posted to fighting units, the others being utilised for the ammunition columns and for various non-combatant services. The non-regular reservists will be drafted into the combatant ranks, only when the waste of war has exhausted the supply of better-trained men. This is a wise arrangement. In the British Army the enlistment of mere lads into the regular service is now, as it always has been, inevitable; with the result that on mobilisation the number of effective "serving soldiers" falls in most cases far below the normal effective establishment prescribed in foreign armies even for units lying behind the frontier army corps. Thus, in our case, the reservists unfortunately outnumbering very greatly the "serving soldiers" disposable on mobilisation at home stations, it is very important that the former should be well-trained men. Later on, after the units have had time to "shake down," and to consolidate their fighting efficiency by experience before the enemy, it then becomes permissible

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to introduce drafts of less well-trained soldiers who will in such conditions be speedily assimilated. Mr. Haldane does not contemplate the introduction of any but regular reservists, nor the employment of any supplementary *units* until after the expiration of six months' hostilities—except, as aforesaid, in the case of non-combatant units or services. This, at first sight, appears to be an entirely wise decision, and so far as regards units actually intended to fight, at the beginning of the war, nothing whatever can reasonably be urged against it; yet a further development seems to be required. About half of the peace establishment of the Regular army is locked up in garrisons abroad and cannot, therefore, be disposable for active service, unless relieved with that object by auxiliary units. The garrisons normally employed at over-sea stations not only amount to one-third, roughly, of the effective fighting strength of our Regular forces, but are actually composed of the best troops we possess, being all comparatively "old soldiers." Therefore it is obvious that if the "Territorial forces" were in a position to provide reliefs for any required number of units serving abroad, immediately on the outbreak of war—or better still, in anticipation of such an event—the advantage would be enormous. There is not in Mr. Haldane's scheme any provision definite for units disposable for the purpose suggested. Even the Irish Militia, which, in default of a Volunteer force in Ireland, is to remain to some extent outside the territorial organisation, is to be discouraged by all possible means from regarding itself as composed of units with any *esprit de corps* as such; because, like the disintegrated Militia of Great Britain, its intended function is the production of reservists for the regulars, not service in its own units. It appears to be in contemplation to embody, if found desirable, the *cadres* of the "training battalions" which will be established in the various territorial districts, and after due preparation —involving a necessarily considerable delay—to utilise them for service under the conditions found most suitable to the moment; also we read of "service units" being hoped for

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from the Territorial forces; but of second line units immediately available for the relief of regulars serving beyond the seas, there is no trace whatever. This is the one weak feature of the scheme. Mr. Haldane, inspired by expert advice, denies the practicability of maintaining an active service branch of the National army, *e.g.*, the existing Militia reformed for the purpose. Probably he is right; but if so, Sir Edwin Collen, and various other experts who agree with him, must be wrong. At all events, assuming the practicability of raising and maintaining them, it is absolutely undeniable that had we auxiliary units in second line, called by whatever name—Militia or otherwise—kept in a state of readiness to relieve regular troops from garrison duty, as complete as that of the disposable regulars to take the field, the result would be equivalent to an increase of the Regular establishment, and a consequent augmentation of fighting strength of the first importance. The omission from the scheme of any such "powers of expansion" by *units* is clearly regrettable, and the question of whether it is or is not possible to repair it, is one that ought not, without very careful consideration of the available evidence, to be finally decided in the negative.

An objection to second line service *units* that has been incessantly repeated is that it would interfere with recruiting for the Regular army. In my opinion the actual truth is the exact contrary. The Regular army is now recruited from the following sources: (1) Young men who have elected to follow the footsteps of their fathers or other relatives, and usually enlist in the same regiments. (2) Others who, although without the incentives prevalent in the previous case, wish to be soldiers: (*a*) with a view to adopting the army as a permanent calling, by seeking promotion and pensions; (*b*) as a temporary measure "to see the world." (3) Victims of circumstances—such as troubles at home and affairs of the heart. (4) Idlers who find it irksome to work, in the ordinary sense, for their living. (5) Downright "wasters." The first and second classes are fortunately numerous, the third we shall have always with

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us, and such men are not as a rule undesirable. Some of class (4) turn over a new leaf and make good soldiers. The fifth class is being gradually reduced by means of the greater care now taken to investigate "characters." Of the first two, and obviously the best classes, I doubt if so many as five per cent. would prefer the "home service" branch to the "general" service, and this loss of say five per cent. would be made good many times over by the numbers of men who, having found soldiering to their liking during the six months' training as recruits, would elect afterwards to join the regulars. Upon the other hand, there are thousands of young men who, although unwilling to engage themselves for a term of years to quit their trades and serve abroad in times of peace, would readily enlist under conditions involving no service abroad, except in time of war, and no serious interference with their prospects in civil life. In support of this opinion, I would here repeat what I have upon a previous occasion urged in its favour, that the men of the late *Spectator* company unanimously endorsed it; and as regards the assertion that in soldiering, as in some other cases, *l'appétit vient en mangeant*, I need only mention that whereas only eight had previously contemplated such a step, no less than twenty-six men actually enlisted in the regulars —including one in the Royal Marines. Meanwhile, influenced chiefly I believe by this alleged difficulty about recruiting, Mr. Haldane has decided against a second line composed of men definitely engaged to serve abroad in their units in time of war. Therefore, although there is clear evidence that the new irregular reservists will be so trained and dealt with that they can scarcely fail to become efficient as such, and that the new National army—the "Territorial forces"—will be far better trained for war than the existing Militia and Volunteers, the fact remains that we shall in the future, as in the past, be unprovided with any supplementary units available for foreign service, unless they volunteer to go. True, the Militia has always been accustomed to volunteer its services, and the new Territorial forces will doubtless do the like. Yet a "peace strategy," built otherwise than upon certainties, in reference

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to the available forces, must contain elements of weakness that ought not avoidably to be endured.

Such is the one defect of Mr. Haldane's scheme, but there are numberless virtues in other directions, for which *per contra*, full credit must be given. For example, it is quite obvious that however the disputed question to which attention has been drawn may be decided, an essential element, in any case, is the provision of competent officers and non-commissioned officers for the National army, and also an adequate reserve of junior officers for the regular forces. Both these indispensable requirements are being carefully attended to, and there is every reason to believe that success will attend the measures it is proposed to take. The Universities, Public Schools, Cadet Corps and last, but not least, the large number of eligible though unsuccessful candidates for commissions in the Regular army, may be relied upon to furnish plenty of officers for the reserve of subalterns, provided that sufficient financial inducements are offered. It is proposed to offer such inducements, and it will be surprising if the desired result is not obtained in consequence. Moreover, in addition to elementary training, which can easily be given by the "training battalions," batteries, &c., arrangements will be made for local instruction in various branches of higher military education. The classes formed will, of course, be open also to the officers of the Territorial forces, to which, by the way, it is hoped to arrange for the attachment of reserve officers as supernumeraries. Similarly, the need for trained non-commissioned officers for the Territorial forces will be met by the appointment in that capacity of men who have completed their periods of service in the non-regular branch of the Army reserve. These men will in all cases have had six months' careful training as recruits, and have undergone further training year by year; so that although doubtless inferior in many respects to *bonâ fide* regulars, they will at all events be far more efficient than any but quite exceptional non-commissioned officers of the existing Militia or Volunteer forces.

Finally, as regards the potentialities of the new "Terri-

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torial forces," in comparison with the auxiliary forces we now have, a very marked difference in favour of the former is that whereas only the Militia can now be permanently embodied during a war—except to meet actual or imminent invasion—the whole of the Territorial forces, that is to say, including the Volunteer element thereof, needs only a Royal Proclamation, confirmed by Parliament, in order to become liable to such embodiment. True, the effective strength of the territorial force is to be less by 50,000 men than that of the combined Militia and Volunteers, owing to the intended enlistment of Militiamen in the Army Reserve, but the residue will be vastly improved in value by better training and far more effective terms of service. There is, moreover, good reason to hope that before long the "County Associations" will, either of their own initiative, or in response to official instigation, apply the idea of "service units" to batteries and battalions composed of men definitely engaged to serve abroad either for the relief of regular garrisons or as supplementary troops with the army in the field. When this desirable consummation has been reached, the virtues of Mr. Haldane's scheme will have become so superior that any minor imperfections then surviving will singly or collectively be of comparatively small importance. The scheme already provides supplementary reservists, but fails at present to supply supplementary units, and the removal of this imperfection should now be our principal object. But there is not the slightest use in crying out for what we want, unless to the accompaniment of clear proofs that the desired consummation can be reached without detriment to other and more immediate essentials. This is the question at issue, and whoever succeeds in answering it satisfactorily will find Mr. Haldane himself an exceedingly willing convert. At all events, in spite of the one fault which I have charged against the scheme, I unhesitatingly say—*prosit!*

A. W. A. Pollock.

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THE REVOLT AGAINST MR. ROOSEVELT

THE Americans, who are famous for putting a man on a pedestal at one moment and under it the next, have so far been singularly constant to Mr. Roosevelt. But no more, perhaps even somewhat less, so than we in England. Indeed an Englishman who visits the United States these days quickly finds that the country he has left is considerably more pro-Roosevelt than the country he has reached. More than any American since Lincoln, with whose blend of practicality and idealism he has much in common, Mr. Roosevelt has impressed himself upon the imagination of Europe. In Great Britain especially we are Rooseveltites to a man. Quite apart from his policy, quite apart from his friendship for England—which, however, the wiser among us do not exaggerate, believing it to be operative only when there are no Anglo-American questions on the carpet—he appeals to us. It is partly, no doubt, a case of physical attraction. His superb and wholesome vigour has that quality of militant manliness which even in these days of Labour Parties and of golf Englishmen like in their leaders. If he were one of us we should know just where to place and how to utilise him; we should know what to do with him, and he, I do not doubt, would know not less what to do with us. It is not often that it is possible to detect or even conceive any affinity between American statesmen and English public life; but such cases

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do occasionally present themselves. Mr. John Hay, for instance, would have had merely to change his skies to step into the front rank of English Conservatism, and as little effort is needed to imagine Mr. Elihu Root in the House of Commons as to picture Mr. Chamberlain rising to the climax of the Presidency through a series of deftly rigged "conventions" and boss-like "deals." But with Mr. Roosevelt this sense of correspondence reaches a rare intensity. From certain standpoints, even, it pleases us to think that he would fit into the general scheme of things English even more compactly than he fits into the scheme of things American, and that the void for a man of his character and capacities to fill gapes, if anything, more widely here than in his own country. Moreover, we believe in Mr. Roosevelt—believe, that is to say, in his sincerity and his fundamental instinct towards whatever is clean and sound and honest. At the perspective of three thousand miles, a perspective that is not necessarily more distorting than clarifying, an incapacity for anything underhand or equivocal seems to us to be the most surely marked of all his traits. Scarcely less potent for our final conquest is the conviction that highmindedness in Mr. Roosevelt is blighted by no association with impossible standards or extravagant ideals, and that if his head strikes the stars his feet are on the solid earth. It wins us more than anything else, perhaps from some consciousness of its progressive rarity among ourselves, this spectacle, if we interpret it aright, of a mind and temperament always seeking, struggling, reaching, sometimes rushing forward, yet always in touch with the expediencies, always as vehemently practical as it is vehemently aspiring. I mentioned Lincoln just now; to give the measure of the Rooseveltian swing, as it is followed by English eyes, one ought perhaps to place at the most distant and opposite point the name of Mr. Richard Croker. In our conceptions of him, at any rate, Mr. Roosevelt seems equally happy in being under no illusions either as to what makes life worth while or politics possible. The degree of compromise which his

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worship of the feasible involves or ought to involve is another matter, and one that we might appear to have neither realised nor thought out sufficiently. We model our likeness of him essentially on the heroic scale. Even the charge of "impulsiveness" does not convince us. We erect against it, where we do not altogether dismiss it as the mere familiar onslaught of stupidity upon the man of quick-moving parts, endless barricades of Dutch level-headedness and caution, of Whiggism, and the golden mean. Judging his manner to be at times against him, we yet prefer it to the featureless deferences of politicians of the McKinley type. We like in short the fighting elemental spirit in him, and even when it breaks out in monologues reminiscent of the reclaimed exhortatory pugilist, even when the President most soundly thumps the cushions of his political pulpit, even when his insistence on the eternal verities threatens to become itself eternal, we mark down the manifestation as one more characteristic and declare by way of compensation to our yawns that to lose it would be to lose him. As for Mr. Roosevelt as a force in American politics there are hardly two opinions in England. Our instinct is to believe that he is always in the right and his opponents always in the wrong. We are for him against the Senate, against Wall Street, against Mr. Hearst, against, it would seem, everyone and everything. And were we to analyse the qualities in Mr. Roosevelt's statesmanship that have won him this unanimity of confidence, we should probably give the first place to his passion for justice and his determination to see it prevail and, wherever possible, to make it prevail between man and man and nation and nation. A score of times he has seemed to us to risk his whole political future rather than yield where he felt yielding to be wrong. We ascribe to him an inflexible resolve to do the right thing, rejecting as merest calumny the innuendo that the right thing to Mr. Roosevelt is by some happy and unvarying chance whatever he has resolved to do. We could quote, to support this ascription, a dozen instances in every one of which

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Mr. Roosevelt has struck us as standing for the many against the few, for equality against privilege, for "the square deal" against favouritism, discrimination and downright oppression. In every one of them, to reach his goal he has had to take his political life in his hand, to risk every kind of failure and rebuff, to disregard precedents, to laugh at conventions and to put his reputation to a desperate hazard. In every one of them, as we view the matter, he has been inspired by the conviction that the end he was aiming at was a broader democracy, a more expanded opportunity, an increased recognition of human rights, and the establishment of a wider justice on a firmer basis of morality and civilisation. Believing all this, believing, too, that his masterful efficiency has penetrated all branches of the public service with a new zeal and practicality, and almost with a new morality, and has set a-flowing a strong stream of civic righteousness and enthusiasm—how can we help honouring and admiring him?

Nothing interested me more when revisiting the United States a few months ago than the effort to determine how far this English estimate of President Roosevelt agreed with or differed from that of his own countrymen. I gathered the impression that it was in substantial harmony with the views of the American masses, those masses which have always been the stronghold of the President's popularity and the true source of his political influence. Mr. Roosevelt is emphatically the people's and not the politicians' President. His strength with the former is indeed precisely the measure of his authority over the latter. That strength may not perhaps be all that it was two years ago, but the signs are few and faint that it is seriously ebbing, and it still represents an immensity of popular confidence, outside as well as inside the rank and file of his party, such as no American President has exceeded. The "plain people," so far as I could gauge their feeling, absolutely believe in his personal and political honesty, his sincerity, and his palpable freedom from any mercenary taint. They look upon him, I should judge, as almost their only effective champion

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against the alliance of corporate wealth with conscienceless political leadership; and there is hardly one of his opponents, even among those who are most certain that he is a declining power, and that he will drop politically dead the moment he leaves the White House, who would not be glad to have Mr. Roosevelt's endorsement at election time. His whole career most pertinently illustrates how far the addition of this interest to that, of a group here to a group there, of one section to another, may fall short of the national totality. Mr. Roosevelt has accumulated on his hands a collection of enmities that ten years ago one would have said no President could withstand. Not only has he not been overborne by them but from each encounter he appears to emerge with, if anything, an increased hold upon the trust and affections of the masses. His mistakes, his hastinesses, his manifold lapses from taste and dignity, his bristling belligerencies affect him, so far as the opinions of the many-headed are concerned, scarcely at all. Among them, at any rate, "the Roosevelt Legend" has not been outgrown; and this fidelity of theirs, in a land where public opinion has all too little of the elements of stability, is a factor to which great weight must be allowed. It marks with precision the "revolt" against Mr. Roosevelt, of which I am to speak, as not being, for the present at all events, a popular one.

But while there is thus a considerable identity between the English and the average American view of the President, by no means all Americans share in it; and it is often, oddly enough, among those whom one would most expect to meet one at least half way in the matter that the response is most backward. I am not now referring to those who constitute the American Plutocracy. Their hostility is as foolish as it is natural. One expects it; one knows how to discount it; one simply takes it as yet another manifestation of the law, seen perhaps at its clearest in Belfast, which appears always to link far-seeing commerce with myopic politics. The mention of Belfast suggests a more extensive parallel. It is possible, as we all

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know, to travel from one end of Ireland to the other, to meet all the "representative" men—the great landlords, the leading men of business and the professions—and to return even more ignorant than one went. A somewhat similar experience is open to the visitor to the United States. He keeps for the most part to the cities, he talks with the capitalists and financiers, with preposterously eminent lawyers, with the heads of gigantic businesses, with railway directors, and with the builders-up of those industrial agglomerations that Americans seem to regard with about equal pride and fear—and not a word except in bitter disparagement of Mr. Roosevelt is he likely to hear. If he argues that in a country so inordinately commercialised, commerce and its captains must be the true spokesmen of national sentiment, he will conclude that the antagonism to the President is the expression not of a class, but of a people—the precise error, in fact, into which those fall who take their cue on Irish affairs from the party of ascendency. Nevertheless, one can no more omit, in any estimate of Mr. Roosevelt's position, the deep dislike and distrust which the Plutocracy feels towards him, than one can prescribe for Ireland as though Ulster did not exist. Personally I am persuaded that this attitude is wholly irrational, but it obtains and, by the fatality which in democracies always seems to make representatives more extreme than the people they represent, it finds its sharpest as well as its most exaggerated expression in the Republican leaders in the Senate. Between them and Mr. Roosevelt, between their conservatism and his, there is all the difference that there was between Lord Randolph Churchill's and Sir Stafford Northcote's. The instinct of the Republican leaders is to do nothing until they are forced to, and then to do as little as possible. Their tendency is towards a static immobility, the conservatism of obstinacy and indifferentism. They are almost as much the slaves as the friends of capital and property and vested interests, and their stubborn and unbending faith shows all the signs of crystallising into a Toryism that would have satisfied even Lord Eldon. It is here exactly that Mr.

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Roosevelt, who though a Conservative is not a Tory, parts company with them. The policy of doing nothing is just as little to his mind as the policy of doing too much and doing it too hurriedly. By reason and temperament he is as far removed from the "leave well enough alone" protestations of the Republican leaders as from the intemperance and fanaticism of Mr. Bryan and Mr. Hearst; and he is quick to see—what the Plutocracy for its part resolutely will not see—that between the two there is an irrefragable connection of cause and effect. High Toryism, or the suspicion of it, at one end of the political scale means sooner or latter a violent and disturbing Radicalism at the other. A party of the Haves, by the mere force of reflex action, brings into being a party of the Have-nots. To head off any such development I take to be the supreme and consistent object of Mr. Roosevelt's whole policy. In the menacing sense of social injustice which the Plutocracy has called into life; in the misgovernment of the large cities which is literally kicking the American people into Socialism; in the pervasive movement of revolt against the alliance of the capitalist and the politician, the millionaire and the boss; in the multiplying revelations of corporation "morals"; in the doubts that oppress men's minds as to whether the United States is really a government of the people by the people for the people or a government of the people by the bosses for the Trusts; in the spectacle and the parade of inordinate individual fortunes; in the predominance that Capital has attained to and nowhere else displays so openly; in the Hearst vote, the municipal ownership movement, the emergence of a definitive Labour Party—in all this and much else he sees the tokens and the causes of an agitation that, unless wisely handled and frankly met, may override sanity and strike blindly at the very foundations of America's social and political fabric. Between Toryism and Hearstism he interposes the alternative of the Rooseveltian mean, much as Mallet du Pan in the French Revolution strove for a constitutional monarchy as an alternative to either despotism or anarchy, much as Count Witte only a few months

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ago was demanding from the Russian autocracy liberty and from the Russian people order, lest the Tzardom be overwhelmed in a mad convulsion or the people lose a signal chance of freedom. The time has come, Mr, Roosevelt insists, when the American Plutocracy to preserve anything must surrender something. The way to forestall Socialism, he argues, is to regulate the Trusts, to destroy the favouritism and inequalities practised by the railways, to redress, if it still be possible, the injustices of a competitive system that is extinguishing competition, to prove at any rate by legislative enactment that the Plutocracy is not all-powerful. Mr. Roosevelt shows the progressiveness of his Conservatism by blending with it a homœopathic Radicalism. He goes heartily on the principle that a small dose may be beneficial where a large one would be fatal, and that only by timely reform can the American Commonwealth hope to avert cataclysmic disaster. Like Mr. Bryan and Mr. Hearst, he is seeking the pathway of return to the older, broader, more equitable Democracy. But there is this vital difference—Mr. Bryan and Mr. Hearst rush Radical-wise to the immediate and annihilating solution. Mr. Roosevelt preaches caution and moderation, and the virtue of the gradual approach. He means, if he can, to act, but not to act wildly. He means, indeed, to act in such a way that nobody will be tempted to act wildly hereafter. That, of course, is the true, the disarming and reconciling Conservatism. It succeeds by its very sanity and effectiveness, and it is just because it succeeds that the Plutocracy, which might disregard the raw precipitancy of a Hearst or a Bryan, is stung by it to fury. To hear the typical Trust "magnate" talk nowadays, one would think that Mr. Roosevelt was himself the author of the unrest he is seeking to appease, and that but for him there would be a jubilant concentration of all Americans in support of the *status quo*. Again, one recurs to Ireland for the parallel. The millionaires and their friends in the Senate regard Mr. Roosevelt very much as the Ulster Unionists of the old school look upon Devolution.

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To this profound divergence of political outlook and tendency there is to be added, first, the normal constitutional jealousy that is always propagated between any President and any Senate, and, secondly, the complicating factor of Mr. Roosevelt's personality. It is really a question whether there is room enough in the American Constitution for a President of Mr. Roosevelt's tingling self-assertiveness, whether the delicate adjustments, the nice equipoises, the triple system of balances involved in the American form of Government do not prescribe, as the ideal President for such conditions, a man of the McKinley stamp—one, that is to say, who accepts with enthusiasm the view that the President should follow and not lead, who regards the office as a sort of conduit-pipe between the people and the legislature, who prefers not to stand alone, and who subordinates everything to the attainment of harmony. Whatever else he may be, Mr. Roosevelt is not a President of that type. With him, leadership is an instinct. He is a man of insistent and dictatorial temperament, with a passion for scoring hits and for scoring them off his own bat. As a devotee of the political short cut, it frets him to have to dance attendance on cumbrous constitutional processes. He prefers to go straight ahead and wait for the Senate to be prodded after him by public opinion. Sometimes public opinion fails to do its duty and the President has to hark back. This to some extent is what has happened in the case of his attempt to coerce California into observing the provisions of the Treaty with Japan. It happened again in the matter of the Brownsville incident, when the President, after disbanding a negro battalion "without honour," and disbarring the men from serving the Government in any capacity hereafter, was obliged to revoke part of his order. One can hardly doubt indeed that the President's instinct is all on the side of pushing the prerogatives of his office to their uttermost, that his inclination is to make too light of the Constitution, and that he would rather have his own way by overriding it than keep to its strict letter and lose some point he is

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determined to gain. The Senate has more than once found itself reduced to a mere ratifying chamber, called upon to endorse policies—the treaty with San Domingo, for instance—that had been entered upon without the usual formalities of consultation. In any serious sense the cry that Mr. Roosevelt is a "usurper" is of course absurd, but it is unquestionable that in his hands the balance of the Constitution inclines even more decisively towards the White House than in his predecessor's hands it inclined towards the Senate. "The President," said one of his opponents early in February, "is labouring under the honest impression that he is responsible to the country for the legislation of Congress." This is a delusion that Senators find it all the harder to have patience with, as Mr. Roosevelt is not, and never has been, one of themselves; not merely in the sense that he has never sat in Congress, but that he has never been numbered among "the politicians." He is still in some sort the disturbing and more or less unattached outsider, whose position is largely the accident of an accident, and who has none of the sympathy of a Harrison or a McKinley with his brother professionals. The spectacle of a Republican President, sitting with conspicuous looseness in the Party saddle, making his own appointments, annexing a goodly half of the Democratic programme, and imposing measures upon a refractory legislature by the force of public opinion, is as novel as it is unwelcome—unwelcome, I mean, to the caucus and the "organisation." Nor does Mr. Roosevelt's manner make it any more tolerable. He is not a conciliatory man, and the suppleness of Mr. McKinley and his extreme skill in the smaller arts of managing men are qualities that Mr. Roosevelt probably rather despises than otherwise. They are qualities at any rate that he does not attempt to practice, and that scarcely, indeed, consort with his headlong mind, his categorical temperament, and the presence in him of a self-confidence so overpowering that it is all but impossible for him to do justice to "the other fellow." In the long run it

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probably makes little difference whether a politician is always or never cautious. Mr. Roosevelt, I need hardly say, sets little guard over himself. He not only speaks but thinks aloud, and what his vocabulary of denunciation may lack in range it more than makes up for in point. Washington fairly rings with the Wellingtonian vigour of his criticisms and retorts; and his opponents are not backward in replying. I do not know that the people at large greatly object to this perpetual interchange of recriminations between the White House and the Capitol. A good deal of it does not reach their ears—fastidiousness is scarcely an American trait—and for the rest, they are well satisfied, having placed Mr. Roosevelt in supreme power, to let him use it as he thinks best. How great that power is one very quickly learns. "Politics? There are none; there is only the White House. Parties? They have ceased to exist. There is just Roosevelt and nothing more." It was so that an American friend of mine summed up the situation a few months ago in Washington. And it is the undoubted fact that all sections of the national legislature, to an extent that I conceive to be unique in American politics, wait expectantly upon Mr. Roosevelt. Those who are most opposed to him seem also to be those who are most anxiously wondering what he will be up to next. Friend and foe, Democrat and Republican, appear to be pretty much in agreement that the initiative in the affairs of to-day comes from the White House; and that of all the operative factors in American politics Mr. Roosevelt is easily the greatest. The historic parties slowly but definitely disintegrating under the pressure of new social forces and new economic problems; politics nearing that point of incoherency that is always the signal for a realignment or a new departure; a President by the power of public approval, enforcing national policies against the opposition of his party chiefs, and giving out the impression of the one stable landmark left amid a confusion of chaos—such are the broad features of the American political landscape.

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Washington, I need hardly say, living nearer to him and seeing more of him—living perhaps too near and seeing too closely to take the true measure of the man—is far more critical of the President than opinion outside. Like all capitals it has its own peculiar standards, and its judgment of men and things is as little likely to be the judgment of America as that of London is to be the judgment of England. But one cannot ignore the fact that the estimate of Mr. Roosevelt's character that prevails in Washington is widely different from the current estimate of the people at large. His opponents, indeed, resent his predominance very largely because they believe it to be based on a mis-reading of his nature and disposition. The Roosevelt of their conceptions is a much less heroic figure than the country can be got to understand. I cannot recall a single one of the President's most obvious qualities that I did not hear either challenged or denied in Washington, and not in any vindictive or merely partisan spirit, but by men of the highest character and intelligence, with unequalled opportunities for knowing the facts. There is nothing, for instance, in which the American masses believe more implicitly than his sincerity and straightforwardness. But Washington declares that, while always preaching in public the need of the highest political morality, the President is not above resorting to devices that out-Tammany Tammany Hall. The truth is that the President's character is rather more complex than we in England have altogether realised. A man of vivid emotions, quickly and strongly stirred by any appeal to his literary and imaginative side, with a mind unusually receptive and acquisitive, always vehemently sure of himself, he is at the same time invariably guided by what is possible. He is not a cynic, and yet he does things that leave on the mind all the impression of cynicism. His appointment, for example, of Mr. Lodge and Mr. Turner to serve on the Alaska Commission—a Commission that called for "impartial jurists of repute"—was so thoroughly the act of the practical politician that I for one should have been glad to see the British Government drop the matter at

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once. He is, I most firmly believe, at bottom an honest and truthful man, yet his veracity is constantly being called into question, and Washington is full of men who are sincerely persuaded that the President has deliberately misled them. The explanation probably is, that caring nothing for consistency, highly impressionable, and taking all things at a bound, sometimes a reckless bound, he is apt to assert a proposition to-day with almost ferocious emphasis, and retract or contradict it to-morrow with equal heat. This is a habit which the Washington journalists find particularly trying. Indeed, partly because of it and partly because the President does not suffer opposition or criticism gladly, many of the more independent correspondents of the great American dailies have practically ceased to frequent the White House. Granting, as I do without reservation, that Mr. Roosevelt is not fundamentally disingenuous, it still has to be noted that impulse acting upon half-baked knowledge, dogmatism expressing itself in hasty superlatives, and a devotion to the "practical" quickened by a domineering temperament and by a grasping intentness on the goal to be reached, often produce in combination both the appearance and the results of trickery. The Tillman affair of last June, in which the President was accused of a breach of personal and political faith, and the Bellamy Storer controversy may be cited as apposite instances. There exists, at any rate in Washington, a distinct impression that the pledges which will hold Mr. Roosevelt have to be very public and formal indeed, and that his instinct is always to throw over everybody and everything that stand between him and his objective. He has so thoroughly assimilated the doctrine that the end justifies the means that cases are bound to occur in which his conduct can only be defended on grounds other than ethical. The circumstances that led to Sir Mortimer Durand's resignation may prove, when they are fully known, to be a case in point; and I can conceive it as by no means impossible that if the President were to find himself unable to obtain what he wants from Canada and Newfoundland by the ordinary processes of

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diplomacy, he should start an anti-British agitation to carry his point.

Always to recognise that expediency is the essence of politics does not prevent one from initiating many reforms, but it does prevent one from carrying them out with complete thoroughness. The Radicals not only in Washington but throughout the country altogether dispute the idea that Mr. Roosevelt is a man of strong convictions, fixed principles, and resolute determination. And I think it is probably the case that his constancy may easily be exaggerated, and that he is not, as Cleveland was, a last ditch man. The people generally, however, overlooking his tactical skill in surrender and concession, attribute to him a capacity for heroic, if not purblind, resistance that is quite opposed to his theory of politics. It is this habit that the nation appears to have fallen into, of attributing to the President qualities that are contradicted by his acts, that Washington most resents. It would not object to Mr. Roosevelt "playing politics" with a more than professional skill if only he was not regarded by the country, and did not seem to regard himself, as a man of superior virtue and the sole repositary of disinterested probity in the national capital. That the President looks upon himself in any such exalted light is in my opinion most unlikely, but unquestionably his continued reiteration of the moral platitudes that most men are content to take for granted has spread abroad the idea, as I have before now averred, that political honesty has formed a Trust and registered itself in the name of Roosevelt. In the light of that idea the country is ready to denounce any one who opposes the President as a plutocrat or a criminal or a traitor to his country. But I think I see signs that Mr. Roosevelt's moralisings are beginning to pall. Great as is the passion of the American people for being preached at, they are growing tired of having the Decalogue thundered at them through Mr. Roosevelt's megaphone. In the sophiscated Eastern States, especially, the President's views on wife-beating, race suicide, the obligations of citizen-

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ship, the simple life, snobbishness and kindred topics, are voted thoroughly sound and estimable but somewhat of a bore. Congress, too, is beginning to murmur at the endless Messages which flow from the White House and, as it showed in the matter of the President's spelling reform, is only too anxious to administer a snub when it can with safety. In the Southern States the President's negro policy appears to have made every white man his enemy. His handling of the Japanese question in California has infuriated the Pacific Coast, and severe Constitutionalists stand appalled by his glorification of the Federal Government at the expense of State rights. The Socialists, of course, depreciate him as a man of his class, a talker and not a doer, and the Labour Party, whose formation is by far the most momentous event in the American politics of to-day, have little more sympathy with his policy. All the anti-Imperialists, all who object to the enlargement of the Monroe Doctrine and who cling to the old ideal of American isolation and self-sufficiency, are banded against the President. Indeed it is scarcely too much to say that the thinking few hold one estimate of Mr. Roosevelt and of his policy, and the unthinking many another. Whether in the course of the next year or two there will be an approximation between these two views is more than I can say; but I think it not unlikely. I am persuaded at any rate that Mr. Roosevelt has passed the climax of his Presidency, and that while there may be no such revulsion of feeling against him as has constantly swept popular idols into oblivion and contempt, his power of shaping events is now on the wane. Eighteen months or so from now the Republicans will be nominating a candidate for the Presidential election of 1908. If he holds to his declaration of November 1904, that candidate will not be Mr. Roosevelt. It is even on the cards that he may not be a man of the Roosevelt way of thinking.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

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A SCRUTINY OF SOCIALISM

IN view of the various interpretations which have been given to the term, it will be well to state at the outset, that the Socialism here considered is that projected international and democratic system of society the principal characteristic of which is the collective ownership and manipulation of the major part of property. This, it is needless to say, is the organised sectarian Socialism which has become a political force in the parliaments of Europe and which, by reason of its revolutionary aims and the social concepts that it carries with it, is occupying an increasing share of contemporary thought.

How did this persistent movement, this stubborn divergence from the individualistic road originate? The germ of the idea must undoubtedly be sought in France at the Revolution, in the writings of the French philosophers of the eighteenth century, and in the semi-metaphysical doctrine of the Rights of Man; but although it was developed during the Republic of 1848, the inception of a definite system is chiefly due to Germany and to a German-Jewish mind. The rise of Socialism as we now know it is mainly attributable to the circumstance that Marx, a philosophic doctor of Bonn, imbued with the radicalism of 1840 and the idealism of Hegel, became convinced, after studying political economy, that labour is the source of wealth, that there is a large discrepancy between the wages paid for labour by the owners of capital and the value created by labour, and that the labourer, producer of the

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wealth, unable to raise himself above a state of bare subsistence, suffers a permanent injustice. Other causes no doubt contributed to its foundation, such as the efforts of Rodbertus and Lassalle, the labour disputes in Germany in the middle of the nineteenth century, the growth of humanitarianism, the increasing consciousness of inequality in the distribution of wealth, and above all, the introduction of universal suffrage in the political field. But there can be no doubt at all that Marx gave the impulsion which was needed to establish the sectarian scheme which we now know as Socialism. It might have been supposed that the deductions drawn by this originator were demonstrably true; but such was not by any means invariably the case. Marx made the old mistake of academic persons, and theorised before he had sufficiently investigated in the domain of practical experience, and he himself, in his later years, is said to have discovered some of the faults in his reasoning that had become evident to most economists. Value could not be computed in terms of labour only, for it was seen that the utility of commodities and trade conditions were essential factors in the computation. If labour were the only true source of industrial wealth, then commercial enterprises in which many men were employed and little capital, should earn more wealth than those in which few men were employed and much capital, although the contrary is sometimes seen to be the case. The thrift which, in some instances, puts the master into possession of his capital, ought, in strict justice, to be taken into account as well as the risk of impoverishment which he incurs in founding or conducting a work-giving undertaking. Various errors were claimed to have been detected in *Das Capital*, which has lost a great deal of the authority it once possessed, and thus we have a phenomenon, not altogether rare, of a movement apparently endowed with much vitality, starting its career with unsound assumptions. The aim of Marx was to place Socialism on a scientific basis, but it cannot be said that he succeeded, and it is chiefly the humanitarian features of his

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teaching that have survived. Up to the present day, that which gives vigour to the sect and feeds the ardour of its votaries is the reiteration of the doctrine that a society in which excessive inequality is witnessed and one-half of which is condemned to ill-requited labour, is not the best that can be devised, and that justice cannot be satisfied until it is replaced by a more humane and equitable social scheme.

As Socialism has grown, as it has attracted to itself, by its very claim for greater justice, idealists of various types; as it has been influenced by racial thought and by political *régimes*; as it has passed from the quest of power by means of open revolution to the struggle for its ends through the channel of parliamentary procedure; there have clustered around it a series of conceptions which have made of it something approaching a new philosophy of life. It is not my purpose here to trace the course of its development, which may be studied in the literature of already great proportions that it has produced. Our concern is with the present aspect of the question, with Socialism as it offers itself to-day for valuation. We have now in all the countries of Europe an increasing confraternity pledged to the destruction of the existing order of society and to the institution of a new. To accomplish the work of social regeneration which they declare essential to the dignity and well-being of humanity, and to hasten what they proclaim to be the stage of economic evolution which must inevitably follow in its order after slavery, serfdom, feudalism and capitalism, they are prepared to inaugurate a series of fundamental changes in the life of nations. Although the prophecies uttered fifty years ago by the early apostles of Socialism, that the result of industrial competition would be a state of congestion culminating in a catastrophe such as the world had never seen, have not yet been fulfilled; although unable to agree on matters of policy or, on the whole, on constructive principles; Socialists have, nevertheless, maintained a firm belief in the eventual triumph of their cause, to which their at first reluctant

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acceptance of parliamentary methods has given an undoubted impetus.

Now, as to property, what is it exactly that this league demands? It demands, with slight variations according to national conditions, that the State, as a delegate of society at large, shall in a new form of republic, in which social equality is to be joined to some form of equality of possession, engage in a colossal exploitation of natural resources and of industries, so that, by this means, the concentration of wealth in private hands may be made impossible, and the produce of the countries thus socially or socialistically administered may benefit impartially the families by whose labour it is created. There is a condition to participation—labour. All except the old and ailing must labour in one capacity or in another, according to the social needs. To attain this consummation, the actual holders of wealth, and first, as it appears, the owners of land and industries, are to be dispossessed—with an indemnity according to some, without any compensation according to those who maintain that to restore with one hand what is taken with the other is to frustrate the object of the distribution. Inheritances are to revert in a large measure to the State, and the income of each citizen is to be determined by a simple division of the total revenue by the total population. If we listen to the extreme left of the English party,[1] the national debt of England, which was originally contracted chiefly to relieve taxation and to help the nation in times of danger, is to be repudiated, and no suggestion of compensation is made, on the ground, presumably, that the possessors of the bonds will be entitled to share in the general distribution so long as they perform their share of labour. As all professions will be socialised, the services of all professional men will be at the disposal of the citizens, and owing to the absence of opportunity for dispute under a *régime* where dealings between private individuals would be rare and insignificant, civil law would tend to become extinct.

[1] The Social Democratic Federation.

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War, which is chiefly waged for property, would be abolished by the international brotherhood which it is said to be in the power of Socialism to create, and thus large sums spent on armaments, instead of benefiting a few, would be devoted to the increase of the general prosperity.

Now, it is evident that all these proposed destructions and reconstructions, which have scarcely changed in the last twenty years, rest upon the assumption that it is in the power of Socialism to so perfect human nature that society would become a mechanism working for the common good, and that it would be possible to place absolute confidence in the integrity of the directors of its fortunes and in their unfailing zeal when requited for their labours by no more than the quota of the mass. For let it be clearly understood that in the Socialism for which the sect professes to be striving, most private enterprise would cease; there would be few merchants buying in the lowest market and selling in the highest, few agriculturists working their land for private profit, but mainly functionaries dealing with the produce of the nation and its exchange for the produce of other nations, functionaries whose only additional reward for successful economical administration would be the public recognition of their merit. Production in such a system is supposed to be kept in due proportion to consumption, but how this is to be effected we are not accurately told. It has been suggested, notably by Schoeffle, that a clearing-house, similar to that used by the bankers, should be established for produce, and that labour cheques should be employed, but nowhere is to be found an exhaustive description of the working of such an organisation which, if it were feasible at all, must depend for its success upon the success of the whole uncertain scheme. Again, in most socialistic treatises, capital is considered as a monster which has been unjustly given to some to enable them to torment and to tyrannise the poor; but Socialism omits to recognise the fact that a large share of a nation's "capital" is the fruit of saving, and consequently of self-denial and of orderly existence. If a man is industrious

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and economical during youth, so that he may have the means of providing for the wants of his old age without the help of any one, can Socialists maintain that his capital, which may be invested in an industrial enterprise, is of its nature vicious? They will probably maintain that it is not right that any man should save, since all could provide for all if Socialism reigned. And in truth every problem of Socialism hangs on this contingency—the adoption of the system with its evangel of universal work, the panacea for all human ills. The attitude of Socialist artisans is still to-day largely what it was at its origin, that of wage-earners convinced that the masters have unlimited resources, the assumption upon which they favour strikes as a temporary means of obtaining higher wages. They have relied on these resources in the past, just as they wish to rely on the resources of the State in the future. Although their demands, which are often just, tend in times of trade depression to hamper masters in the conduct of their trade concerns and ruin them, they are indifferent; they appear indeed to wish to cripple trade, so that it shall pass from the master's hand to theirs, and in this it must be confessed they are consistent. A perusal of the principal organs of the party in Germany and England, the *Vorwärts* and *Justice*, will show how vigorously the political interests of the proletariate are championed, almost to the exclusion of all other themes.[1] Unlike *L'Humanité* in France, which has a far more general and even literary character, the daily *Vorwärts* of Berlin devotes itself almost entirely to the work of the proletarian revolt, and pursues its propaganda with energy and skill, making gigantic efforts in election times. In the campaigns conducted by these organs, the argument which it is ever sought to press, is that of the natural power which the people possess by reason of their numbers and the wealth which they create: the arrows of Socialist invective are still directed against what Engels called

[1] "Die freie Presse, die einzig freie, die sozialistische Presse führt direkt den politischen Kampf."—*Vorwärts*.

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"socialised production," that is to say, production in large factories and "capitalistic appropriation." And it is really an extraordinary thing that although Socialists are very far from having any definite conception of the working of collectivism, and from time to time, in writing and at congresses, have pronounced against the elaboration of any doctrinarian plan, yet they are sure that Socialism is an imminent justice, the advent of which must raise the masses and with them the remainder of mankind. How are they so sure? Have they then a deeper knowledge of contingencies and possibilities, a keener insight into futurity than the majority? or are they more easily convinced than other men? Here is a confraternity anxious to make the most colossal of experiments upon the social body without positively knowing whether it will succeed or fail! Truly this sect loves risk! Many perhaps do not risk much, for the protelariate is obviously poor. Yet they risk the chance of losing for a time what to them is life—the daily wage—in the confusion and disorganisation which can scarcely fail to be experienced during a transition of such magnitude. It may be conceded that they would take the risk for the brighter age which they believe would follow, and the more labourers they can induce to adopt that course, the greater their prospects of success. For as the attitude of any individual towards Socialism much depends upon his income, and as the majority of persons in the United Kingdom and in other countries have less than the amount promised to them by Socialism, it is easy to see that if all the latter grow convinced of the efficacy of Socialism, its advent is assured unless arrested by the forces of reaction. There are, however, in the Socialist ranks, a few persons whose incomes appear to considerably exceed the £250 to £800 a year which is said to be the permissible limit of family incomes at the origin of a socialistic state and, at all events in England, they seem to offer food for much reflection. Do they truly believe in the possibility of such a state? and if so, is their altruism equal to the sacrifice? I trust it may be, although I am not

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convinced it is. In Germany did not a Socialist leader once refuse to surrender to the cause an important legacy which an enthusiast had left him? In most countries the persons most in view in Socialism live on a scale of comfort superior to the permitted limit, while in England, where anomalies of the kind are oddly possible, we have the spectacle of a peeress declaring herself to be a Socialist, and accepted as such by the party which demands the abolition of the Monarchy, still using her title freely. The Philippe-Egalité of the Revolution was at least consistent. I allude to this because, in the consideration of such a levelling movement as Socialism, personal factors cannot be omitted.

The question may be legitimately asked whether any prosperous advocate of Socialism would consent to the surrender of the greater part of a large income or fortune for the sake of realising Socialism. It is difficult to answer the question in the affirmative, although it must be said, to the credit of the French Socialists, that recently, when the augmentation of the Deputies' salaries from £360 to £600 a year was successfully proposed in the French Chamber, as many as thirty-nine unified, that is to say, truly sectarian Socialists voted against the measure and only one in its favour. I am well aware that it is easy to explain any leanings towards private property on the part of Socialists by claiming, as Liebknecht once did, that while in a capitalistic state of society it is necessary to live in the capitalistic manner; but I confess that the necessity is not altogether apparent. It is far from being above the power of the human brain to devise a system for the equitable manipulation and distribution of the wealth of nations—it has accomplished harder facts than that—but it is impossible for any intellect to determine in advance the manner of its operation, or whether it would be ephemeral or permanent. An ingenious mind may form a picture of society under the new *régime* such as that fascinating but incomplete presentment offered in the fictional narrative called "Looking Backward," in which money itself

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in its present form had been suppressed, as Schoeffle and some of the early Socialists demanded that it should; but who can say that the social manners there portrayed, the discipline, the glad acceptance of the social service, are possible to human nature at the present stage of its development, or even that they would become possible in a reasonably distant period?

For discipline there would have to be, discipline most rigidly maintained. Shame of undue possession or of want of social zeal would have to be experienced; the pride and love of private property and luxury, of birth, and to some extent of natural ability, would have to be subdued, so that the ideals of the collective life might be attained. All the economic liberty that would subsist from the previous order of society would be the liberty of consumption, of owning and inheriting a modicum of personal effects, together, perhaps, with a limited amount of liquid wealth. Many have called this tyranny, and have seen, in the committees which now rule the socialistic parties with severe authority, the nuclei of systems of oligarchies rigid and all-embracing. The apprehension is not altogether groundless, although it is not extremely probable that men, arrived at their present state of freedom from despotic government, would readily submit to a *régime* that too sternly circumscribed their actions. Moreover, if the use of metallic money were retained, and it is scarcely conceivable that it should not, it is difficult to understand, given the extreme transmissibility and adaptability of money, how any plan could be devised which would entirely prevent the accumulation of wealth in the hands of individuals and hinder them from employing the spending power which it would have presumably retained in the procurement of additional amenities of life.

It is, however, just this limitation of possession which distinguishes true revolutionary collectivism from the approximations to it which have been advanced. In New Zealand, for instance, the State owns the railways and the greater portion of the land, which it leases to the citizens, but in most other

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respects the economic and social system of the island differs little from that of the United Kingdom. In Germany also a large share of the land has long been the property of the State, but we should not say that either of these countries was in any way socialistic in the strict sense of the word. There is a wide breach between the State ownership of land and of a few enterprises of public utility, and the root-change in society that doctrinarian Socialism is seeking to accomplish. This juxtaposition, however, of socialistic and capitalistic systems is considered by not a few Socialists to be the first stage of socialistic evolution, now that the idea of a sudden revolution has been abandoned.

If we consult the Socialist programmes, English, French and German, which do not greatly vary, we find categorical statements of the aims in view, but no details of the manner in which they are to be accomplished. In France, the country which by reason of its existing republican *régime* will probably be the first to make the experiment of Socialism, if such an experiment is destined to be made, Jaurès has attempted in various writings to outline the method of procedure; but the same vagueness characterises his pronouncements which is to be found in those of the majority of Socialists. In his *Etudes Socialistes*, he says, for instance, that to the question, How is Socialism to be realised? the answer must at first be *par la croissance même du prolétariat qui se confond avec lui.* Now unless it suggests that the growth of the proletariate is to be stimulated by means of the reduction to its ranks of the classes above it, this statement really does not mean much. The increase of the proletariate can only be effected under present conditions by the increase in actual numbers of the proletarian families which are already as large, especially in England, as they can well be, in view of the facts that even under the present conditions the work to be done is not enough for all, and that the daily wage will not support more than a limited number of offspring. All surplus proletarians are forced therefore either to emigrate or starve. It would be more

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correct to say, perhaps, that the change is to be brought about by the economic indoctrination of the working classes in the socialistic sense. "At present," continues Jaurès, "the socialistic proletariate openly and by legal democratic means, and by means of universal suffrage, is preparing its Revolution," while further, he distinctly states that he has always interpreted a general strike, "not as a means of violence but as one of the vastest mechanisms of legal pressure that the organised proletariate could handle." I am not aware if M. Jaurès has modified his doctrine, although I have not met with any modification of it in his subsequent pronouncements. As it is, it may be described as ill-considered, since it does not need much reflection to become convinced that such a contingency as a universal strike, even if it were possible, would have little chance of achieving more than a general destruction of society. Unless by some miracle of preparedness and organisation, Socialism was able to seize the supreme power in the first days of the strike, the cessation of food production and distribution would fall more heavily upon the proletariate who are themselves dependent upon the general co-operation of their class, than on any other section of the community. A universal strike, combined with violence, might have chances of success which, especially in Latin countries, would depend entirely upon the temper of the army. But Jaurès distinctly upholds the principle of legality in action. For the rest, he often repeats the theory of Liebknecht: that the whole tactics of the party must be "contingent and variable," while he sometimes draws a parallel between the uncertainty of aim which characterised the Revolution and the opportunism of his party at the present time. Any comparisons with the French Revolution, however, are largely vitiated by the fact that in the present European system there is more equality of opportunity, better administrative justice and less privilege than there was in 1789.

Where Jaurès is most in harmony with probability, however, is where he says, "that it is not by effort, or surprise by an audacious minority, that the Revolution will be accom-

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plished, but by the clear and concordant will of the immense majority of citizens." No doubt if the majority of minds could be converted to the Socialist doctrine, the ends of Socialism would be soon obtained. But can they? That is the question to which there can be no positive answer at the present juncture. There are signs, however, that supposing total conviction to be represented by unity, the number of fractional convictions would be somewhat large, and if these were added together they would no doubt constitute an important sum of socialistic opinion.

But whatever may be thought of the dialectics of Jaurès, it is difficult to deny him the merit of consistency. Even in his early days we find him choosing as the theme of his academic thesis, the first outlines of Socialism, observable in the writings of Hegel, Fichte, and Luther, outlines which are so faint that they are almost imperceptible to ordinary vision, while in respect of Hegel at least there is a decided leaning towards individualism and an advocacy of the rights of private property. Hegel, indeed, in his "Philosophy of Right," distinctly states that "private ownership is the more reasonable and even at the expense of other rights must win the victory." However, in the thesis above alluded to, it must be admitted that Jaurès exhibited a fine enthusiasm for social justice, especially when he declares; *Et si Socrates philosophiam a cælo evocavit, socialismus justiciam a cælo, id est a regione idearum, evocat.*[1] If Socialism has it in its power to evoke absolute justice from the region of ideas in which it is too prone to dwell and to make it a reality, it will have performed a service to humanity of infinite extent. But can it? It has taken nearly thirty centuries of Western civilisation to evolve the relative degree of justice which we now possess, and are we to believe that fast as ideas are moving, the idea of justice can be so advanced by Socialism that an era of equity is near, if only we accept its teaching? Are we to credit the assertion that the Sisyphism, as it has been termed, under which labour is declared

[1] "De Primis Socialismi Germanicis Lineamentis."

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to groan, is to be removed by the granting of the supreme power to the least enlightened classes or to their champions? Shall we endeavour to convince ourselves that in the brains of the founders of this economic creed there germed, some fifty years ago, a conception of such transcendental value, one so profoundly human and humane, that we must hail it as supreme?

Whatever may be the answers to these questions, it is certain that socialistic notions have so far permeated that numerous municipal authorities have been seen to make some timid essays in collectivism by conducting enterprises of general utility for the common benefit of the inhabitants of towns. These, however, appear chiefly as endeavours to forestall Socialism by showing an ability to apply some of its principles without proceeding so far as the main idea, compromises which, like most compromises, achieve but small results. The municipality allocates to itself the right of selecting certain enterprises which it conducts commercially, taking the risk, on the part of the ratepayers, of their success or failure.

When the result of the working is a success, the burden of the ratepayers, presumably, is lightened; when it is a failure and a loss, a debt remains, the interest of which becomes a permanent tax upon the ratepayers, unless the capital is redeemed out of the profit on those other municipal undertakings which prove successful, as some no doubt must and do. But such concerns are not Socialism, which would repudiate the debts contracted in their pursuit. Moreover, unless municipal trading is very successful, and either possesses or realises a large reserve fund of capital, municipalities will be unable, without incurring unjustifiable risk, to take advantage of many inventions, the exploitation of which private enterprise can offer to the public, and they will tend to use their power to prohibit the introduction of any such exploitations that might impair their own trade ventures. Under Socialism, as I understand it, there would be no con-

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fusion of interests; that is to say, there would be no holders of municipal stock on the one hand requiring their periodic due, no recalcitrant ratepayers on the other demanding a reduction of their rating, no competition between private and public enterprise or claims for the right to compete, no division of citizens into camps, some desiring economy above all things and others encouraging expenditure in the cause of public good. The State, the universal State, would possess and work all industries, utilise the inventions freely offered to it by dutiful inventors, using as working capital the national wealth in a ratio proportioned to the needs of towns. Is this an economic dream or an economic possibility? Whichever it may be, it is very doubtful whether the conception of needs on the part of towns would ever coincide with that of the distributing department of the State, and if the funds were divided according to population only, there would be some strange discrepancies in the results achieved, since the requirements of each locality must necessarily vary with its geographical and social character.

For the above and other reasons, it appears that a very special education for Socialism would be a first condition of its success. The aim of the majority of men is to attain, by means of their exertions and ability, the power of bestowing upon themselves and upon their families the pleasures or luxuries which money procures. To make a man contented with the common share who feels himself to be possessed of the capacity for gaining more, no little training would be needful. If, however, this could be effectually given, Socialism, if it be possible, might produce the mild contentment which is manifested when the principle of equal sharing is in operation, and this fact no doubt is in favour of the socialistic scheme.

But although the economic principle in Socialism is by far the most important, it is by no means its only feature, as the programmes indicate. As Socialism has grown, it has demanded certain social, humanitarian and other reforms which are far less disputed than its fundamental principle. It happens, however,

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that some of these reforms were already beginning to be brought about by the natural evolution of ethical ideas, and are likely to be accomplished facts long before the triumph of collectivism has been achieved. Hence the Socialists demand the abolition of standing armies and their replacement by a national militia. The first steps are being taken in this direction by the Hague Tribunal, which is working to effect the abandonment of war by European nations. But in the interest of Europe, the formation of a national or even of an international militia (of presumably half-drilled men) could never be attempted until it was ascertained how far the rising and resuscitating Oriental nations are disposed and able to enter into the scheme of universal brotherhood. Eastern arms are factors in the case which socialistic orators, always somewhat crude, are given to neglect; yet it is evident that if the East continued to use the professional Western military methods, after the West had replaced them by less efficient ones, the danger to the West, and even to the Socialism which it had produced, would be enormous.

In regard to education, which is already partly free, if present tendencies are maintained, it is by no means improbable that free higher education may be offered under the present system, or under such modifications of it as the future may develop. As to labour, there is little doubt that an eight hours' day will be obtained at a not far distant date; it has, indeed, already been granted by some employers in South Wales.

Concerning the rights of women, it is easily apparent that the number of restrictions imposed on women is steadily diminishing, and that eventually they will obtain, in most European countries, the franchise which they already possess in some British colonies and in Finland. But when Socialists, under the influence of their fixed idea of equality, demand for women more than nature has granted to them—absolute equality with men—they appear to be moving away from common sense. The differences of physical strength alone

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which render women in their present state of development unfit, unless in exceptional instances, for the conduct, let us assume, of a nation's business, to say nothing of the interrupting function of maternity in the first half of their lives, prove that women, in spite of the intellectual powers which some display, are not the perfect equals of the other sex which Socialism would have them to be.

Two just claims of English Socialism—the public ownership and support of hospitals and the control of the traffic in alcoholic drink—seem likely to long await fulfilment.

Socialistic literature and utterances contain at times allusions to some vague reform of sexual relationship and of the marriage system, concerning which Socialism must be credited with the desire to alter both law and opinion. In England, where a rigid system of conjugal and sex morality is endeavoured to be maintained, this side of Socialism is perhaps more to the front than in other countries. Nevertheless, if we turn to the writings of English Socialists, we shall not be very much enlightened as to the new morality which it is wished to introduce. Mr. Bax, who seems to me one of the most frankly outspoken and convinced of Socialists, alludes, in this connection, to the Socialists' concern that the "human race as a whole" should obtain, among other things, adequate "satisfaction," declaring that "all asceticism, all privation, is in itself an unmitigated evil,"[1] but it would be interesting to know how society is to be preserved from disorder except by the habitual practice of restraint. And as promiscuity, or that form of it which sacrifices class to class, is prohibited, and rightly so, by Socialism, one is somewhat unable to conjecture how matters, in the new society, would be arranged. Doubtless early unions would be the rule, the more so as anxiety for sustenance would not be experienced, since the State would provide for all her children. But whither would these doctrines tend? Very probably to over-population, which in England, at least, is to a considerable extent the

[1] "Ethics of Socialism," by E. B. Bax, p. 145.

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cause of unemployment. Inspired, however, by the writings of Henry George, who asserted that "the greater the population, the greater the comfort which an equitable distribution of wealth would give to each individual," English Socialists appear to be in favour of large families, failing to see that even if the resources of the country were capable of indefinite development, which they are not, human congestion is an ill that would gravely jeopardise the comfort which they seek. Evidently a corrective of over-population is emigration to unpeopled lands; but emigration is rarely or never alluded to by Socialists.

If we seek for information in regard to the Socialist family, we are scarcely more successful in obtaining it. A tendency is observable to assert the proposition that the idea of property is to be eliminated from the family relationship. Husbands are not to possess wives nor wives husbands; children are not to be owned by parents. I do not know if a State proprietary is also suggested in either of these cases, but if not, it would seem that there is here something like a quibble about words. In the present monogamous family, which is the outcome of social evolution, there is nearly as much liberty as is consistent with the maintenance of the system in its integrity. The phrases, "my wife," "my husband," or "my child" do not, in either case, signify "my slave," but are a convenient means of stating a relationship which rests, when well conceived, upon a basis of mutual affection. It is no doubt true that family life is often seen to be a group egoism (if such a term is permissible) of a very formidable kind; but when this occurs, it is due to deficient social morality rather than to any inherent defect in the family state itself. It has been alleged that Socialism advocates free love, yet Mr. Wells, an exponent of a form of Socialism, repudiates the statement in a recent article.[1] Nevertheless, as he also says in the same essay that "the Socialist no more regards the institution of marriage as a permanent thing than he regards a state

[1] *Fortnightly Review*, November 1906.

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of competitive industrialism as a permanent thing," it is not easy to perceive what the socialistic conjugal relation is. If marriage is not to endure, does it not seem that some form of free love must result? The same writer states that they, the Socialists, are in possession of the light. In that case it is certainly to be regretted that they do not shed it more profusely.

Towards religion Socialism appears to have no official attitude. Most French and German Socialists are rationalists, professing indifference to supernatural creeds. Freethought is largely a tradition among the Continental Socialists, who have not only inherited the ideas of the French Revolution, but who have also adopted the agnostic views of the majority of scientists abroad. They clearly see also that since their principal concern is to create happiness on earth, their motives must diverge from those who think that perfect happiness is only to be obtained in another sphere, admittance to which is to be procured by certain observances, and by conduct which is often at variance with their conceptions. This is recognised, I have reason to believe, by some leading English Socialists, and yet we find that an attempt has been made by certain ministers of religion to found a "Christian Socialism," which is even favourably regarded in the English Socialist press. Such incongruities and compromises cannot fail to damage the English cause in the opinion of the more thoughtful and enlightened public.

But Socialism seems to have a system of social morals which serves it as a religion. Briefly stated, the main features of this system appear to be as follows: As the individual is naturally dependent, his morals should be founded on the fact of his dependence, and not on a theory of independence which cannot be verified, since there is a want of concordance between the individual, as individual, and the conditions in which he lives. Instead of seeking his moral inspiration from within, the Socialist must seek it from without. Not far removed from the ethics of Mill, the Socialist end is the happiness of the

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"social whole." As an end to himself the individual is declared inadequate, and therefore must be prepared to sacrifice himself when necessary for the welfare or regeneration of that which is held to be really adequate to itself—society at large. As a means of achieving this result, he must endeavour to merge his individual conscience into the collective conscience. Thus the morals of Socialism are of a practical character. Because Socialists, as a class, are unhappy, while they believe that collective happiness is possible, they owe a duty to themselves and to their children to strive at all costs for such happiness. Their ideal is essentially one of terrestrial well-being, of material satisfaction, of physical and intellectual enjoyment—not for a few as under present conditions, but for all, and thus the position they take up is by no means logically unsound. Disbelieving in the possibility of another and a happier life, they desire the satisfactions which the body craves upon this earth. And as those satisfactions can only be obtained by the possession of the advantages which the earth affords, they hold it to be true justice to procure participation in these advantages, as far as may be, for the entire race of man, and they act in accordance with that principle. By this system, no doubt, much of the responsibility of individual morals is removed. The conduct of the individual is more than ever dictated to him by the society in which he lives. Morals become, in a great sense, automatic, and moral problems tend to disappear. Pride, the pride of possession and of caste, that which procures pleasure to the few and mortification to the many, becomes unknown, and although an aristocracy of social merit would probably arise, the equalising spirit would, we must suppose, maintain it within wholesome bounds. Philosophy itself is affected by this universal scheme, which at first sight appears as a check to social evolution, which contradicts the teaching of Spencer and his school, and which seems offered, in the economic sense at least, as a definitive end. Perhaps the frame in which society would find itself confined would prove too inexpansive, but Socialism is not prepared to say, it seems, that the projected system is to be held as final.

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Well now, in spite of its apparent fallacies and incongruities, the Socialism that offers itself to the world to-day has to be dealt with as a fact which cannot be ignored. It is useless to dismiss it with derision or contempt, as some are still inclined to do, because now that it has entered the political arena and is seen to increase in power, it has to be taken into serious account. Its success, under existing conditions, is not necessarily dependent on the essential truth of the postulates which it puts forth. In the history of the world it has been seen before that creeds, religious and political, have arisen and acquired strength which have been to a large extent erroneous. The determination and obstinacy with which a cause is pressed by those who guide its fortunes, are weighty factors of its ultimate success, and it is certain that the cause of Socialism, as it is now pursued vehemently by Bebel, persuasively by Jaurès, and defiantly by Keir Hardie, is vigorously sustained. A large share of its strength lies in its catholicity, in its power of international co-operation, in the fear which it has been able to excite in the minds of the possessing classes, a fear which has already been made apparent by a decline in the value of what are known as government "securities." What are the means by which it may hope to gain its ends and impose its system? Undoubtedly the chief of these is the conversion of the entire proletariate and of the class immediately above it. In the United Kingdom the number of adult male labourers and artisans may, in the absence of statistics, be estimated at about one-third of the male population, and if to these be added the wage-earners with incomes only slightly above those of artisans, who are interested in a larger distribution of advantage, the result might be sufficient, supposing they were all converted, to produce a socialistic government. Again, if a change in the franchise, say if universal or manhood suffrage were introduced, combined with the proportional representation which Socialists demand, the chances of Socialism in England would be probably increased. Further, the extension of the suffrage to women might, given the electoral organisation of

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the labouring classes, have a favourable effect, while the accession of funds either from legacies, donations, or subscriptions would undoubtedly assist the work of propaganda, hampered now by the lack of adequate resources.

At present, as we know, the purely Socialist element in English politics, exclusive of the trades-unionist, is not numerically formidable. On the Continent, the real home of Socialism, the case is different. In Germany, in spite of the recent losses, the Socialist vote is still of considerable magnitude, while in France the Socialists in the Chamber are a force which the Government is obliged to take into serious account. The success of Socialism in France, however, depends mainly on the ability of the party to convert the army of peasant proprietors, who cling to their little properties with a tenacity which has forced the French leaders to so far contradict a fundamental principle as to offer exemption from expropriation to all who cultivate their lands with their own hands.

It remains now to enquire what are the obstacles which Socialism is likely to encounter on its path. Evidently it will have to face reaction. It is unlikely that the possessing classes will patiently submit to dispossession through the operation of universal suffrage while they have still the power of preventing it by legislative means, and hence it is not improbable that we may see some restrictions or alterations of the suffrage proposed, and it may be carried in the parliaments, or the passing of special anti-Socialist laws, as in Germany in 1878, which might prove obstacles of no slight character. Since the acquired power of Socialism has come through the suffrage, it is plain that it may for a time at least be restrained through the same channel. Socialism, also, may stop short at that professed by Clemenceau, who, while granting generous reforms to the democracy, and assenting to the State ownership of certain enterprises, has hitherto refused to go to the collectivist Canossa. It may be checked by the defections of leaders yielding to the temptation of "office." It may for a period be submerged in a sea of Liberal reform, as it is beginning to be in

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England at the present moment; by the imposition, among other measures, of such death dues as would make the rich man rich only for his life, and transfer the greater portion of his wealth at his demise to the coffers of the State.

Moreover, an increase in the practice of the voluntary surrender sometimes witnessed, improvements in the morality of trade and participation of workmen in industrial profits, might have the effect of retarding the advance of Socialism.

And now, in conclusion, it may be said that whatever are the chances which Socialism has of becoming the universal discipline it strives to be, whether it is destined to combine with other systems or to institute its own, whether it is to continue on its prescribed collective course or to merge into some novel reconciliation of the interests of self with those of greater self, whether it is permanently evolved by society as a corrective of its faults, or whether it is but a passing warning, whether it is to live and prosper or to die vanquished by the forces which wealth and influence may lead against it: it is certain that its place in history will be distinctly marked, and that whatever its fate it will at least accomplish a part of its intentions. Moreover, should it be successful in raising from a state of semi-degradation a class on whom society depends so largely for its necessities and pleasures, a section of the same humanity to which we all belong, then it will not have appeared in vain.

If we knew the law of social evolution, whether society moves from error to truth, as some have thought, and at times from truth to error; whether it is an ever-growing tree of progress, giving off certain branches which for a time are confounded with the parent stem, but which are eventually destined to wither and decay; and if we also knew with which principle of growth Socialism should be identified, the foredoomed branch or the perennial stem, we might then form some conception of its future. But we have no such knowledge, and we can only watch events, relying on the agency of human reason to ultimately guide them to the fittest goal.

F. Carrel.

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THE COMING OF THE FLYING MACHINE

I. THE MACHINE

IT may safely be presumed that in the immediate future man will fly. Many of the problems that have barred the way are solved, and the remainder are being eagerly attacked by an army of investigators. We can already sail through the air before the wind, and lately, in some small measure, we have sailed against it. The question of balancing, that remains, is one more of practical experiment than anything else.

Provided a sufficient incentive to call for the sustained attention of a number of workers, and any purely mechanical problem can be solved. Greater ones than this have yielded in the past. The airship of 1950 will not be a more wonderfully complex machine than, say, the torpedo or the spinning machine, although it may represent a more remarkable combination of ingenious contrivances.

Some fifteen or twenty years ago the meeting of the gas engine with the pneumatic tyre made our motor-car of to-day a possibility, and, similarly the combination of the light petrol engine with the aeroplane seems to have made ready the way of the aeronaut. It is now largely a matter of experiment, and, seeing that an immediate incentive has been found, in the shape of monetary prizes offered for simple flights, there is no doubt that the matter will very shortly be settled.

I believe, then, that in the immediate future we shall fly.

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Many people will consider this a summary method of dealing with the most important point. They may observe, and justly, that *they* have no such definite conviction, and that they consider the problem partially, or wholly insoluble. These, I must leave at this point, for, after all, the basis of this paper is a purely hypothetical assumption.

In America, in France, in Austria, and in all civilised countries, men are launching themselves into the air on a variety of experimental structures. Never before have such general efforts been made, and whatever degree of success may crown their efforts, something appreciable is sure to ensue.

Granting that complete success will not be attained at once, yet the struggle will go on. There will be an increasing multitude of steerable balloons, of gliding machines, and all manner of winged vessels careering about the upper air, and both in peace and in war they will seriously affect the world at large. Already they loom threateningly on the horizon.

It is the object of this paper to attempt in some small measure to see how this will affect us, and what difference it will make to our lives, both as individuals and as citizens. That it *will* make a difference, few will doubt, and some will be prepared to admit that it may bring as great a change as the steam engine or the electric telegraph, but what shape these changes will take is an open question.

First of all, I think, we must consider our ship, and try to arrive at some idea of its construction and how it will work. It will be heavier than air. No arrangement of gas containers can hope to withstand the storms and buffetings that await the liner of the future, nor can a machine lighter than the air be driven against a head wind, at any considerable speed, without collapsing. We may take the bird as our guide here.

The airship will have to be very strong—stronger relatively than the sea ship—and it must fly mechanically. We can't look for a simple structure like an ironclad, which is strong enough to withstand the waves, and which, balancing itself, only needs to be driven forward. The airship has to be con-

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stantly maintained above the earth and constantly balanced against every gust of wind that chances to come its way, a much more serious problem than that of the sea ship.

The trend of experiment points to a machine consisting of large plane surfaces, either single or built on the cellular plan, like a box kite—a combination of both perhaps—which will glide over the air, propelled by a suitable motor. In our sea ship we have divided the business of steering and driving into separate parts, whilst the fish can do both with his tail. Similarly in the fixed vane and moving propeller of the aeroplane, we have divided up the function of the wing, which both sustains the bird in the air and drives it forward.

Several machines on this plan have actually flown, although without a driver. Langley's model was perhaps the most perfect specimen. It flew for over a mile, until the steam was exhausted, on a fairly calm day. The awkward point comes up when the wind rises, for the plane surface airship must be balanced.

Imagine yourself riding a bicycle in a field that heaved to and fro in all directions like a rough sea! You would never keep your balance, and then—over you would go—so does the aeroplane.

The air is amazingly gusty. It is full of cross currents, of side winds, of sudden puffs and squirts, of rushings up and down and around in all directions at once. If it were visible, on a rough day, we should have some such spectacle as a combination of the Niagara Rapids with the maelstrom might give us. The bird is born with an instinct for balancing, and spends its life in perfecting the art. Man cannot do that. Lilienthal tried hard, but died in the attempt. It will have to be done automatically. The plane surfaces—the vanes—may possibly be balanced one against another in some manner, so that a sudden pressure of wind on one of them will cause a corresponding adjustment elsewhere, keeping the balance correct. The author has experimented with a combination of flywheel and vane that seems particularly promising. There

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would be a wheel of large diameter running in an air-tight case, driven by the motor. The case would be suspended rigidly beneath the aeroplane. When the boat was in the air, the speed of the wheel, slow at first, would be accelerated until, by the use of suitable gearing, it attained a high velocity. Moving in the same plane as the vessel, it would not affect its course, but when a gust of wind struck one wing of the ship, and tried to overturn it, or upset its equilibrium in any way, the gyrostatic pull of the fly-wheel would hold it steady. Under a sustained pressure the aeroplane would gradually turn, the flywheel tending to yield slowly to any force, but it would avert a sudden overturning, and that is what is required. One could imagine the case fastened to the main structure by means of ball-jointed bearings, free or fixed at will, and thereby providing a means of steering the airship up or down, as required.

Of course a powerful gust would tear the superstructure violently to pieces away from the anchoring flywheel, because something would have to give way before a violent blow: so the vanes would have to work on the mill-sail principle, opening at a certain pressure and allowing the wind to pass harmlessly through, closing with a spring when the gust had passed on.

Apart from the aeroplane and balloon, there may be other methods, something with wings, or even some machine which shall fly independently of the atmosphere, or by utilising electrical repulsion, or by some way of tackling the forces of gravity. These ideas, however, if realised, would be the result of scientific investigation apart from the experimental progress of aeronautics, and we cannot take any such possibilities into account here.

The aeroplane will probably be driven by the explosive motor, which at present gives the best result, power for weight, apart from the ease with which its fuel can be stored.

The propeller is a knotty point. Everyone pictures the

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airship careering about with screws and rudder like a ship, but it is very doubtful whether the screw will hold its own. There are grave objections. The properties of air differ widely from those of water. Place a steamboat in a stream running at fifty or sixty miles per hour and see what a difficult position you would be in. Your screw would be useless. The average rate of wave speed is very low compared with that of the wind. There may be a highly modified screw, or a sort of fin, or even wings—experience will show—and here we must look to our experimenters for help.

We may expect (as Mr. Wells has predicted) our airships to branch into two groups. On the one hand there will be the giant aeroplane, the public conveyance for long distance travelling across the sea. These will be of enormous size—larger than we can dare to think—startling from and alighting on to specially-prepared platforms, running regularly between fixed stations and long certain tracks, weather permitting.

On the other hand, we shall have the private boat. The sportsman, the traveller, and the richer classes generally will own their private machines, driven by a specially trained and licensed aeronaut. They will be able to settle anywhere on a level patch of ground, rising by means of springs, or folding legs, or perhaps running along on wheels until they gain sufficient impetus, following the example of the heavier birds. These will be able to descend at any moment for shelter, but before we get the cross-Atlantic service running there are one or two serious points to be settled. Once at sea, and there is no escaping to earth from a sudden storm. Cyclones, whirlwinds, blizzards, and typhoons will wreck the aeroplane, if she is caught unawares. Fog, lightning, hail and the freezing winds await her; and all that we can imagine to-day of strength or power would incontinently perish in one of Nature's flurries.

Birds appear to know when a change of weather is coming on, by some instinct, or some keeness of apprehension that at present escapes our notice. Meteorology offers assistance

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here. The day is not far distant when weather stations will be greatly extended, covering, between them, the entire surface of the globe, and tapping all strata of the atmosphere. With sufficient data, the accurate foretelling of disturbances should be within the bounds of possibility, and as the airship will always be in communication with the wireless stations on shore, we may be able to avoid bad weather altogether. (A deviation of a hundred miles or so, to escape the track of a storm, would not be a serious matter, even if one could not rise high enough to clear it.)

Here, as far as we can at present perceive, are the bounds of practical flying. The discovery of wireless telegraphy has rendered serious navigation possible, and the extension of meteorology will make its progress correspondingly safe and easy.

II. THE HIGHWAY

Conditions.—For nearly a thousand years the traffic of our country roads has seen but little change. Any new conditions that may have arisen from time to time have been of regular and slowly developing growth. Public opinion, finding expression in the laws governing traffic, had little difficulty in adjusting itself to these gradual innovations, until, at the end of the nineteenth century, the coming of the motor-car startled every one by the revolutionary changes that it brought about. From the resultant tangle and confusion certain main ideas have arisen, certain specific lines of thought, and a certain attitude of the public mind that will materially assist us in examining the problems of aerial flight and its regulation.

At present, the number of craft passing overhead is inappreciable, but in a very short time—in a few years from now—we shall have a rapidly-increasing multitude of balloons and aeroplanes soaring about all over the place, tumbling here and there, and literally bursting into the public notice. Private property extends downwards to the centre of the earth in a

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tapering wedge. Does it extend upwards indefinitely to the boundaries of the universe? To all intents and purposes it does at present. If a man chooses to build himself a tower ten miles high, no one can prevent him, at least it would be on other grounds than those of the limits of private property. Let us take, for instance, the case of a landed proprietor whose house stands in the centre of a walled park. In the privacy of his lawns and terraces he can disport himself at leisure, But what if a car-load of trippers hovering immediately overhead spies out his retreat with curious eyes, perhaps dropping sand-bags, or worse still empty bottles, on his flower beds, annoying him to the pitch of exasperation? We can imagine our landowner red in the face, shaking his fists heavenward, or cursing through a newspaper folded trumpet-wise—bringing out his rook rifle perhaps—whilst the village policeman would be wondering how he could move them on!

One may picture many such scenes. . . .

As soon as motors lost their novelty and became sufficiently numerous for the public to appreciate what a nuisance they could be, a great complaint was made, but it will be as nothing at all to the deafening tumult that will salute the ears of our newly-born aeronaut. In the first place, the motor *had* a certain right to the road, while he has no claim whatever to be over our heads! There will be the main question of damages, and then, what with articles dropping on to our heads or roofs, of ropes trailing through our gardens, of sparks setting fire to our stacks, of noxious exhaust gases floating down, of oil dripping, and of descents in all manner of places both wilful and accidental, there will be provocation enough and to spare in all conscience. Some infernal clanking noise just above the chimney pots may startle us from slumber, our horses may be scared in their own yards and paddocks, and a thousand horrors will spring up as the advance guard of the coming fleet of airships circles upward and spreads about its business.

What the Oriental will say to this intrusion on the immemorial privacy of his house-top we cannot even imagine, but

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in our Western nations we may look for a general uprising of popular agitation, a defending of the free air of heaven, of the ancient unsullied sky-line and of all the old rights—with a hurried commencement of laws and regulations for the suppression or total abolition of the aeronaut.

The great question is that of identification.

Until we could lay our hands on the motor-car driver he was a serious danger, but when once we had numbered him he ceased to threaten. However swift he might be, the law could overtake him. Similarly, if we cannot identify the passing aeronaut, he is a most alarming visitor. It may be taken for granted, at once, that no private airship will be permitted without some simple and certain method of identification. Large numbers fixed beneath the framework might be of use in fine weather, but insufficient alone to serve the required end. The wireless telegraph or telephone offers the likeliest solution. An instrument that would give out its own number to passing stations, or respond to inquiries, automatically or otherwise, would suffice.

The aeronaut will certainly be under severe rules and penalties. Failure to descend when required by the police would entail imprisonment without the option of a fine, and all along the line we may look for a passing and enforcing of stringent laws.

Flying over inhabited places of more than a certain size will be forbidden altogether, for the danger to closely packed houses and crowded streets will be obvious; if not, a smash into Trafalgar Square, or some other busy place, will make it sufficiently clear to the densest mind.

The question of trespass, with its aggravations of overlooking and the other nuisances already touched upon, will be settled by some simple stroke such as the limitation of private property to a certain height above the ground, say a hundred metres. Anyone entering below that line will be liable for ordinary trespass, with a suitable penalty. Above, the aeronaut will be free to roam about at his own risk, liable to any

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claims for damages or nuisance that might be made by those beneath.

As there will be a general prejudice against him, he will stand a poor chance in the court of law, and as an Ishmael and a rich man he will be heavily taxed before he escapes.

Apart from this, there will be certain fixed highways between the larger centres for the public aeroplanes, and here they will be on their own ground. We shall deal with these, however, at greater length below.

As the motor appeared its regulation was taken in hand by our ordinary police, and the same force, for a time at any rate, will control the aerial traffic. There will be some alterations needed to our police stations. The telephone will be required, also an observing platform of some kind, and instruments for communicating with the aeronaut. At the larger centres there will be guard boats to catch the driver who refuses to descend, and these boats will be necessary adjuncts for the Coastguard Stations. Certain main routes between the more important points would be observed as ordinary highways, with a definite height and width. Anyone crossing these lanes would have to pass them at a different level, and similarly a minor lane would have to dip underneath when crossing a major lane.

Speed appeals to the majority of mankind, and flying will certainly be the premier sport of the world. There is a peculiar fascination about it, whether we approach it by means of a horse or a motor, on skates, on a toboggan, or (nearest of all) freewheeling down hill on a cycle; and the airship will give us unchecked, unlimited speed to handle at our will. Just fancy climbing upwards in a long spiral, high up until the world is left far below, above clouds or fog or rain into the eternal sunshine; to hang there for one delicious moment poised in the highest heaven—and then to dive with a clean clear swoop, fifty miles long! It will give to man all that he has ever accomplished in his wildest dreams, and, then indeed he will be able to sing of speed, and of his dominion over the air.

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The question of tariffs will need special handling. Boats landing in a foreign country will have to report themselves immediately to a customs station, and any omission in this respect will be a penal offence. One of the most important points will be the mail service. There will be postal subsidies for the big liners, and special mail boats where they are needed. This matter, together with the tariff dfficulty, will call for an International Board, to deal generally with flying. The problems are so complex and the conditions so widespread, that no country will be able to handle the traffic alone, and it will have to be settled mutually by all the parties concerned. Sea ships are dealt with easily, for they can be detected and caught when they enter port, wherever it may be. There is an elaborate system of observation centred at Lloyd's, which deals with this, but airships will not be so easily managed, and the International Board will be forced into existence at an early date. Such a Board will have full control of the air all over the world. At first it will be occupied with the Navigation Laws (as apart from the by-laws which any particular locality may enforce), with the mail service, and, in a hesitating way, with the thorny subject of warfare, but, before long, forced on by the march of events, it will be taking over the wireless stations and the meteorological service. One can imagine such a board extending its boundaries in all directions, for the growing importance of flying will carry it on irresistibly, and ultimately it may be the foundation of that greater Board which will in due time arise for the purpose of world arbitration.

III. WAR

There has been more than one romance written in which an airship, a sort of torpedo-destroyer, has suddenly appeared without any warning and has, forthwith, proceeded to dominate the whole world. A perfected flying machine of a hundred years hence *would* undoubtedly dominate the present-

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day world, just as our *Dreadnought* would have overpowered the allied forces of the world in 1800, smashing up every ship and every maritime fortress then in existence with the greatest possible ease. We may rest assured, however, that the perfect airship will *not* rise armed from the sea in one night. It will be the outcome, not of a sudden inspiration, but of slow arduous experiment, as all other human inventions have been.

During the last fifty years there has been a running struggle between naval armour and naval guns. A has invented a gun that will pierce any known armour. B has brought a plate which will defy A's gun, and then C has appeared with an explosive that will hurl a shell through B.'s armour. So the battle has raged, not only between gun and armour, but between all other weapons of attack and defence, notably in the case of the torpedo, which has attained remarkable powers, following its prey with the most uncanny sagacity.

We may look for a similar conflict between the airship and its opponents for a long time to come. Ultimately, the former will prevail, but for the present we may expect a race between attack and defence, on the accustomed lines.

The dropping of explosives from balloons is prohibited. No one has been able to use such a weapon to any appreciable degree at present, but, as it comes more and more into the region of practical warfare, not all the conferences in the world will prevent its use, nor the use of any weapon as potent as this promises to be.

The aeronaut will be armed with an instrument, a combination of telescope, range-finder, and plumb-line, which will enable him to drop a shell through a tube exactly over any desired spot. The barrel would be rifled to give the shell a spin, and so prevent deviation. Many things can be dropped that cannot be fired.

There will be all sorts of novel chemical compounds, fierce explosives, and mixtures for suffocating, burning, pulverising and annihilating the victim. The airship will devastate our

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cities, arsenals, and dockyards. She will smash up our forts, camps, and battleships, and will threaten alike our protected ports and our most sheltered inland towns. As soon as this is fairly realised there will be a hurrying to and fro for means of defence, whilst all the time the airship will go ahead, being tested, altered and improved, first taking part in one war and then another, and advancing towards perfection by hard-won steps.

The attacking aeronaut, struggling against the wind, and manœuvring to and fro to get as close to his prey as possible (he won't be able to hover definitely for a long time to come), will be getting shot, smashed, and killed in a variety of ways from beneath and from above. Until the defending fleet is destroyed there will be aerial engagements, mostly ramming. There will be a special form of guard-boat for defensive purposes built for hovering at great heights, probably drawing electrical power through a wire, and capable of staying aloft for an indefinite period. By day it would fire on attacking airships, using a light gun spraying out a stream of needle bullets, and at night it would scour the horizon with powerful searchlights.

There will be guns, too, tremendously long quick-firing guns, fixed vertically, using small time-fuse shells containing high velocity explosives. Given accurate range finding a battery of these should be able to land at least one shell in the vicinity of the airship, and the explosion at close quarters would wreck the vessel.

Similar guns would be mounted on our ordinary sea ships in a sort of outrigger construction, one or more pairs on each side of the vessel, The lower part of the gun, protected by a cover, would be in the water when in use, and when travelling it would be slung up alongside. A vast amount of ingenuity will be expended in devising new weapons. There is in use at the present time in the vineyards of California a machine, known as the "hailstorm gun." It has a funnel for its barrel, and in a chamber at the bottom a charge of powder is fired and an air-ring ejected, resembling the smoke ring familiar to everybody.

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This vortex ring spinning round at high speed keeps its shape, and makes directly for the threatening storm cloud, which it strikes and disperses. One could imagine a modification of this weapon, to fire a vortex air spiral that would tear the attacking aeroplane wing from wing. Giant reflectors, or electrical rays, may be turned on the aeronaut, to paralyse him, or to render useless his batteries, or set fire to his store of explosives. Probably, however, the quick-firing gun, keeping up a stream of shells, will prove the most effective weapon of all. Certainly the navigator will have to keep a weather eye open in his earlier campaigns.

As the struggle develops, there will be a halt in the construction of other classes of armament, the Powers ceasing to lay down ironclads, or to build forts; for it will be evident that any sudden improvement in aeronautics may give a decisive advantage to the attack over the defence, and all attention will be turned towards these experiments.

Up to the present time the race between defence and attack has been wonderfully balanced, and further, any revolutionary weapon such as the quick-firing gun, or the torpedo, has been shared by all the Powers; but in aeronautics a small advance may at any moment place an enormous amount of power in a hitherto weak hand.

Nowhere has the mechanical progress of the last century been more notable than on the sea. Naval power has become a scientific affair, the fleet of to-day combining in itself the best work of the engineer, the designer and the chemist. Our sailor is now a trained mechanic, and he tends steadily to become more so and less of a fighter. On land there has been little real change since the battle of Agincourt. The problems that confront the modern general are almost identical with those for instance that awaited Napoleon. The marshalling of huge bodies of men, the arrangement of detail, the attention to commissariat or ammunition, and the actual strategy of the battlefield have changed hardly at all in essence. They have changed so little, indeed, that Hannibal or Julius Cæsar

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might, with a little preliminary coaching, have conducted our South African campaign, and with somewhat different results! On the sea to-day the leading power of the moment reigns supreme, but on land everyone is king in his own castle, more so now than ever, thanks to smokeless powder and improved methods of defence.

Just imagine what a startling change there will be when the conditions of naval warfare establish themselves over the land. What a difference it would have made in the Manchurian War!

After the first night attack of the Japanese had disabled the Russian fleet, Port Arthur might have held out one day, but two days would have been the farthest limit. Again, what an alteration there would have been in South Africa! In the midst of that weary time, the appearance of Admiral Fisher, with a score of aeroplanes, would have wound it up in about a fortnight, without our colonels or major-generals troubling their brains any more about the matter.

It means bringing the ironclad ashore, and that is a revolution indeed, both in spirit and in fact. The aerial battle will decide the campaign, and, even as the first sea power of to-day rules the waves, so then the first aerial power will be indisputably the ruler of the whole world.

At the present moment there is a revival of the Channel Tunnel scheme, and our military authorities are rushing into print with arguments against the idea. The English Commander-in-Chief declares that Great Britain can no longer hold up her head as an independent Power if the tunnel is permitted to pierce the defences of that Sea Wall that for so long has been her salvation!

This, we may take it, is the common-sense view of our naturally conservative countrymen. If the Channel Tunnel alarms them now, what will our War Office say to the aeroplane? and what will the War Offices of other countries say to it?

They will say nothing, which is all they are capable of saying to any question that calls for a little foresight.

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That colossal system of frontier fortification that has arisen throughout Europe will, with our "sea wall," or the "mountain walls" of Thibet, vanish before the coming of the aeroplane, and be heard of no more.

These changes will not come in one day however; the struggle between the airship above and the defences below will continue for a long period, the advantage tending now in one direction and then in another. As, however, inventions and improvements multiply, as the airship gets steadier in her flight, more controllable and able to rise to greater heights, so the defender will toil under increasing disadvantages until ultimately the aeroplane will be indisputably supreme.

When that time comes there will be several awkward questions to face. However powerful, for instance, the English aerofleet, there will be nothing to prevent a determined enemy making a night raid on London, a disaster too horrible even to contemplate. It will bring home to the most sheltered the grim realities of war. One can imagine our well-fed English citizen, free from conscription and ignorant of invasion, pausing a moment in his bellicose agitation and glancing apprehensively upwards at a passing shadow. By day and by night he will be in danger. The whole countryside will experience the agonising suspense of a beleaguered city, and consequently we may look for a growing reluctance to war and a general diminution of patriotic ardour. It will be the most potent argument for peace possible, and even as the first instalment of flying will give pause to our armaments, so its advance will cry halt to war itself and later, I believe, will aid powerfully in its total abolition.

THE WIDER VIEW.

Beginning with the sixteenth century and greatly accelerated during the nineteenth, the tendency of our Western nations has been towards cosmopolitanism, a

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spreading abroad of general ideas and sentiments, accomplished by means of steamships, railways, and all that we know as modern civilisation. Whether this will tend to the ultimate good of the world is a highly debatable point—whether, indeed, it is to the welfare of the white man at all, readers of Lafcadio Hearn will seriously question—but most social reformers will agree that it will be better when one tongue is known by all nations and one law is recognised everywhere, as is the case to-day, for instance, throughout the Russian and the British Empires.

When that day comes the field of operations will be clearly marked out, and all those problems with which the politician locally and the Socialist on a human scale are attempting to grapple will be cornered and taken in hand. To-day that is an impossibility, conditions vary so widely and change so rapidly. Our best efforts tend to ignore the Irish voter, or the Chinese labourer, or whatever other outside factors we can possibly shut our eyes to. But the next attempted Utopia will have to be a World State, and this is already recognised by many of our best thinkers.

Flying will enormously accelerate the spread of universal ideas. At present there are vast portions of the world untouched. We have only skirted the fringe of our mineral and agricultural riches, and enormous wealth awaits the pioneer in every direction.

We are attacking to-day such places as South America, Asia, and Africa in a more or less hesitating fashion. Some one discovers a mineral deposit rich enough to warrant a railway. Then come ships, a port, and finally a settlement with police and daily papers, and agricultural operations are set on foot, after which that part is supposed to be civilised. This is a very slow process however. Once we fly, and white man (or yellow) will be all over the show immediately. When it is possible to get from any one point to any other point of the planet, say in twenty four hours, things will move as they have never moved before.

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Then will begin such a time as the world has never known or imagined.

Mankind has watched with stupefaction the opening up of the United States. Its rise from an unknown wilderness to the wealthiest of nations in a couple of generations gives one some idea of what is before us. What has happened on the prairies and in the mines of the Americas will take place all over at once. There will be a universal boom, and a sudden rising in the total wealth of the world.

What problems such a change may bring one cannot foresee, nor does it concern us here, but it will mean a casting loose of all the stable bonds and a shifting of all our ancient landmarks—it will be a universal revolution.

At times I am doubtful whether the airship has not come a century too soon. This present tendency of things is towards a growing understanding amongst the nations, and more important still, amongst the common people. Another hundred years along the same lines would see the goal much nearer.

Already electricity and steam have brought the world into a possible compass. People are just beginning to realise the fact that war is a ruinous business for all, alike to the victor, the vanquished, and the spectator. They are dimly grasping the fact that several hundred million pounds blown into smoke in Africa, or Manchuria, represents a dead loss to the parties concerned, and further, as a depletion of the floating wealth of the world, a loss to all; and it is the growth of this idea that will prepare the way for the abolition of war. This is one of the ideals of the future. Another century would, I believe, see this attained, together with much else that at present we regard as dreams. That century will be, however, a time of strife and of great transvaluation of Powers, and if, during these coming changes, such a revolutionary weapon as the airship should be available, it is impossible to foresee the result. It might upset, or wholly destroy, our present civilisation, it may put back the clock of progress for a long time to

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come, and it will most certainly prove a vastly disturbing element.

The airship is here—not perhaps commercially at once, but from the military point of view it is immediately upon us, and the other will follow. It is imperative, therefore, that attention should be drawn towards the questions that flying will bring in its train.

It may or may not be a great boon, we are quite unable to say which, but that will depend in a large measure on the way in which these questions are handled.

To England it is a question of paramount importance. Our colossal fleet of ships, our world-wide commerce, and our far-reaching Empire, rest on a most unstable basis—the Command of the Sea.

Englishmen are naturally conservative. It is their boast and rightly so, for it has been the main reason of their success as a nation—but occasionally it is a handicap. The prejudice displayed towards the motor, for instance, in contrast with the open-mindedness of the French, told heavily against us in the commercial arena. A similar display of unchecked conservatism towards the aeronaut will hamper the advance of flying in this country, and will probably occasion the most serious damage to our national welfare. Forewarned is forearmed however. A thorough ventilation of the subject, a quiet discussion and an examination of the various problems before they are upon us, demanding solution, will allow us to deal with them when they do come on a sensible basis and in a comparatively reasonable state of mind.

It is with the object of provoking such discussion that this paper has been written, and should such a rational course be followed, we have nothing to fear but everything to hope for from the coming of the flying machine.

BERNARD S. GILBERT.

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THE SPEECH FROM THE THRONE

THE Speech from the Throne, or, as it is popularly called, "The King's Speech," which at the opening of every Session of Parliament is read to Peers and Commons assembled in the House of Lords by the Sovereign himself, or, in his absence, by the Lord Chanceller, is always awaited with considerable curiosity, and even, at times, with some apprehension. In it the legislative programme of the Government is foreshadowed.

To call the Speech the "King's Speech" is a polite fiction; aye, though the Lord Chancellor, before he reads it, in the absence of the King, is careful to say—following an ancient custom, the meaning of which changes in the Constitution have long since deprived of its old significance—that it is in "his Majesty's own words." The Sovereign has practically now no part in its original composition. It is really the Speech of the Cabinet. But though in these days of democratic government the "Speech from the Throne" is in truth the expression of the views of the Ministers, it bodied forth the King's will when that will was long ago the law of the land. Parliament could not then assemble until the Sovereign thought fit to summon it. When it did meet, the Sovereign in his Speech fixed and declared the business to be discharged, and the representatives of the people had to confine themselves strictly to the work thus prescribed for them at the Royal

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pleasure. This prerogative is still theoretically vested in the Crown. Parliament can be summoned only by the Sovereign, but since the Revolution the Sovereign acts solely on the advice of the Ministers. Parliament cannot proceed with business until the Speech from the Throne has been delivered; but since the Revolution, also, neither House—as we shall see later—is bound to confine itself to the "causes of summons" set forth in the Speech.

The first draft of the Speech is usually written by the Prime Minister. Of course, the Cabinet first decides what Bills are to be submitted to Parliament, but the general contents of the Speech, and certainly its phraseology, may be ascribed almost exclusively to the head of the Government. The draft is submitted to a full meeting of the Cabinet, where it is discussed point by point; and probably undergoes some alteration in the way of a qualification here and an addition there. Then a copy of the Speech is sent to the King for his approval.

That the "King's Speech" is the Speech of the Ministers has been admitted by the Sovereign even in the years following close on the institution of Constitutional Monarchy. In the reign of George II. a too enterprising printer was prosecuted for publishing a spurious Speech on the eve of the opening of Parliament. "I hope," said the King, "the fellow's punishment will be light, for I have read both Speeches, the real and the false, and, so far as I understand them, I like the printer's speech better than my own." "Well, Lord Chancellor," said George III. to Lord Eldon, as he was leaving the House of Lords after opening Parliament, "Did I deliver the Speech well?" "Very well indeed, sir," was the reply. "I'm surprised at that," said the King, "for there was nothing in it." The voice was the voice of the King, but the words were the words of his Ministers. Still, the King must surely be allowed some latitude of opinion in regard to the King's Speech beyond a formal expression of approval. The truth is that if he chooses he may suggest alterations, and no doubt insist upon

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them, provided no modifications in the policy of his advisers is implied. He probably softens an expression now and then, or adds a gracious sentence. Did not George III. insert in his first Speech the famous words, "Born and bred in this country, I glory in the name of Briton!" He was the first English-born King since the Revolution. George I. could not speak a word of English. We are told that he and his Prime Minister, Walpole, discussed affairs of State in bad Latin. George II. publicly proclaimed himself a foreigner every time he read the Speech to the "Gendlemen of de Houze of Gommons." The happy phrase of George III. has been ascribed to the influence of his early friend and adviser, the Scottish John Stuart, third Earl of Bute, which it is said explains the appearance in it of "Briton" instead of "Englishman." But the King always insisted that the inspiration of the sentence as well as its composition was entirely his own. A story is told which curiously lends confirmation to his claim. Notwithstanding the birth and training in which he gloried, he wrote English ungrammatically and always spelt badly; and if we are to believe John Wilkes "Briton" in the famous sentence was mis-spelt "Britain."

It is unlikely that there have been cases of dispute between the Sovereign and his Ministers, in recent years, at least, as to either the measures set out in the Speech or the phraseology of its sentences. At any rate only one instance during the long reign of Queen Victoria has come to light. In 1864 Denmark and Germany went to war over their contending claims to the duchies of Schleswig-Holstein. The naturally bellicose Palmerston was Prime Minister; and if ever there was an occasion which justified a display of his fighting disposition it was this, for England was a party to the Treaty of 1852 guaranteeing the maintenance of the Danish Monarchy, and moreover public feeling was on the side of Denmark, if for no other reason than that it was weak and was being bullied by big Germany. Accordingly, the Speech from the Throne, with which the Session of 1864 was to be opened,

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contained a paragraph plainly, if not menacingly, expressing the sympathy of England with Denmark in the struggle. To this Queen Victoria strongly objected. In her opinion the best policy for this country was to stand neutral, and though the stubborn Premier was as usual disposed to show fight, she finally had her way. The paragraph of the Speech as read in the House of Lords was as follows:

Her Majesty, actuated by the same desire to preserve the peace of Europe, which was one of the declared objects of all the Powers who were parties to that Treaty, has been unremitting in her endeavours to bring about a peaceful settlement of the differences which on this matter have arisen between Germany and Denmark, and to ward off the dangers which might follow from a beginning of warfare in the North of Europe, and Her Majesty will continue her efforts in the interest of peace.

But it is not sufficient for the King formally to express approval of the draft of the Speech submitted to him by his chief adviser. He must sign the Speech in the presence of the Ministers, thus giving them a guarantee of the very words he will deliver to the two Houses of Parliament. Consequently, at a meeting of the "King in Council," or in other words, the Most Honourable Privy Council, at which, however, only Cabinet Ministers are present, the King endorses the Speech with his signature.

The Speech is always written in a prescribed form. Each one bears the closest resemblance outwardly to its predecessors. It is always divided into three sections. The first section, addressed generally to "My Lords and Gentlemen," and meant for the Members of both Houses, deals exclusively with foreign affairs; then there is a brief paragraph referring to the Estimates, which specially concerns the "Gentlemen of the House of Commons," as the sole custodians and guardians of the public purse; and the third section, which opens with "My Lords and Gentlemen," contains some general remarks on home affairs, and sets out the legislative programme of the Session. "I pray," the Speech usually concludes, "that Almighty God may continue to guide you in the conduct of your deliberations, and bless them with success."

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These Speeches possess a double interest, as the literary compositions and the political manifestoes of the most eminent statesmen of the Nation. To me it has been a pleasant occupation dipping into them, here and there, in the volumes of "Hansard," and extracting a few notes personal to the Sovereign, or references to some of the great political issues of the latter half of the nineteenth century and the opening years of the twentieth. There is a popular supposition that "the King's Speeches" are the worst possible models of "the King's English." That is, indeed, too sweeping a condemnation. Unquestionably there are Speeches with sentences doubtful in grammar, as well as feeble and pointless. The writing of most of them, however, is pure and concise. It is possible to trace in them the characteristic styles and different moods of mind of the Prime Ministers who were their authors. Disraeli's stand out as the most ornate. He used more rhetoric than other Premiers deemed to be necessary or desirable. In one of his "Speeches," there is a picture of "the elephants of Asia carrying the artillery of Europe over the mountains of Rasselas"; in another the founding of British Columbia calls up a vision of her Majesty's dominions in North America, "peopled by an unbroken chain, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, of a loyal and industrious population of subjects of the British Crown." Nothing could be more effective from an elocutionary point of view. The "Speeches" of Lord Melbourne trembled at times on the verge of puerility. Palmerston's waved the Union Jack on foreign affairs, and his offhand "Ha, ha" was heard in their references to things domestic. Gladstone and Salisbury drafted "Speeches" equally noted for freshness and strength,

> The early age at which I am called to the sovereignty of this Kingdom renders it a more imperative duty that under Divine Providence I should place my reliance upon your cordial co-operation, and upon the loyal affection of all my people. I ascend the Throne with a deep sense of the responsibility which is imposed upon me; but I am supported by the consciousness of my own right intentions, and by my dependence upon the protection of Almighty God.

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These are the concluding words of the Speech from the Throne read by Queen Victoria to her first Parliament, on November 20, 1839. It was a new Parliament, fresh from the country, after the General Election which, as the law then required, followed the demise of the Crown through the death of William IV. The scene on that historic occasion in the old House of Lords was most brilliant. To the right of the young Queen stood her mother, the Duchess of Kent. On her left was Viscount Melbourne, the Prime Minister. At the foot of the Throne were grouped other great officers of State. The benches were crowded with Peers in their robes—amongst whom Wellington, Brougham, Lyndhurst were distinguished figures—and with peeresses in Court plumes and diamonds. At the Bar were assembled the Commons, Mr. Speaker Abercromby at their head, and in the throng might be seen such eminent statesmen and notabilities of the Lower House as Lord John Russell, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Palmerston, Daniel O'Connell, Robert Stanley, and two young Members, Gladstone, who already had four years' experience of Parliament, and Disraeli, just returned at the General Election for Maidstone, who were destined to become the two greatest political protagonists of the nineteenth century. Writing to his sister, on November 21, 1837, Disraeli thus comically describes how the Commons went to the House of Lords, and what they saw there:

> The rush was terrific; Abercromby himself nearly thrown down and trampled upon, and his macebearer banging the members' heads with his gorgeous weapon and cracking skulls with impunity. I was fortunate enough to escape, however, and also to ensure an entry. It was a magnificent spectacle. The Queen looked admirable; no feathers but a diamond tiara. The peers in robes, the peeresses and the sumptuous groups of courtiers rendered the affair most glittering and imposing.

What a contrast between this splendid and joyful ceremony and the pathetic scene that was witnessed in the same Chamber, just a year earlier, when Parliament was opened by William IV. for the last time! The aged King, wrapped in

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his ample purple robes, and his grey locks surmounted by the Imperial Crown, stood on the Throne with the shadows of evening thickening in the Chamber, struggling with dim eyes to read the Speech prepared for him by Lord Melbourne. He stammered slowly, and almost inaudibly, through the first few sentences, pausing now and then over a difficult word, and turning imploringly to the Prime Minister with the query, "What is it, Melbourne?" loudly enough to be heard by the Assembly. At last, losing all patience, he angrily exclaimed, in the full-blooded language of the period, "Damn it, I can't see!" Candles were instantly brought in and placed beside the King. "My Lords and Gentlemen," said he, "I have hitherto not been able, for want of light, to read this Speech in a way its importance deserves; but as lights are now brought me, I will read it again from the commencement, and in a way which, I trust, will command your attention." Then in a pitiful effort to prove to Peers and Commons that his mental and physical powers were by no means failing, he commenced the Speech again and read it through in a fairly clear voice and with some emphasis.

It was at the opening of the third Session of the first Parliament of Queen Victoria, on January 16, 1840, Lord Melbourne being still Premier, that her Majesty read from her Speech the announcement of her approaching marriage in the following words:

> My Lords and Gentlemen: Since you were last assembled I have declared my intention of allying myself in marriage with Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. I humbly implore that the Divine blessing may prosper this union, and render it conducive to the interests of my people, as well as to my own domestic happiness; and it will be to me a source of the most lively satisfaction to find the resolution I have taken approved by my Parliament. The constant proofs which I have received of your attachment to my person and family persuade me that you will enable me to provide for such an establishment as may appear suitable to the rank of the Prince and the dignity of the Crown.

On the next occasion her Majesty opened Parliament, February 8, 1842, Sir Robert Peel being Prime Minister, she announced in the Speech another joyful event in her

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domestic life, the birth of the Prince of Wales, which took place on November 9, 1841. The Speech said:

My Lords and Gentlemen: I cannot meet you in Parliament assembled without making a public acknowledgment of my gratitude to Almighty God, on account of the birth of the Prince, my son—an event which has completed the measure of my domestic happiness, and has been hailed with every demonstration of affectionate attachment to my person and government by my faithful and loyal people.

The Prince Consort died on December 14, 1861, at the early age of forty-two years. At the opening by Commission of the next Session of Parliament, Lord Palmerston being Prime Minister, this great domestic affliction of the Sovereign was thus announced in "the Queen's Speech":

My Lords and Gentlemen: We are commanded by Her Majesty to assure you that Her Majesty is persuaded that you will deeply participate in the affliction by which Her Majesty has been overwhelmed by the calamitous, untimely and irreparable loss of her beloved Consort, who has been her comfort and support. It has been, however, soothing to Her Majesty, while suffering most acutely under this awful dispensation of Providence, to receive from all classes of her subjects, the most cordial assurances of their sympathy with her sorrow, as well as their appreciation of the noble character of him, the greatness of whose loss to Her Majesty and to the nation is so justly and so universally felt and lamented.

Six years elapsed before Queen Victoria was seen again at St. Stephen's. She opened the Conservative Parliament which assembled on February 10, 1866. The ceremony, by her command, was plain and simple. She declined to wear the purple robe of State, directing that it should be placed over the Chair of the Throne. Her attire consisted of a black dress and a widow's white cap, the only touch of bright colour being the blue sash of the Garter across her breast. For the first time also she did not read the Speech from the Throne. It was read by Lord Chancellor Cranworth. The Speech announced the termination of the long and bloody Civil War in America. "The abolition of slavery," it added, "is an event calling forth the cordial sympathies and congratulations of this country, which has always been foremost in

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showing its abhorrence for an institution repugnant to every feeling of justice and humanity."

Queen Victoria opened in person the first Session of the Liberal Parliament on February 11, 1869, in which Gladstone for the first time was Prime Minister. The great measure of that Session was the Act for the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church in Ireland. "The ecclesiastical arrangements of Ireland," said the Queen's Speech, "will be brought under your consideration at a very early date." It went on to say:

> I am persuaded that in the prosecution of the work you will bear careful regard to every legitimate interest which it may involve, and that you will be governed by the constant aim to promote the welfare of religion through the principles of equal justice, to secure the action of the individual feeling and opinion of Ireland on the side of loyalty and law, to efface the memory of former contentions and to cherish the sympathies of an affectionate people.

As the time approachad for the meeting of Parliament in the following year, 1870, Gladstone was most anxious that it should be opened by the Queen. The chief business was to be a Bill dealing with the Irish land question. Gladstone said to Lord Granville, "It would be almost a crime in a Minister to omit anything that might serve to mark and bring home to the minds of men the gravity of the occasion." "Moreover," he added, "I am persuaded that the Queen's own sympathies would be—not as last year—in the same current as ours." This shows how important, in the opinion of Gladstone, it was for the success of the Government's legislative programme that Parliament should be opened with the *éclat* which attends the ceremony when it is performed by the Sovereign in person. He urged the matter on the consideration of the Queen, but her Majesty was unable, or disinclined, to comply with his request. The opening passage of the Speech from the Throne is significant, in the light of what happened, as we now know, behind the scenes. It runs: "We have it in command from her Majesty again to invite you to resume your arduous duties, and to express the regret of her Majesty

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that recent indisposition has prevented her from meeting you in person as had been her intention at a period of remarkable public interest."

It is interesting to note that until 1873 the Speech from the Throne, when Parliament was opened, not by the Sovereign in person but by Royal Commission, was always written in the third person. It commenced with some such formula as: "We have her Majesty's commands to declare that her Majesty," &c. But Gladstone, in 1873, introduced the innovation of always writing the Speech in the first person, with a liberal use of the pronoun "I," even when the Sovereign was unable to be present, and since then this precedent has been invariably followed by all Prime Ministers.

The last time that Queen Victoria lent the importance of her presence to the opening of the Legislature was on January 21, 1886, at the assembling of a new Parliament, with the Conservatives in office but not in power. The "Queen's Speech" which was read on that occasion was perhaps—having regard to what occurred subsequently in Parliament—the most remarkable of Victoria's long reign. The Home Rule Session of 1886 was opened with a Speech from the Throne, in which any disturbance of the Legislative Union was strongly reprobated.

The events which led up to this extraordinary Constitutional situation may be briefly related. In June 1885, the Gladstone Administration, defeated on an amendment to their Budget condemning the increases proposed in the beer and spirit duties, resigned, and they were succeeded by a Conservative Government, with Lord Salisbury as Prime Minister for the first time. There was a General Election in November, and the Liberals came back from the polls in triumph. The Government, although in a minority, did not resign. They decided to meet Parliament, not to put their fortune to the test, for they knew that was hopeless, but in order to have a Speech from the Throne in which there should be an emphatic declaration against any attempt to disturb the legislative relations between Great Britain and Ireland; and

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the Session was opened in person by Queen Victoria to show her sympathy with Lord Salisbury.

The Speech from the Throne, as in every instance of the opening of Parliament by the Queen since the death of the Prince Consort, was read by the Lord Chancellor. The state of Ireland was the subject of its principal passage, which was as follows:

> I have seen with deep sorrow the renewal since I last addressed you, of the attempt to excite the people of Ireland to hostility against the Legislative Union between that country and Great Britain. I am resolutely opposed to any disturbance of that fundamental law, and in resisting it I am convinced that I shall be supported by my Parliament and my people.

It was known, of course, at the time that Gladstone was committed to Home Rule, and it was hoped by the Conservatives that this declaration in favour of the maintenance of the Union would prove embarrassing to the Liberal leader. Five days later the Government were defeated on an amendment to the Address in reply to the Speech in favour of small allotments for agricultural labourers. Gladstone once again returned to office. The new Liberal Government accepted the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne, drawn up by their Conservative predecessors, only adding to it the amendment expressing regret that there was no promise in the Speech of legislation to enable agricultural labourers to obtain allotments and small holdings. At that time the Address was a veritable echo of the Speech itself. The Sovereign was thanked, separately and specifically, for every expression of promise, hope or regret contained in the Speech from the Throne. One passage from the Address, which, in view of the introduction of the Home Rule Bill by Gladstone a few months later, is one of the curiosities of constitutional history, was as follows:

> We humbly thank Your Majesty for informing us that Your Majesty has seen with deep sorrow the renewal, since Your Majesty last addressed us, of the attempt to excite the people of Ireland to hostility against the Legislative Union between that country and Great Britain; that Your Majesty is reso-

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lutely opposed to any disturbance of that fundamental law; and that in resisting it Your Majesty is convinced that Your Majesty will be heartily supported by Your Parliament and Your People.

Nevertheless, the Home Rule Bill was brought in by the Prime Minister in June. It was rejected by a majority of thirty.

King Edward VII. opened his first Parliament on February 14, 1901, the Unionists being in office and Lord Salisbury Prime Minister.

I address you for the first time [said the King in the Speech from the Throne] at a moment of National sorrow, when the whole country is mourning the irreparable loss which we have so recently sustained, and which has fallen with peculiar severity upon myself. My beloved Mother, during her long and glorious reign, has set an example before the world of what a monarch should be. It is my earnest desire to walk in her footsteps.

What is "The Address" to which the House of Commons gives its entire attention for the first week or a fortnight of a new Session? It is the form in which Parliament has for centuries expressed its dutiful and loyal respects to the Sovereign for the Speech from the Throne. It supports the constitutional fiction that the King's Speech is the speech of the King; and affords both Lords and Commons the means of conveying to his Majesty their thanks or dissatisfaction in regard either to the things it promises to do or the expectations it fails to satisfy.

On the day appointed for the opening of Parliament, at two o'clock, the Speech from the Throne is read as we know by the King to Peers and Commons in the House of Lords. The scramble of the Commons to the Upper Chamber to hear the Speech, which for years was an unseemly incident of the opening of Parliament, came to an end in 1902. So great was the crush on one of the early occasions when Queen Victoria opened Parliament that Joseph Hume, as he bitterly complained in the House of Commons, neither saw her Majesty nor heard her voice, although he was within touch of the Speaker. "I was crushed into a corner," he said, "my head being knocked against a post, and I might

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have been much injured if a stout Member had not come to my assistance." Dickens, who was present at the ceremony a few year later, said that the Speaker answered the summons of Black Rod like a schoolmaster with a mob of unmannerly boys at his heels. "He is propelled," the novelist wrote, "to the Bar of the House with the frantic fear of being knocked down and trampled upon by the rush of M.P.s." Since 1902, by an arrangement between the two Houses, the Strangers' Gallery of the House of Lords, previously occupied by peeresses, is set apart for the accommodation of Members of the House of Commons, and access to it is permitted before the King appears in the Chamber and despatches Black Rod to command the attendance of the Commons at the Bar. The ceremony of reading the Speech from the Throne is always brief. On its conclusion both Houses immediately suspend their sittings.

Then at four o'clock the Lords and the Commons again reassemble. The Speech is read in both Houses—in the Lords by the Lord Chancellor, in the Commons by the Speaker. But before this is done it is the practice of each House to carry the first reading of a Bill, a practice enjoined by Standing Orders in the Lords, and in the Commons observed pursuant to ancient custom. The incident escapes the attention of most Lords and Commons, so quietly and quickly does it happen, and probably its significance is lost to some of those who may chance to notice it. Yet it is of high constitutional import, its simple and brief character notwithstanding. In the Lords, the Leader of the House moves the first reading of the "Select Vestries Bill"; in the Commons, the Bill introduced by the Leader of the House is "For the more effectual Preventing of Clandestine Outlawries." The Speaker in the one House, and the Lord Chancellor in the other, at once puts the question that the Bill be read the first time, and declares it carried. It seems a matter of form simply, but it is meant to assert the right of Parliament to act without reference to any outside authority, to debate matters other than "the

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causes of summons" set forth in the Speech from the Throne. Neither of these Bills—having thus fulfilled a high constitutional function—is ever heard of again during the Session. The "Outlawries Bill," which does service in the House of Commons, has been preserved in the drawers of the Table since the opening of the present Chamber in 1852. For one moment, at the opening of each Session, it is produced by the Clerk, and is seen no more for another twelve months.

The House of Commons is thronged with Members. Probably all of them crowded at the heels of the Speaker on his way to the House of Lords two hours earlier to hear "the King's Speech" delivered by the King. Yet the Speaker is bound to assume that no one went to "the other place" but himself. So he gravely announces that "this House has been to the House of Peers to hear the gracious Speech from the Throne"; and having, as he says, "for greater accuracy" procured a copy of that Speech, he proceeds to read it with solemn emphasis and slowly to the House.

It is one of the polite usages of Parliament that the Leaders of the Opposition in both Houses should receive an early copy of the Speech, so that they may have the opportunity of considering it before the time comes for criticising it in the Legislature. Each of them also reads it to his principal colleagues at the dinner to which it is customary for him to entertain them on the eve of the Session. For many years in the reign of Queen Victoria a forecast of the Speech appeared in the newspapers. The journalists pretended to be prophetically inspired, for though they were told by authority the contents of the Speech, it was well understood that they were to pretend there had been no direct divulging of its secrets to them. But King Edward VII. put an end to that long-established journalistic custom. His Majesty naturally insisted that the King's Speech should be regarded as private and confidential until it was read by the King from the Throne. But immediately that it is read to both Houses, it is widely circulated through the Press, so that it appears in every evening paper in

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London and the provinces, and is thus despoiled of all its novelty long before the Lords and Commons, reassembling at four o'clock, hear it again, for the second time, in their respective Chambers.

Macaulay states in his History that the first speech of James II. to Parliament in 1685—notable for its extraordinary admonition to the Commons, that if they wished to meet frequently they must treat him generously in the matter of supplies—was greeted with loud cheers by the Tory Members assembled at the Bar of the House of Lords. "Such acclamations were then unusual," says the historian. "It has now been during many years the grave and decorous usage of Parliaments to hear in respectful silence all expressions, acceptable or unacceptable, which are uttered from the Throne." For two centuries and a quarter the reading of the King's Speech to the House of Commons had invariably been unbroken by any demonstration of approval or of disapprobation. But at the opening of the last Session of the Balfour Parliament, in February 1905, there was a breach of the traditional decorum, which, as a departure in Parliamentary manners, is significant enough to be placed on record. The promise in the Speech of economy, "so far as the circumstances of the case admitted," was received with derisive laughter on the Opposition benches, while the mention of the "prospect" of a promised Redistribution Bill, by which Ireland was to lose twenty-two seats, provoked loud and angry cries of defiance from the Irish Members. The reading of the Speech from the Throne by the Speaker at the opening of the Liberal Parliament in 1906 was in like manner greeted with Ministerial cries of approbation.

In each House a motion for an Address to the King for his "most gracious Speech" is then submitted on behalf of the Government. The proposer and seconder of the Address in each House are in uniform or full dress, the only occasion, be it noted, when a lord or commoner is permitted to appear in Parliament otherwise than in civilian clothes. The uniforms

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of the Militia or Yeomanry are much affected, and, failing the commission to wear them, Court costume or levée dress is the rule. Another order, which prohibits members of either House from "carrying a lethal weapon," is also suspended for the occasion in favour of the sword of the soldier or courtier. There is, however, one instance of the Address having been seconded by a Member who wore no costume of ceremony, that of Mr. Charles Fenwick, the labour representative, who at the opening of the first Session of the Liberal Parliament of 1892–95 discharged that function in his ordinary everyday clothes.

In March 1894, the same Liberal Administration being in office—save that Lord Rosebery had succeeded Gladstone as Premier—an amendment to the Address moved by Mr. Labouchere, Member for Northampton, hostile to the House of Lords, was carried against the Government by the narrow majority of two, or by 147 votes to 145. It declared "that the power now enjoyed by persons not elected to Parliament by the possessors of the Parliamentary franchise to prevent Bills being submitted to your Majesty for your Royal approval shall cease," and expressed the hope that "if it be necessary your Majesty will, with and by the advice of your responsible Ministers, use the powers vested in your Majesty to secure the passing of this much-needed reform." The method suggested by Mr. Labouchere was the creation of 500 Peers who would be willing to carry through the House of Lords a Bill for the abolition of that Chamber and themselves.

Sir William Harcourt, Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons, declined to treat the reverse as a vote of censure, or to add the amendment to the Address. "The Address in answer to the Speech from the Throne," said he, "is a proceeding for which her Majesty's Government make themselves responsible—responsible as the representative of the majority in the House of Commons from whom that Address proceeds. I think that is a clear constitutional principle which nobody will be disposed to dispute. The Government could not present to the Sovereign

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in a formal manner a document of which they are not prepared to accept the entire and immediate responsibility." He concluded by inviting the House to negative the amended Address, and to adopt a new Address, simply assuring her Majesty "that the measures recommended to our consideration shall receive our most careful attention." This motion was seconded by Mr. John Morley.

The fact that neither of the Ministers wore Court dress or uniform provoked a characteristic joke on the part of Colonel Saunderson, Member for North Armagh. Rising to a point of order, he asked the Speaker whether it was not contrary to the immemorial practice of the House for the mover of the Address to appear without the uniform befitting his rank? If, he continued, the Speaker should answer that question in the affirmative, he would move the adjournment of the House for twenty minutes, so as to give the Chancellor of the Exchequer an opportunity of arraying himself in garments suitable to the occasion. The Speaker took no notice of the question, for, of course, it was not seriously intended. What Colonel Saunderson wanted was a laugh, and that he got in the fullest measure. The incident, unprecedented in Parliamentary history, ended with the unanimous adoption of the new Address.

It is a compliment to be invited to move or second the motion for the Address. Young Ministerialists of promise are generally selected for the distinction. As a rule, one represents an urban and the other a rural constituency; one is associated with agriculture, and the other with trade. The occasion, however, affords little scope for fine oratorical efforts, independence of thought, or originality of expression. The speeches are usually echoes of the document which the Lord Chancellor or the Speaker has just read, consisting of commendations of its pacific references to foreign affairs and its promises of needful domestic legislation. But the debate which follows is always of serious import, and is usually a good test of the debating quality of the House of Commons.

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The Opposition give battle to the Ministerialists. The wrangle of party controversy at once begins. The policy of the Government is attacked along the whole line in a series of amendments to the Address.

The Address, as we have seen, used to be an elaborate document. It took up the Speech, paragraph by paragraph, expressing approval of its every declaration, and thanking the Sovereign in each instance for the great condescension and wisdom of his words. But in recent years it has assumed a more simple and rational form. From the Commons it is as follows:

> That an humble Address be presented to His Majesty, as followeth:—
>
> Most Gracious Sovereign: We, Your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Commons of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland in Parliament assembled, beg leave to thank Your Majesty for the most gracious speech which Your Majesty has addressed to both Houses of Parliament.

The Addresses from the Lords and Commons, in reply to the Speech, were at one time presented to the Sovereign at Buckingham Palace, nominally by "the whole House" in each case, but really by the Lord Chancellor for the Lords and by the Speaker for the Commons, each being attended by the proposer and seconder and a few of the Ministers in either House. All the members of each House, however, were supposed to have the privilege of "free access" to the Throne on these occasions; and, moreover, they might, if they so pleased, enter the presence of the Sovereign in ordinary attire, instead of in the regulation gold-braided coat and knee-breeches. The ceremony of presenting the Address by the whole House is now obsolete. The course which has been followed in recent years is that the Addresses are presented by two Ministers who are members of the Royal Household. These Ministers also bring back to both Houses the King's acknowledgment of the Addresses.

A message from the Crown, or, as it is styled officially, "a message under the Royal sign-manual," is presented to both

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Houses with some ceremony. In the Lords, the Lord Steward of the Household, wearing his official uniform, holding a white wand in one hand and a roll of parchment in the other, rises in his place at an opportune moment and announces that he has a message from the King. He then hands his roll of parchment to the Lord Chancellor, who reads it to the House. In the Commons the incident is perhaps a little more picturesque. It comes off in the usually idle quarter of an hour that intervenes between prayers and the asking of questions at the opening of each sitting. The Comptroller of the Household appears at the Bar unannounced. Unlike the incursions of "Black Rod," from the House of Lords, who is always heralded by the loud cry of the doorkeeper, and enters the Chamber amid wild alarms, the Royal Messenger who brings the King's acknowledgment of the Address has free entry to the House. He comes in without fuss or noise, and his duty discharged, is allowed to depart silently and in peace. Standing at the Bar, in his dark uniform relieved by a liberal display of gold braid and gilt buttons, and carrying his long white wand, he announces to the House—the Speaker standing, and the Members uncovering while the Message from the King is being delivered—that he brings his Majesty's most grateful thanks for the Address from his faithful Commons. Then advancing to the Table, he hands the document to the Clerk and it is passed on to the Speaker, by whom it is read to the House. The Comptroller of the Royal Household retires stepping backwards, bowing to the Chair, until the Bar is reached, when, turning round, he disappears through the swing-doors. But this happens a week or more after the Address has been adopted, and the work of Parliament has begun in real earnest.

MICHAEL MACDONAGH.

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FREDERICK YORK POWELL[1]

PROFESSOR ELTON undertook no easy task when he set out to write the life of his friend the late Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford. Powell's career was marked by, practically, no "events," and no changes of scene or occupation beyond those tidal movements characteristic of the academic life, the ebb and flow of terms and vacations, flittings between Oxford and London, and country holidays. He passed through no religious or intellectual crisis; there was no revolutionary change in his ideas or his ideals. His political views merely took on, as he grew older, a certain shade of Imperialism without losing their Liberal tint. He had no misfortunes, no troubles beyond the common lot of all men who reach middle life—the loss of friends and relatives—no illness, apparently, till the heart-ailment appeared of which, with little suffering or painful weakness, he eventually died. It was a happy life, for he had great zest in living, and unusual keenness of enjoyment both in play and work; and it must be allowed that it was not a laborious life. Not that Powell was indolent; on the contrary, his mental activity was intense, and he was always acquiring knowledge, exploring unknown seas of learning, wandering up attractive creeks and inlets, like the roving buccaneer he was; but his activity was

[1] "Frederick York Powell: A Life and a Selection from his Letters and Occasional Writings." By Oliver Elton. Two volumes. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1906.

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not of the productive sort, and it is not unfair to say that he went through life doing as little work as he could of an unpleasant kind. Consequently, if we except the volumes that resulted from his collaboration with Vigfusson, and from the latter's initiative and perseverance rather than his own, he produced, probably, even less than Lord Acton.

All this, it is clear, does not tend to make the biographer's task easy; it might even make one doubt whether a biography were justifiable; but it *is* justified, and amply so, by two things—the personality of the subject and the sympathetic skill of the writer. Professor Elton had a portrait to draw rather than a biography to write; and he has drawn it well, with insight, tenderness, and discrimination. If there is a fault to find, it is that he is a little too apt to make excuses for his friend. There is no gainsaying it; Powell had his defects; and, in the responsible position which he occupied during the last ten years of his life, they were sometimes serious ones. Now excuses are no justification. If you can justify the action or inaction of your hero, then by all means do so; but do not make excuses for him. It is better to plead guilty, and be *in misericordia*. And mercy will certainly be extended to York Powell. His personality was so winning, his intimacy was so full of genial charm, his conversation so pithy and unexpected, his mental atmosphere so infectious, his whole nature so big and generous and wholesome, that it was impossible to be angry with him for his unmethodical ways, his habit of procrastination, his defective sense of responsibility.

For defective it must be confessed it was. To be an undonnish don is a grace for which—though it is not so uncommon as outsiders are apt to think—academic society should be duly grateful. But to be an unprofessional professor is a very doubtful advantage to University life and work. After all, the business of a professor is to teach; to organise—we will not say, to test—study and learning; to advance the limits of human knowledge by research in the subject he professes. Few professors are active on all these sides; generally speaking,

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the good teachers are not good researchers, and *vice versa;* but it cannot be said that Powell was very active or very successful in any of them. He could not get men to come to his lectures. He published no historical work of importance after he became professor. He formed no school. To talk charmingly to a few appreciative young men, or sometimes young women, in your college rooms, *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*—this is what an enthusiastic girl-student describes Powell (i. 370–3) as doing—is all very well, but it is not a professor's business, or at all events only a very small part of it. Powell was admirably in his place as a member of a cultivated society, absorbing knowledge on a variety of topics and giving it out again in sparkling talk, following the bent of his own tastes in regard to subjects of study, taking a keen interest in many praiseworthy schemes and giving them a push at the proper moment, writing an address now and then, or, more frequently, a rapid little review of some book that pleased him. In all this he excelled ; here his genius—for genius he had—manifested itself; but for the system and method, the constant hard work and undivided aim, which make the great teacher or writer, Powell was not suited.

Having said this much by way of detraction—detraction which must justify itself, if it can, by the desire to redress the balance which the memoir slightly upsets—let me hasten to add that Powell's defects, such as they were, made him more rather than less lovable, and were regrettable only from the point of view from which we have just regarded them. Had he been more ambitious, had he had more productive energy, a stronger will, a less artistic, wayward, many-sided nature, more of the Englishman, in short, and less of the Celt, he would have produced more books, but he might have been a less amiable and attractive character. Mr. Elton says of him (i. 81), "He was too diffident, and had too little concentration to shoulder very long or heavy tasks in solitude." This was after he lost the support of Vigfusson, who managed, by his own devotion, infectious energy, and

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admirable scholarship, to harness Powell for several years to the only work of *longue haleine* that he ever carried through. The description which the biographer gives of this literary comradeship and its excellent results is a very charming one. The great simple Norse scholar, full of the fire and pathos of his ancient national tales, and longing to make them live again for the modern world, fascinated Powell as no one else did in all his life. And not less attractive than the picture of the older man is that of the younger—for Powell was twenty years his junior—devoting laborious weeks and months to helping his teacher, carrying out his ideas, interpreting his thoughts, translating into terse and nervous English his defective language, and becoming in the process a master himself—a master of the Norse tongue and literature, which always appealed to him more strongly than any other. It was an admirable conjunction, a joint labour of love, to which we owe the "Corpus Poeticum Boreale," the "Origines Islandicæ," and other works illustrative of primitive Norse life and letters. Ten years, off and on, it lasted; but when Vigfusson died in 1889 the indispensable prop was gone, and Powell's energy failed. Without such a yokefellow —and no other was forthcoming—he could never put himself in harness for a big job again.

Mr. Elton attributes the unproductiveness (as we have seen) to two reasons—diffidence and want of concentration. The second is much the more convincing reason of the two. Diffident no doubt Powell was; but a modest view of one's own powers does not prevent one from working hard or sticking to a definite aim. The fact was that he disliked the *labor improbus* of a lifelong, or even a year-long, task. He could work by spurts, but not doggedly; he preferred a life of intellectual and emotional dissipation (in no bad sense) to the concentrated and strenuous effort that leads to fame. It is a somewhat unfortunate line of apology that Mr. Elton adopts when he says that York Powell "had the passion for obscurity as others have that for advertisement"; or that "other men

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made books; Powell made himself." Powell was certainly not ambitious; but to attribute to him "a passion for obscurity" is to charge him with something like affectation. A "passion for obscurity," if it really exists, is easily satisfied; all that is necessary is to hold one's tongue. Moreover, the dilemma is not exhaustive; other motives are open. People *may* work hard for other reasons than self-advertisement; and we have yet to learn that great writers, the Freemans and the Gardiners, for instance, and even much smaller men, did not, in or while making books, also contrive to make themselves. As to "making himself," I feel sure that such a laborious process never occurred to Powell. Like Topsy, he grew. These, then, are not justifications, but excuses, and not good ones. Let us recognise at once that Powell did not like the trouble of making books. I am not going to blame him for it, any more than he blamed himself. As Mr. Elton says (i. 188), "He was as wasteful as Nature, and had the same sudden fits of economy." But "he never showed a sign of repenting that for fifteen years or so he somewhat failed in concentration. In this he simply acted on his character." Quite true; and we can leave it there.

That he had the capacity to excel in several branches—that, in fact, he did excel, so far as excellence is possible without concentration, in history, especially that of early England, in linguistic, in literary criticism—is abundantly clear. His little book on the history of England to 1509, though written for boys and girls, is, or ought to be, a delight to much older people, so fresh is the story in Powell's hands, so crisp and clear the telling of it, so suggestive and illuminating the use he makes of the chronicles, and still more of the literature, of the Middle Age. Powell delighted in romance and adventure; he dwelt lovingly on the men and woman of the past, their manners and customs, the society in which they moved. Though a teacher of law before he became professor of history, he was less interested in abstract legal matters and political institutions than in the personal life of the past. He had the

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gift of historical sympathy and imagination—it came to him by nature; he lived back without an effort, and what he felt and saw he could vividly portray. His mind did not bite so tenaciously on the hidden connections and causes of things. Thus he somewhat lacked the sense of historic continuity; and his work is rather a series of lively pictures than a closely woven tracery of cause and effect. Here, for instance, is an admirable passage on the "hardy Norseman," showing how the writer could bring past and present together, and illustrate antiquity from modern times. What swing and colour there is in it!

> Any one who knows one of our larger fishing ports will have a better idea of the organisation, composition, and character of a wicking fleet than aught else could give him. The preparation of gear, clothes, stores; the overhauling of the craft, hull, rails, rigging; the making up of the crews; the final sailing with a fair breeze, the whole place emptied of its young and middle-aged men for the two or three months that the cruise lasts; the home-coming, the rejoicing, the burst of trade, the influx of riches won from the sea, the steady flourishing of the whole countryside so long as the cruises are gainful; the building of new vessels, the eagerness of the young for the life of adventure, unchecked by the terrible disasters that ever and anon mar the good fortune of the fleet—disasters that may sweep away nearly all the men-folk of the place and check its growth for a dozen years—such phenomena are common to our fishing life nowadays, and to the old Northman's buccaneering life long ago. And when, crossing the North Sea, one steams through the Grimsby or Lowestoft fleet, hundreds of big boats out for the herring, one can form even a visible image of what a wicking fleet must have looked like, as the ships in great groups sped out with a fair north-easter, eager for the work before them, or hurried homewards with a sou'-wester behind them, deeply laden with English and Irish gold and silver, and raiment and jewels, and slaves and wine and weapons.

Whether piracy and raiding were respectable, or even, in the end, profitable, occupations did not concern Powell. On the question whether it is the business of a historian to pass moral judgments on historical personages or actions, he took a view in direct opposition to Lord Acton. It may be remembered that on this point Acton had a notable controversy with Bishop (then Professor) Creighton, whom he blamed for not displaying or, apparently, feeling sufficient moral indignation

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at the conduct of certain sixteenth-century Popes. Powell sided with the Anglican rather than with the Catholic.

> I confess [he says (i. 404)] I do not look on history as a branch of literature or a province of ethics, but as a branch of science dealing with man under political and economic and social conditions; and my conception of history makes it the necessary complement to biology and anthropology. . . . As to ethics, I must continue to differ wholly from Lord Acton, my distinguished Cambridge colleague, and profess that it is not the historian's duty to try and estimate the exact degree of damnation that should be meted out to that dauntless captain and bold statesman, Cesare Borgia, or even to his capable but unpriestly father. . . . I must leave such work to the professors of ethics, to whom history at any rate supplies plenty of examples. . . . The history student ought to concern himself with his documents or facts, precisely as his fellow students, chemists, physicists, or biologists, do with the objects in their laboratories.

This is not the place to discuss the intricate question Powell disposes of so lightly,. I will only point out that the work of the historian is not quite on all fours with the work of the chemist or the physicist. Men are moral beings; atoms and gases are not. If there were good and bad, say, in radium or argon, the chemist or the physicist would probably have to decide whether a particular bit of radium or argon were bad or good; certainly no one else could do so. Fortunately, chemists are not called upon to decide such questions. But historians have to deal with persons and things about whom and which it is certainly possible to argue whether they were good or bad, or at least in what proportion the good and the bad in them were mixed; and, if the historian is not to decide this question about, say, Alexander VI. or Henry VIII., or even to have an opinion on it, the public will be left very much in the dark about points of considerable interest; for certainly in these matters no one but a historian is in a position to judge. Fortunately, perhaps, the theory, though not difficult to formulate, is very difficult to carry out in practice; and Powell, as his biographer points out, did not always succeed. It was, however, in accordance with his mind and temperament, at once scientific and tolerant; he would, we may be sure, have come near agreeing with the broadminded sentiment, *tout*

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comprendre c'est tout pardonner. The point is one, probably, about which historians will continue to differ, though, as Mr. Elton says, "there is no greater issue"; we cannot quite feel that either Powell or Lord Acton got to the bottom of it. Dr. Creighton, in his article in the *Quarterly Review*, came nearer a solution than either.

Powell, as we have seen, refused to regard history as a branch of literature; there he is supported by Acton's successor. About this statement, too, so bluntly put, there is much to be said, both for and against; and Powell would have been the first to acknowledge that, if your historico-scientific results are to live in a book, they must be clad in a literary vesture. He possessed, in fact, far too keen a literary sense, had far too hearty an enjoyment of literary flavour and too assured a command of literary weapons, to come to any other conclusion. He read voraciously, and in many languages; he criticised freely and independently; like most people who really enjoy books as literature, he was full of prejudices and limitations. It is noted that his library did not contain many classics; *en revanche*, he had an insatiable appetite for anything original, novel, or modern, especially in French. Verlaine and Mallarmé were personal friends of his. He was quick to "spot" new writers of distinction; and he knew exactly what he liked and why he liked it. He showed his insight by putting Hauptmann in a different class from Sudermann. For Dante he had a great and constant admiration; we may perhaps guess that, unlike Mr. Gladstone, he liked the "Hell" best. But he is not a very safe guide for the young, or a sure critic of the greater people. At one time he pours contempt on Pascal in comparison with Molière—"what had he, the sane melancholy, humorous, disenchanted man, to do with Pascal's sensitive hair-splittings and question-begging and bitter controversialities?"—at another time he spoke of him with "great admiration." "Newman," he says, "has no brain; Pascal has lots." One wonders what Pascal himself would have said to this had he known Newman. It is characteristic of Powell that he hated Rousseau, and loved

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Defoe and Bunyan. What is perhaps more surprising is his hearty and growing admiration for Henry James. "'The Wings of a Dove,'" he writes to Charles Bonnier, "est immense. Oui, c'est un événement. James est le plus grand depuis que Meredith cesse de produire." Elsewhere he places him above Hardy. Swinburne, he says, "has not the *joie de vivre;* he lives in an afternoon, looking on a far-off sea. There is nothing of the morning about him." This, however, was written in 1901, when the morning was past, and *Atalanta* had been out nearly forty years. Powell's tastes were clearly catholic. As Mr. Elton says, there was a side of him to which Montaigne and Rabelais appealed, and there was a chord which thrilled in response to King Alfred and Piers Plowman.

This catholicity is apparent in the collection of papers which fill the second of these charming volumes. Many of these, it must be confessed, are of no great value in themselves —of no more value, certainly, than countless reviews which live their week, or, maybe, their month, and perish; but as an appendix to a memoir they *are* of value, for they serve to complete the picture of the mind and pursuits of a notable man. Some of them—for instance, the paper on "Allegory in England" and the analysis of Ruskin's power as an art-critic and a reformer—are of permanent worth. The letters have an attraction of their own; but it is not the attraction of style. Their short, staccato sentences flash out exactly like his conversation; they hover a moment, like a humming-bird moth, over some beloved flower, then dash off, almost out of sight, and repeat the same process in another corner of the garden. Perhaps his best bits of writing are some of his translations from the Norse. For directness and simplicity and rhythm this, for instance, would be hard to beat:

> Thorgrim the Wicked went down to the shore that morning, and he had a pole-axe in his hand. As he went by he saw red clothes sticking out of the sea-weed heap; he pushed away the wrack and saw a man lying there. He asked him who he was. Sigmund told him his name. "Low lies our lord," said he, "but what hath wrought this?" Sigmund told him all that had happened. With that his sons came up. Then Sigmund prayed them to help

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him. Thorgrim did not answer at once, but began to talk to his sons in a low voice. "Sigmund has so much gear on him, as it seems to me we have never owned the worth of; and his gold ring is mighty thick. The best thing we can do is to slay him and then hide his body; it will never be known." His sons spoke against it for a while, but at last they were of the same mind. Then they went up to where Sigmund lay, and caught hold of his hair while Thorgrim the Wicked hewed off his head with the pole-axe. In this way Sigmund, that was so good a man in all ways, lost his life.

It was in the wild days of Norse story that Powell felt most thoroughly at home. "The oddest mixture of old and new, he walked like Ralf the Ganger, and talked like a modern Parisian." A Parisian of the Quartier Latin, we should add, not the *salons;* for he was a born Bohemian, and remained so at heart to the end of his days. "Heathendom Powell loved, being himself a heathen." But he was not an aggressive heathen; indeed, his heathendom must have had some curious affinity to orthodoxy, or he could hardly have lived half his life in perfect peace and concord in the most orthodox of Oxford colleges, beneath the shadow of the cathedral, in friendship with successive deans and canons. It tells well, this concord, for both sides. The fact was, as the Bishop of Oxford says in a characteristically loving and discriminating sketch, that Powell had "a genius for friendship"; and a genius for friendship, which is as rare as any other kind of genius, means many things. He died as he had lived, placidly, in a sort of unpremeditated way, sitting in a chair in his garden. It was the sort of death he would have wished, and perhaps was thinking of when he wrote this on reading oneself to sleep:

I think it is good to read a bit, when one goes to bed, something one knows and likes to read again; something one just licks over the savour of, chews the cud upon—"Arabian Nights," Fitzgerald's "Letters." Long memoirs are only read a few pages, and then comes drowsiness, and a sort of dull, soft thinking, and then one feels sleepy, and the velvet feeling comes, one falls slowly through velvet air into velvet clouds that just hold one up and prevent one falling too fast, and before one has sunk far one is asleep without knowing it—in the real dreamless sleep.

G. W. Prothero.

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"MIND AND MATTER;"

OR, LEIBNITZ AND MODERN THOUGHT

SPECULATIONS of a somewhat varied kind have led me to regard the idealism of Leibnitz as the starting-point from which our modern conceptions of *mind-stuff* may be traced. This statement may appear paradoxical; but it is, I think, quite true.

For in the astute reflections of that renowned philosopher there are to be found the germs of the philosophy which I for one am willing to regard as most approximately valid. Although we owe to Clifford the theory of *mind-stuff* as we have it to-day, I am not so confident that the theory of *monads* differing largely from it, as it does, is not in itself, historically at least, an indirect anticipation of its most essential features.

I say historically at least because it must not be imagined that Clifford was much influenced by Leibnitz, if he was influenced by him at all. And it is not to be supposed that because he may have been anticipated, in some respects, Clifford was really influenced by the philosophy of Leibnitz. The two theories really differ from each other as much as they may seem to agree. It does not appear indeed from his writings that Clifford was acquainted with this aspect of the theory of monads. No doubt he was aware of that theory but not of the resemblance between it and his own.

We have here one illustration more, if an illustration indeed were needed, of an original mind, in the best sense of

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the word, thinking out for itself what had, to some extent, been thought out by others, but not half so clearly.

Clifford's theory is simple enough. It is merely that matter itself possesses in its ultimate form the dim elements of consciousness: far simpler than anything we can conceive. The theory of monads, on the other hand, as suggested and worked out by Leibnitz, is not quite so simple: nor does it appear that the system of philosophy with which it was associated was in every respect essential to it.

The resemblance between these two was first pointed out to me by Dr. Mahaffy, in commenting on the chapter on "Matter and Mind-stuff" in my recent book on the "Origin of Life." I endeavoured to show there that the phenomena of life and mind are alike the manifestations of the play of units of we know not what, save what some call electricity and others mind-stuff. For the ultimate physical basis is the same. View it as we may, the background of Nature is the basis of the phenomena of mind not less than those of life and matter.

Now it is not proposed to enter here into a lengthy discussion of the reasons from which such conclusions may be drawn. That the æther or primal substance should be the source of the phenomena of mind not less than those of matter, is indeed the result which the *principle of continuity* would lead us to expect. That the great ocean of thought in which we live and move and have our being, should itself be the basis of all material phenomena as well as of mental ones; that mental phenomena should be resolvable into material ones, and material ones into perceptions; this is the conclusion we are inevitably driven to. But it savours more of Spinoza than of Leibnitz; yet it seems possible that the two should be reconciled. For Leibnitz, indeed, had in a vague manner anticipated some of this. Men are only monads; units that reflect the Universe. And the ultimate substance is themselves. To Leibnitz a monad is a plain and simple substance, not an aggregate of psychical or mental units of that *mind-stuff* which we regard as the ultimate basis of reality, but that primordial

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substance itself, the material which constitutes the self-conscious intelligence, indestructible, immutable, and self-existent; whilst the unity and coherency of its nature help to make it the final and the only foundation of its being.

In its independence, as well as in its self-sufficiency, it is at once the begetter and the begotten of things; and although Leibnitz postulates a Creator as the prime source or origin of its existence, the only basis of its subsequent career is without external interference dependent on itself. As a unit the monad might be compared to a vortex filament in the æther; an entity which can neither be created nor destroyed. For Leibnitz conceived the individuality of everything real, but he added to it the harmony of all things. This principle of pre-established harmony was one of the most striking features in his philosophy. We shall dwell upon it presently. It was essential so that his monads should perceive like things. As Mr. Merz remarks:[1]

> Leibnitz held that there were atoms, not physical or extended particles, but *mathematical points*. Their extension was zero, but their intensity was infinite, like that of the human mind. These simple beings, with no extension, but endowed with the depths of an eternal life, Leibnitz called monads, to distinguish them from atoms.

The principles of *vis viva*, the equivalent of our modern conception of the conservation of energy led Leibnitz

> to look for something in matter besides mere extension; this something was force or power, vaguely named no doubt, but really energy in modern nomenclature, which may be present even when the body is at rest, as in the spring which is wound up, or in the weight which is prevented from falling. This suggested to him the idea that the principle which underlies material things is something analogous to the power we experience in ourselves; and at once destroyed the apparent contrast which Descartes had maintained between mind and matter.

Moreover,

> Leibnitz agreed with Descartes in considering thought the characteristic feature of mind; but he could not agree with him in limiting the thinking

[1] Leibnitz, "Philosophical Classics" Series.

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process merely to clear and distinct thoughts. On the contrary there existed an infinite gradation of thought. Only a small portion of the contents of our thoughts rises into the clearness of perception "into the light of perfect consciousness." Many remain in a confused or obscure state, in the state of "perceptions," but they are nevertheless there; they influence our clearer conceptions, and they are ready to rise into consciousness or disappear again, as our attention may be fixed upon them, or as they may now be called up and now dispelled, in the everlasting sequences of our inner life. The Cartesians had decided that animals were endowed with souls; but Leibnitz, whose conception of mind was not a rigid one, saw no obstacle in the theory which endows the whole creation with mental life, this being according to him capable of infinite gradations.

It is evident that "material things present the property of extension only to our senses, not to our thinking faculties." And that our familiar notion of space is merely our solution of an equation that admits of more solutions than one.

The atoms lost their extension, they retained only the property of resistance—they were the centres of force.

They were reduced to mathematical points, so far as extension was concerned; but if their extension in space was nothing, so much fuller was their inner life. Assuming that their inner existence, such as that of the human mind, is a new dimension—not a geometrical, but a metaphysical dimension—we might say that Leibnitz, after having reduced the geometrical extension of the atoms to nothing, endowed them with an infinite extension in the direction of their metaphysical dimension.

Having lost sight of them in the world of space, the mind has, as it were, to dive into a metaphysical world to find and grasp the real essence of what appears in space merely as a mathematical point, as a cone standing on its point, or a perpendicular straight line cuts a horizontal plane only in one mathematical point, but may extend indefinitely in height and depth; so the essences of things real have only a punctual existence in this physical world of space, but have an infinite depth of inner life in the metaphysical world of thought.

Leibnitz regarded "each real thing in its infinite intellectual life as a mirror so to speak of the universe—a mirror of the real connection between itself and all other things."

This principle of life and development was not outside, it was inside the real things of this world; they were all mental beings or monads, capable of ndless developments, each representing a special phase or stage in its

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development. And the principle of this development was the thinking process.

But although the light of conscious thought was the sun in this inner world, there was a vast unilluminated portion, the realm of unconscious and indistinct thought, including the perception of the senses. And what is the object of this thought? What does it represent? It represents the whole world; it is a reflection of all other monads. This statement is only a translation into the terminology of his own philosophy of the mechanical view of Nature.

According to this, a change anywhere in the universe affects every part of it. . . . According to this we consider every phase of existence to be a necessary outcome or evolution of what preceded it, and to bear in it the seed of the future. "Le present est gros de l'avenir."

The monads reflect, so to speak, the universe. But no two monads are alike. Each views the universe in a more or less different perspective. These are merely different views of the one great reality—the universe itself. The monad in which this exists is the mind of the Creator. The lesser monads, ourselves, merely reflect the thought of this great eternal mind. Yet all monads are eternal too and immutable, since their substance is one and indivisible.[1]

The difficulty about this theory is mainly that the monads perceive similar conceptions without reacting on each other. For this, the idea of pre-established harmony was postulated. "Like so many clocks wound together to keep time," the monads conceived the same things. The simile is perhaps not altogether satisfactory. Still if it be assumed, for the sake of argument, that the monads do to some extent react upon each other, the approximate resemblance between them may be explained according to our modern ideas of the struggle for existence. Those monads that think alike group themselves more or less together as the result of the harmony which exists between them. In other worlds other monads may group themselves together too, and think or perceive things quite differently from us, at any rate from an entirely different point of view from ourselves, but they would

[1] "The Philosophy of Leibnitz," by the Hon. Bertram Russell. Drummond's work on the subject is also worth consulting.

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not be suited to this world and would thus be relegated to another.

This mode of regarding the question has a unique advantage, in the light of more modern conceptions, although it was not held by Leibnitz himself, in so far as it presents to us a possible means of accounting for the great phenomena of evil. The origin of evil is to be traced to the presence amongst us of undesirable alien monads, whose evil nature and evil influence upon us is due to no real evil in themselves, but merely to the fact that they do not harmonise with us and our environment; but would no doubt thrive if they were put in the right world or the right place. They have strayed or found their way accidentally into the wrong world. The perpetual intercourse between them and the rest of things with which they are out of harmony is what constitutes evil amongst us.

This, of course, does not surmount the real difficulty in the problem of evil if we assume the existence of an omnipotent and perfectly benevolent Being. Since to have created a world of beings in which evil should exist or subsequently arise, even on account of their own free will, which if He had been omniscient He would of course have foreseen, and been responsible for, would be incompatible with His superior Nature. The answer is that He is neither omniscient nor omnipotent in the sense in which the words are used by childish people, and that although omniscient and omnipotent so far as the nature of reality will permit, there are things which He cannot, strictly speaking, prevent any more than He can make two and two four and a quarter, or four and four seven and eleven-twelfths.

This view of the origin of evil is of course familiar to us all. Its application, however, to the theory of monads has a unique advantage in its relation to the famous saying of Hamlet that "there is nothing either good or bad; but thinking makes it so!" The way we look at things is what constitutes, or

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rather causes, the pleasure or the pain which we derive from them.

The influence of one monad on another is merely the effect of the influence which it exerts upon the universe at large of which it is a unit, and the extent to which the perspective is affected. This, it must be admitted, is perhaps not altogether satisfactory. But it accounts, I think, for Leibnitz's paradox that the monads are absolutely independent units and yet that the whole universe is a mechanical system, a connected whole.

Leibnitz held that it is impossible for one monad to exist unless others exist; for the idea of a monad implies other monads. The very idea of a unity implies plurality. *Individium postulates individ.*

This conception of substance is the very antithesis of that of Spinoza, who regarded the universal plenum as the ultimate substance. Yet there is no sufficient reason why the monad should not be a particular state or condition of this substance, as the electron in the æther or the vortex filament in the frictionless fluid is of the same substance as that in which it exists, indivisible, immutable, and indestructible, and yet the primal substance in itself.

In this way one monad might influence another monad but be completely independent of it or, more accurately, free nevertheless, as an individual; though of course it is connected with it, as a part of a mechanical system is related to the whole.

The principle of continuity is thus in no way violated since there is no breach of continuity, no discontinuity whatever, in the flow or flux in the universal plenum in its relation to the rest of things.

Schwegler[1] remarks that

> in strict consistency Leibnitz ought not to have entertained any question of Theism; for in his system the harmony of the whole must be regarded as having taken the place of God. He usually designates God as the sufficient reason (*la raison suffisante*) of all the monads. But he commonly regards the final cause of a thing as its sufficient reason. Leibnitz, then, on this question

[1] "History of Philosophy." Translated by Stirling.

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is not far from identifying God with the absolute final cause. At other times he designates God as the primitive simple substance, or as the simple primitive unity; or again, as pure immaterial actuality, *actus purus*. . . . It was a hard matter for Leibnitz to bring—without abandoning presuppositions of both—his monadology and his Theism into unison. If he assumes the substantiality of the monads, he runs the risk of losing their dependence on God, and in the opposite case he relapses into Spinozism.

The universal plenum may, or may not, be self-conscious. But if the monad is merely a particular state of this substance —the fact that it can neither be created nor destroyed matters not—if this particular state of the substance constitutes self-consciousness, why should the sum total of all those in the universal plenum itself not constitute a self-conscious and omniscient whole? Why should the substance which in certain states can be conscious of itself as a dim monad, not be conscious of itself as the universal whole? To this we should have the oft-repeated reply of Dr. McTaggart, that we cannot have selves within selves. The self is a unity which cannot be resolved into others nor be composed of them. Still the self-consciousness of the whole may be as independent of such of the parts as these are of each other.

This self-consciousness of the monad is no more a part of the self-consciousness of the totality of things than the self-consciousness of the child in the womb is a part of the self-consciousness of the mother. The danger is in regarding the relation of the part to the whole in space, as similar to that of the monad to the totality. As the consciousness of an atom may differ from that of man in a metaphysical dimension, if we may use the expression, so too these should differ in dimension from consciousness of the whole. And we are met with the problem of the unity of consciousness once more. This may be admitted to be indivisible. The relationship between these monads is not spatial but intellectual; as the equation stands to the figure in space by which it may be represented; and as the curve, the surface and the solid are made up of points, which in the limit though unthinkable to us

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become continuous and give a unity and coherency to the whole, so the monads in their totality may constitute a unity which though of a different dimension forms a continuous and harmonious whole.

This idea forming as it does the fundamental principles of the infinitesimal calculus, which, quite independently from Newton, it was Leibnitz's claim to have developed, as the starting idea in modern scientific thought, becomes the fundamental principle too of the philosophy which gives perhaps the most distinct perspective of the universe from its truly scientific aspect.

The relations of ideas which may be represented by an algebraical or some such equation are all that we can affirm of phenomena; and their representation in space is, as we say, nothing more than the analogue of the representation of an equation by the curve or surface. It is only our mode of representing or illustrating the system of relations. The connections of the universe which may thus be pictured in the limit become the continuous connection of the totality of things. The *principle of continuity* is to Leibnitz the fundamental principle, not merely of his mathematics but his metaphysics; whilst those of *sufficient reason* and of *pre-established harmony* may be looked upon now at least as its necessary corollaries. For that of sufficient reason is implied in the fact that there is such a connection of relationship in all things. Whilst the idea of pre-established harmony is, as we have tried to show, the consequence of the adjustment of things, in our modern conception, and therefore not necessarily pre-established, but the result of bodies trying to find their own level, as it were, of harmony tending to establish itself in the adjustment of events. The universe has not started with pre-established harmony, but is gradually working out that harmony. Leibnitz, no doubt, regarded this harmony as already existing since the creation. We fail to see that it is yet so or can be so as long as evil has its place amongst us. There may be much harmony in the universe already, but it is

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not complete. Ours is merely a middle nature in time as well as space. The idea of pre-established harmony pre-supposes if it does not affirm that we have reached the end of creation; whilst in truth we are only half way towards it.

Leibnitz no doubt was influenced by the preconceived ideas of his time. But had he lived amongst us, his eclecticism would no doubt have made him the disciple of Herbert Spencer, of Darwin, and of Haeckel on the one hand, but we doubt not equally of Lodge on the other. The doctrine of pre-established harmony would have been slightly modified to the Evolution of Harmony as Hegel would have understood it. Leibnitz's statement that this is already the best of all possible worlds might have been qualified by the statement that it is the best for the present time, as far as the nature of things could admit it to be.

As Merz remarks:

> The inner life of everything real, this mental existence, is not however a state of rest. The very fact that its characteristic feature is thought, shows that it is a continual flow or development. For to think means to change our ideas, to proceed from one conception to another, to call up new material out of the obscurer regions of our soul into the light of consciousness, and to deliver what is before us now to the shadowy region of memory. This continual flow or development is the very nature of the mind, which is always filled with an infinity of thoughts, and requires no external help or additional impulse to proceed to the course of life which is peculiar to it.

The free will of the monad is not incompatible, we think, with the connection between it and other monads. The process may not be reversible. And the mechanical relation between monads may not imply determinism. This is an important point. It is difficult to see exactly how far Leibnitz approximated to determinism; on account of the constraints to which his monads were subjected on the one hand, owing to pre-established harmony, and the independence which they were supposed to enjoy on the other, owing to their isolation. But if the interactions are not reversible there is no reason why, viewing the matter from a dynamical point of view, the monad

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should not act according to its own internal tendencies independently of the apparent influences brought to bear upon it from outside; the external influences being like those of the tide or waves upon the direction of motion of a ship.

Regarding then the monad as bearing a relation to the rest of the universe which is mirrored in itself by the actions of the universe upon it, as something analogous to the relations which a vortex filament in a perfect fluid bears to all the other forms of motion in it, we may picture to ourselves a dynamical illustration of the relations which are contemplated in the system of Leibnitz, or in a more modern equivalent of it. The universal substance is *mind-stuff*, whilst the monads are particular states of that substance; permanent states no doubt and entities, but none the less a manifestation of it. If that substance be merely the reality which exists in the relations of ideas, Leibnitz would probably have admitted that his system was not inconsistent with it. It must not be imagined for a moment that the monad is a vortex filament or anything like it; or that *mind-stuff*, the ultimate reality, is a fluid perfect or imperfect, or anything like this. The dynamical analogues have been introduced as illustrations merely; whilst the point in the argument is the parallel relationship of each to each in their relations with each other.

Let us turn our attention then to the view which Leibnitz took of the relationship between body and mind. To Leibnitz this connection is the result of the pre-established harmony between the dim monads which constitute the body and those which constitute the soul. To him there was no other connection between them than that of harmony. There appears to be some difficulty in apprehending how they may react on each other, other than as one monad may react upon another. But this may be sufficient to satisfy the necessary relations. In this respect the necessary relations do not as we have observed affect the real problem of the freedom of monads themselves.

"Left to themselves the real things of this world have no

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intercourse, they are powerless to act or to react on each other, they are solitary and self-sufficient. Their connection with each other exists merely in the mind of the Creator," or in the self-conscious *mind-stuff* which we have postulated as the equivalent of the æther. This primal substance of which the monads are a part though yet as self-conscious units quite distinct from it as self-conscious units from the whole is what some investigators would call Nirvana, some the Æther, and some the Absolute, according to our frame of mind.

We cannot help thinking that we have diverged somewhat from the true position which Leibnitz may have held. We are not expounding Leibnitz alone, but rather the relation which his scheme of thought may bear to the more modern conceptions of matter and of mind-stuff.

To Clifford these terms stood for the one and the same thing. The great difficulty is in accounting for the unity of consciousness that still remains; for if there is a fact more deeply rooted in, or more obvious to, the thinking mind, it is the fact that I am none other than myself. That it is I myself that contemplates this mysterious world, whoever and whatever other selves may be. But this same unit is only a mirror that seems to reflect other units like itself. This, perhaps, is the simplest of all experiences, childish though it is in its simplicity, it is the basis from which all metaphysical reasoning starts.

There are some, however, who assert that this unity is only apparent and that like the cinematograph effects which occur so rapidly as to give the impression of true continuity, the effect is merely a resultant or sum total of perhaps innumerable entities superposed which give the apparent feeling of unity and continuity. The limitations of our faculties may not enable us to realise this possible fact. But it is one which cannot be passed over without due consideration. Leibnitz, however, regarded monads as possessing different degrees or gradations of consciousness. He would not regard the soul of man as an aggregate of other and less conscious

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units, as Clifford would have done, but as a distinct entity though of a similar kind, differing from them, however, in being far clearer in its perceptions and, if the latter have any, in its aperceptions too. As the elements differ from each other and yet resemble each other in being elements, so too the monad which constitutes the self-conscious personality of the human soul differs from those of the lower animals, and even the atoms in a scale of degree. They are entities, each and all, indestructible, immutable, and self-existent.

But this unity, this immutability, this indestructibility of the atom, has in our day proved itself to be a myth. Only the electron is now an entity, and this in time will doubtless prove to be an aggregate of something else. And so on *ad infinitum*, till the infinite scale of being becomes at length resolved as a completed scheme of things.

Is the monad then, after all, an aggregate of units, of more or less stability, and of such a nature as to delude our narrow faculties so as to make us think as in other matters that unity and diversity are one? This is a question which we should find it much easier to put than to answer. It is a question in which the psychologist should have his say as well as the man of science or the metaphysician. Many are the facts recorded of the apparent loss of this unity of personality. I happen to have come across the following in reading recently Professor Macneile Dixon's "Essay on Tennyson," who in many places in "The Holy Grail" and "The Ancient Sage," for instance, gives evidence of his experience in this respect. He describes it (May 7, 1874) in the following words:

> I have never had any revelations through anæsthetics, but a kind of waking trance (this for lack of a better name) I have frequently had quite up from my boyhood, when I have been alone. This has often come to me through repeating my own name to myself silently, till, at once, as it were, out of the intensity of the consciousness of my individuality, the individuality itself seemed to resolve and fade away into boundless being, and this not a confused state, but the clearest of the clearest, the surest of the surest, utterly beyond words, where death was an almost laughable impossibility; the loss of personality (*if so it were*) seeming no extinction but the only true life.

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Is this what the Brahmin or the Buddhist would describe as the attainment of Nirvana? Tennyson relates:

> In moments when he feels he cannot die,
> And knows himself no vision to himself,

or when,

> The mortal limit of the self was loosed
> And passed into the nameless as a cloud
> Melts into Heaven. I touched my limbs, the limbs
> Were strange, not mine—and yet no shade of doubt,
> But utter clearness, and thro' loss of self
> The gain of such large life as matched with ours
> Were seen to spark—unshadowable in words,
> Themselves the shadows of a shadow-world.

His friend, Sir James Knowles, has recorded other instances of a similar nature, in the *Nineteenth Century*, January 1893.

I have myself never experienced this strange but delightful sensation so often described chiefly by Oriental minds.

Immortality may not mean the continuity of personality, as we understand this now, but the attainment of something higher and still nobler than the human self. Its dissolution may really mean, not the annihilation of consciousness but its most perfect realisation. Like the flash that bursts forth from the inactive gunpowder and scatters its energy throughout all space, so the soul may spread itself once more into the medium from which all things proceed. But this need not mean the loss of consciousness, as we say, but rather its complete attainment. The idea is no doubt more ancient than modern, more Oriental than Occidental. In our material enterprise and economy of time, in our warfare of commercial competition, we are apt to lose sight of some of the glories of existence. Like the traveller in a Scotch express, whose sole object is to cover the maximum amount of space in the minimum amount of time, whilst he misses the beauty and the meaning of all hesees around him, so the modern mind in its vehemence may lose the power and grasp of ancient or Oriental serenity.

To thoughtful minds the tendency has ever been to dis-

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hearten haste and to encourage pause, to pose as one indifferent to all the impulses of human-kind; as one to whom maturer views can never be matured; as one who moves without acceleration, in infinitesimal increments, upwards in growth of strength and firmness, assimilating all around it like a stately and a spreading tree till it reach the full power and realisation of knowledge, and with it the full stature of manhood and of being; ever bearing in mind with his Horatio the oft-repeated saying that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are yet dreamt of in our philosophy," but always stately, always firm, and ever hopeful of what lies beyond the veil.

Leibnitz has given us a system of philosophy which, if it lacks some of the elements which to more advanced knowledge of detail may make it less precise than we should wish it to be, gives us at the same time an inkling into the higher nature of things. Although it does not afford the interpretation of the problem as presented to us in the light of fuller knowledge, it perhaps enables us to apprehend an aspect of the great enigma from another standpoint than that which modern science takes. It extends to our vision at least the expectation that, even in our most physical conceptions, the hope of another world is neither chimerical nor absurd.

In discoursing upon matter and mind-stuff in the "Origin of Life," I have tried to show how it appeared to me that a more modern idealism, starting with that of Hume and Berkeley, but approximating more to that of Lotze, might apply to the Theist and the Christian; the immortality of the individual which Lotze held in question, should still in the light of other conceptions be maintainable as worthy of our hope.

It was Leibnitz's privilege to be able to move in society and yet to dwell apart. He lived in an intellectual balloon, as it were, seeing the world from a loftier and more isolated point of view than it is given to most men to perceive it. It is well that there should be such men to reach the sublime heights

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of speculative thought and yet be near the world though not of it.

His detached position enabled him to think more freely and to act more consistently with the true nature of his character. Many of his rivals had the support of learned societies to spread their fame and to retain it. But as it has been nobly said, "Leibnitz was an academy in himself." His remarkable development was due largely, no doubt, to his marked individuality, and to the way in which in earlier life he was left to the guidance of his taste. His mind, like Kant's and many other giant minds, did not reach its full maturity before he was forty years of age. This is a fact which educationists seldom realise or take into account in these days of forced maturity, when precocious youths, like hot-house plants, are held up for exhibition for the glory of their schoolmasters; they are then sent out into the world to decay. To catch them young and train them to their heart's desire; that is their only end. Had Leibnitz been more academic he might never have developed out. Like John Stuart Mill, he was his own master and took his counsel where he found it best.

In his time, and largely through his influence, royal favour was extended to research in a manner not often met with in our day. His influence was a help and stimulus to science; whilst his mode of publication and immense correspondence with people of importance amongst his contemporaries lent to his name a dignity and power which has survived his personality.

Like Lord Acton and Professor Fitz-Gerald, in more recent days, his influence amongst the men of his time was also likely to be for all time.

JOHN BUTLER BURKE.

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GHOSTS OF PICCADILLY

BYRON

ALBANY saw the last of Byron's bachelor life, and 189 Piccadilly, the last of his life in England.

Before I start gossiping of these periods there is a remark I feel bound to make, with the reader's indulgence, which is not of a gossiping sort. Since last I wrote about Byron, the late Lord Lovelace has had printed, for private circulation, a book about his grandfather which must have impressed most profoundly every reader of it interested in Byron's character. The book was not published, or published only in a technical sense, and therefore one seemed to be stopped from examining it in public, even if its chief intention were one which the limitations imposed on writing in England allowed one frankly to debate. There were in it, it is true, certain reflections on the original Murray, Byron's publisher, and on the last edition of Byron's letters edited by Mr. Rowland Prothero, which the present Mr. Murray and Mr. Prothero had—and exercised—the right to combat, but the book as a whole could not be conveniently discussed. Something, however, I feel compelled to say as a person who has written in strong terms of Lady Byron's accusation against her husband—made known to the world at large in her old age only by another person's indiscretion—and has so written in ignorance of the evidence held by Lord Lovelace. It does not appear to me

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that Lady Byron, if one may infer anything from her letters at the time, could have made this accusation against Byron before their separation, or that it was really the cause of it. But it does appear to me from the evidence Lord Lovelace adduces that the accusation, whenever made, was true. Byron's amours in England had seemed to me nothing more than a hot-blooded young man's follies in a light-living society; but there was one which was dreadful and tragical, and Byron's remorse, which has often seemed a pose, may well have been—certainly ought to have been—most real. Lord Lovelace's wisdom in circulating his book, even privately, may be questioned; he was severely censured; I may be permitted to say that I sympathised with his wish to clear his grandmother's memory from the accusation, which I regret having echoed, of having fabricated or imagined a dreadful and untrue charge against her husband, and his wish to picture Byron, once for all, as he really was. As one who desires to know, even when knowledge is unpleasant—and there are considerations which make this fact in Byron's life less shocking and psychologically more explicable than it appears at first—I confess frankly that I am glad to have read Lord Lovelace's book. More than this, if one might say it at all, this is not the place to say, but if I am to mention Byron, honesty forbids me to say less.

Byron went to live in Albany, in the original house on the ground floor, set. A. 2, on March 28, 1814. "This night," he writes in his journal of that date, "got into my new apartments, rented of Lord Althorpe, on a lease of seven years. Spacious and room for my books and sabres. *In* the *house*, too, another advantage." His landlord was about to be married. March of the following year saw him also married and at 189 Piccadilly, and so many references to him in other people's memoirs and stories refer to his rooms in Albany, where he lived only this one year, that I imagine they are confused with his other lodgings—in Bennet Street and St. James's Street—about town. His life in Albany is

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typical, however—unhappily, the reader may suppose—of his bachelor life in London.

He continued there his alternation between excess and a frightened—lest he should grow fat—and unwise abstinence. The very night before he settled in Albany he dined *tête-à-tête* with his friend, Scrope Davies, at the Cocoa Tree—64 St. James's Street, where there is still a club of the name—and, he tells us in the journal, "sat from six till midnight—drank between us one bottle of champagne and six of claret, neither of which wines ever affect me." Poor Scrope was less immune (it was Scrope Davies, by the way, who said that Byron was only "a fair holiday drinker") for he became "tipsy and pious, and I was obliged to leave him praying to I know not what purpose or pagod." And his first letter from Albany April 9, to Thomas Moore, contains an account equally distressing to us. "I have also been drinking, and on one occasion"—he was so proud of it! which I think in itself proves it was no habit, and remember, censor, he was only twenty-six—

> on one occasion, with three other friends at the Cocoa Tree, from six to four, yea, unto five in the matin. We clareted and champagned till two—then supped, and finished with a kind of regency punch composed of madeira, brandy, and *green* tea, no real water being admitted therein. There was a night for you!

It would have been a last night for me!

Then he would live for days on biscuits and soda water, which he ordered in two dozen at a time—there is a bill for it yet extant—and drank copiously. Byron's genius as a poet came at the right moment for its full effect on Europe—but his stomach was born out of due time. Were he living in our day, the apostles of new diets would have found in him their most attentive listener, their most enthusiastic practitioner.

Whether claret or soda water was his drink, however, he satisfied a large part of our contemporary morality by severe physical exercise. He boxed for an hour a day in Albany with Gentleman Jackson and practised the broadsword with

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Henry Angelo. This famous master records an occasion when they were so engaged and Hobhouse entered the room; how Byron, characteristically, "did not desist from advancing on me, but seemed more determined to show his friend how well he could beat his broadsword master." And he adds this curious account:

> His preparation for his exercise was rather singular, first stripping himself, then putting on a think flannel jacket, and over it a pelisse lined with fur, tied round with a turkish shawl. When he had taken a sufficient gymnastic sudorific, if he did not go directly and increase it between the blankets, he had his valet to rub him down.

There is a picture for you to imagine, if you visit Albany, A. 2.

All such things are significant in the life of a great man, as we know on Carlyle's authority, but let us turn to matters more immediately of the spirit—although the boxing was done "to keep up the ethereal part of me." There is not much to be gained from the journal however. He wrote no more in it, having kept it some five months, after April 19. There is a passage no bookish man can read without sympathy in praise of solitude and getting home to one's own room. "I do not know that I am happiest when alone; but this I am sure of, that I never am long in the society even of *her* I love (God knows too well, and the devil probably too), without a yearning for the company of my lamp and my utterly confused and tumbled-over library." *Venimus larem ad nostrum.* That big room in Albany was a comfort to the poet, though "Lara" and the "Ode to Napoleon" was all the poetry he wrote there. It was the time of the first abdication, and Napoleon was much in Byron's mind. He and other Whigs were of course "pro-Boers," and expressed their feelings with an immunity at which our extreme Imperialists to-day must marvel. "April 8. Out of town six days. On my return, found my poor little pagod, Napoleon, pushed off his pedestal—the thieves are in Paris . . ." And the journal ends excitedly on the same subject. I cannot help wondering if the poet had been in the society of Scrope Davies.

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And to prevent me from returning, like a dog, to the vomit of memory, I tear out the remaining leaves of this volume, and write, in *Ipecacuanha*—"that the Bourbons are restored!!!"—"Hang up philosophy." To be sure, I have long despised myself and man, but I never spat in the face of my species before—"O fool! I shall go mad."

Some faint touch of the "Cocoa Tree" there one is forced to think, but in no mental condition did Byron forget his Shakespeare.

At this time the rage of his lionising was over, but he was still going much into society, sending verses to Lady Jersey, mixing with Rogers and Moore; making love unwisely, and I think, in spite of the turmoil he professed to dislike, taking more pleasure in life than it gave him often. Lady Caroline Lamb's affair was over: Lady Oxford's and Lady Frances Webster's had been since. According, however, to a letter from Lady Caroline to Captain Medwin—Thackeray's Captain Sumph with his banal stories of the poet—written after Byron's death, it was in Albany they parted for the last time.

But it is also true, that, the last time we parted for ever, as he pressed his lips on mine (it was in the Albany) he said "poor Caro, if every one hates me, you, I see, will never change—No, not with ill usage!" and I said, "yes, I *am* changed, and shall come near you no more." For then he showed me letters, and told me things I cannot repeat, and all my attachment went. This was our last parting scene—well I remember it. It had an effect upon me not to be conceived—three years I had worshipped him.

It is touching, but I hope the lady's warm imagination played her false—at least about the telling things and the showing letters. And yet, I know, there were two Byrons—he who felt and thought deeply and acted generously, and the unworthy Byron who was *fanfaron de ses vices* and wanted to startle and shock: it is possible, this showing of letters, but I hope she was mistaken. Here, in any case, is another scene in Albany for the reader's fancy.

The letters of Byron from Albany are not of any especial interest. They are characteristic however; there is the

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authentic Byron in them, egotistical, unselfish, vain, modest generous—we find him giving £3000 to his sister, Augusta—humorous, affectionate. Much of his tenancy of these rooms he spent in the country, and, as we know, his ill-fated proposal of marriage to Miss Milbanke was written from Newstead, and there he received his answer. On March 31, 1815, he writes from Piccadilly a married man.

"18, Piccadilly Terrace" was half of old Q's house, and is now 139 Piccadilly. Old Q., who died in 1810, left it to "Mie Mie," Lady Hertford, but Byron rented it from Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire. The rent was £700 a year, and the payment involved some correspondence when Byron was settled in Italy. A short while afterwards the house passed to the family of Lord Rosebery, to whom I believe it still belongs. Old Q., Byron, Lord Rosebery—to be sure a house of varied distinctions. Lord Glenesk lives in it now with a distinction of a different kind.

While Byron lived there he wrote "Parisina" and "The Siege of Corinth," met Walter Scott for the first time, served on the Drury Lane Committee, was served with sixteen writs, had an execution in his house and separated from his wife.

Of all these experiences, perhaps the best to tell of are those on the Committee, of which Byron had a lively recollection and wrote of years afterwards in his "Detached Thoughts." His letters of the time are full of the Committee's perplexities, which, as any reader with a knowledge of theatres may guess, were many and various.

His colleagues on the Committee were Lord Essex, George Lamb, Douglas Kinnaird and Peter Moore—"all very zealous and in earnest to do good, and so forth." Of course they were, and the experiment, not often seen since, of a theatre run by educated people with an interest in contemporary literature, was certainly an attractive one. Committees seldom do much, however, and this had an intractable subject-matter. "We were but few, and never agreed! There was Peter Moore

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who contradicted Kinnaird, and Kinnaird who contradicted everybody."

It was not from the actors that their troubles chiefly came. In Byron's time actors did not expect all the reverence which is not paid to cabinet ministers, and Byron's bonhomie and humour no doubt conciliated them.

> Players [says he] are said to be an impracticable people. They are so. But I managed to steer clear of any disputes with them, and, excepting one debate with the elder Byrne about Miss Smith's Pas de (something—I forget the technicals), I do not remember any litigation of my own. I used to protect Miss Smith because she was like Lady Jane Harley in the face; and likenesses go a great way with me.

Byron's idea of impartial casting in the interests of the theatre seems to have been odd. His colleagues reproved him for "buffooning with the Histrions, and throwing things into confusion by treating light matters with levity." Edmund Kean was their star, and for him Byron had an enthusiasm; his emotion over Kean's "Sir Giles Overreach" is an old story.

I am sorry to say it was the authors, not the players, who gave most trouble. The Committee, and Byron in particular, were anxious to induce writers of reputation to do something for the stage. But even then it seemed already fated that the stage in England could only be served by—how can one put it inoffensively?—well, by people who were not otherwise of account as writers. Here, however, was a rare opportunity for writers of account at least to be considered with a bias in their favour, and not the other way, and it was a thousand pities it was not taken. Walter Scott would not do anything, neither would Thomas Moore, nor, indeed, Byron. There was, to be sure, a consideration which now has an opposite reason: to a popular author the stage offered nothing like the money he could make in other ways. Walter Scott wrote a note on the passage in the "Detached Thoughts," in which Byron laments that *he* was asked in vain, recollecting the occasion and how he *declined*, partly from the probability of not succeeding, and

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partly from dislike of being kept in subjection by "the good folks of the green room: ceteraque ingenio non subeunda meo"; and how Byron emphatically agreed with him. Whereon Lockhart has a note of his own saying that this was nonsense: "Neither player nor manager has lived in our time that durst have stood erect"—they are braver in *our* time!—"in the presence of either of these men," &c.; that *cetera*, &c., meant "to say nothing of money matters." It may have been so, but times are altogether changed in this respect, and yet our best men have nothing to do with the theatre. The trend of their thought and labour had set away from it then, and still so sets, though there may be signs of a return.

However, Byron tried Coleridge, also, and Maturin, recommended by Scott, sent "Bertram," which afterwards succeeded, and "Mr. Sotheby obligingly offered *all* his tragedies," and Byron got "Ivan" accepted, and had a long correspondence with the author, and then Kean didn't like it, and the author was angry, and so forth, and so on. It is odd to think of a man who—criticise his poetry as you will—had beyond cavil one of the greatest and most masculine intellects England has known, frittering away his time over these futilities. But he seems to have enjoyed them.

> Then the scenes I had to go through! The authors and the authoresses, the milliners, the wild Irishmen, the people from Brighton, from Blackwall, from Chatham, from Cheltenham, from Dublin, from Dundee, who came in upon me! . . . Miss Emma Somebody, with a play entitled the "Bandit of Bohemia," or some such title or production; Mr. O'Higgins, then resident at Richmond, with an Irish tragedy, in which the unities could not fail to be observed, for the protagonist was chained by the leg to a pillar during the chief part of the performance.

Mr. O'Higgins was "a wild man, of a salvage appearance," and Byron was afraid to laugh. Social pressure was, of course, applied to him, and we find him writing to Mrs. George Lamb, who had written to him in behalf of some *protégé*, and said she would "try to soften" his colleagues, Kinnaird and George

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Lamb, that he was the most obdurate, and insisted on being softened first. It was altogether an amusing game.

More so than the writs, though from these, too, Byron managed to get instruction and amusement. When the bailiff descended on 139 Piccadilly, Byron wanted to know if he had nothing for Sheridan. "Oh, Sheridan, aye, I have this," and a "dismal pocket-book," as Thackeray called them, was produced. "But, my Lord, I have been in Mr. Sheridan's house a twelvemonth at a time; a civil gentleman—knows how to deal with *us*." Byron took the hint, and happily did not have the bailiff for a year with him. Of Sheridan, by the way, he was seeing much at this time—Sheridan woefully in his decline, drunken, maudlin, quarrelsome. Byron always liked and admired him, and said "his very dregs are better than 'the first sprightly runnings' of others"; but, as he appears in the records of this day, there seems to me little to value in him. He never laughed, he would sit silent for long, and then attack some fellow guest, and he would weep and complain that he had never had a shilling of his own—though, as Byron said, he had extracted a good many of other people's. There have been more amiable ruins than this, but, no doubt, when you have supported a man in his cups "down a damned corkscrew staircase, which had certainly been constructed before the discovery of fermented liquors," you feel kindly towards him. How strange now and boyish seem these orgies of orators and poets! The dinner-party in question had been "first silent, then talky, then argumentative, then disputatious, then unintelligible, then altogethery, then inarticulate, and then drunk." What a life!

Well, it was soon to end for Byron. On December 10, 1815, his daughter, Ada, was born, and on April 25, 1816, he sailed for Ostend. There has been too much of debate and theory about Byron's separation from his wife that I should add to it in this casual place. A dreadful reason in the background may or may not have decided Lady Byron: it is difficult to believe from her letters that it was so. But tempers which could not

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agree, which were doomed never to agree, were reason enough for the separation. Many an argument, shot through with pain and heart-burning, must there have been in that house in Piccadilly, many a sad and anxious debate when she had gone and his sister and his friends came to him. If houses harbour the passions and sorrows of the dead I should not like to live there. A great heart and a great brain stabbed by great trouble, racked by little troubles—it is an evil memory.

In those last days Byron wrote the beautiful verses to his wife, "Fare you well," and the bitter verses on her confidante, Mrs. Clermont, "Born in the garret, in the kitchen bred"—which some fool or traitor sent to the newspapers, and which was the signal for the public outcry on him. The private outcry had been long set going, and had barred him from every great house in London but Lady Jersey's. In these last days, too, that the inevitable touch of farce should not be absent, little Nathan the Jew singer was continually in the house—Nathan, who had persuaded him to write the "Hebrew Melodies" and drew Tom Moore's chaff on him: "Sun-burn Nathan," says Byron in a letter—and Nathan got £50 from him and sent him a present of Passover Cakes. Byron's polite acknowledgment of this gift seems to be the last letter he wrote in London.

Byron had signed the deed of separation, delivering it as "the act and deed," as a rare bit of gossip in a dull book of letters published lately tells us, not of himself but "of Mrs. Clermont." He had parted from Augusta, "almost the last being," as he wrote to his wife, "whom you have left me to part with," and the end of his life in England came.

There is a last scene from 139 Piccadilly: you see him come out, his beautiful pale face without the light that made it, said Walter Scott, "a thing to dream of," and limp into his carriage.

G. S. Street.

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ON THE ADVANTAGES OF NOT BEING RESPECTABLE

BETWEEN Autolycus and Mrs. Grundy is a great gulf fixed. These creatures of poetic and unpoetic fancy are types of opposites. He represents the spirit of the open road, the joy of the unconventional life; is the pattern of merry, unscrupulous, comfortable vagabondage; a picker-up of unconsidered trifles; incidentally, a gatherer and distributor of not inconsiderable happiness. She—another She Who Must be Obeyed!—is, on the other hand, the high-priestess of Respectability: a goddess of Suburbia draped in drab. She sits a flabby weight on the British conscience, making her multitudinous votaries do and endure stupid deeds, wear foolish clothes, perpetrate much unkindness, for only an old woman's reason. The product of the mid-Victorian age, born when crinolines, horse-hair furniture, unctuous morality, and oiled side-whiskers were in vogue, Mrs. Grundy exists to frown on individuality, and bind in fetters of dulness all who are weak enough to endure her tyranny. The creed of Autolycus is breathed in gusts of laughter, in the music of streams, in the murmur of leafy woods. The creed of Mrs. Grundy is a dismal, intolerable catalogue of mustn'ts.

I believe and hope that in most men there is something of the true tramp spirit. There ought to be, considering how Humanity has descended from ancestors who—anthropologists assure us—were often high in the world—dizzily high in the

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world. It would be miraculously unnatural, under such circumstances, if the lords of creation had not inherited some of the good instincts of the forefathers of Adam.

Yet this true tramp spirit, this soul of the open road, is nearly always sadly subordinate to the clay ideas of Mrs. Grundy. Many a man groans in fashionable attire and goes through a daily treadmill of tiresome, unnecessary work, who, if he had the pluck of his hidden opinions, would live in comfort, and consign the silk hat, the high, stiff linen collar, and the frock-coat wherewith he imprisons his beautiful body, to the limbo of pre-historic abominations. He would, and he could; but he won't. Woman, too, how many articles of clothing—a mere man wonders—could she dismiss from her wardrobe if Mrs. Grundy and the fiends who tempt with changes of fashion would only let her? Think of the folly of it! Examine an example! Compare the figure of that over-advertised actress, a belle of musical comedy, Miss Giddie Feathergirl, with the draped goddesses of old Greece. The one—the plague of every West-end photographer's window—is distorted, uncomfortable, a feminine guy with a grin, while the sculptured forms of Artemis and her maidens are still—though often fragments, maimed torsos, time-ravaged and weather-worn—the highest expression of human grace. Why do not our women-folk follow the Hellenic model a little more closely; cultivate comfort, and leave corsets and whatever else there may be of the kind for that arrant old moral washerwoman, Mrs. Grundy, to wear, if her forty-seven waist would allow it? Civilisation, thou hast a very great deal to answer for! Better far, my brothers and sisters, be natives in the Pacific islands where flowers and leaves are the chief ornaments of modest clothing, and simplicity finds comforts in plenty, than endure the existence of a civilised slave to fashion, bound with the bondage of Bond Street.

Poor dear things! If the gilded youth and golden girls only knew what they miss, how they would envy the lot of the few who, like myself, are born in the purple of poor sufficiency

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and content. Often in the summer time I lie on the breezy heights of Kent or Surrey, and watch the haze northward. That dull cloud hangs over London, the place of dirt, work, worry and unkindness. About me the golden gorse is glowing, a skylark lifts its song to the flying clouds, and sheep-bells tinkle drowsily. There is beauty and glory, sunshine and peace. I think of the folk in offices moiling for a prose existence; of the unwise wealthy, strutting and dawdling and drawling; of the grumbling hand-workers who lift and carry from week to week for only the wages of hunger; and—stretch and bask! Ah! As Tennyson would have said if I had been his collaborator, "Give me the wages of going on and let me be!"

Respectability, which is the creed of Mrs. Grundy compressed into six syllables, is the real cause of all this infinite discomfort and wicked waste of happiness. An imaginary fear of the opinions of the next-door neighbour keeps men and their wives to the treadmill. To be unconventional, even to the extent of going hatless to the pillar-box under cover of the night, is to horrify Stuccovia, and make its oracles gossip and gape; while to be flippant even about solemn things, for example, to joke about an archdeacon's feet, is to the judgment of the suburbs, worse—far worse—than dropping a bright farthing into the offertory bag with the air of a pompous philanthropist. Respectability—that phrase, that fetish, that irksome, noxious tyranny—is in effect cast-iron and triumphant. To endeavour to weaken its hold on present-day people is as hopeless an enterprise as any of the extravagant undertakings of that true hero and idealist, Don Quixote de la Mancha. Respectability—thrice-blessed fad—must be regarded reverently and treated tenderly. It is as precious as the first smile of the new curate or latest baby. You may, if you are quite an abandoned person, snigger occasionally at Mrs. Grundy; in a rash moment with impunity point fingers of scorn at her vinegar upper-lip, her grey side-curls, her speckless spring-side boots; but the man who, in however timid a

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manner, acknowledged with pride that he was not respectable, is doomed at once, eternally doomed and lost. South Kensington would freeze at the sound of his footsteps. Tooting would cry aloud. He might as well drown and poison himself in the waters of Wapping, or proclaim himself a comprehending follower of Bernard Shaw.

Well, I have tried hard to be respectable. For two months I and my new theology were tolerated in a Sunday school. I have thrice acted as a steward at Primrose League entertainments, and helped to administer tea and the party gospel to hungry Socialists. I have watched the ways of butlers, and admired the smiles of princes. I have conversed—about golf balls—with a bishop, and been patronised by a provincial mayor whose tea and coffee I can cordially recommend. I have read the whole of the correspondence in the *Daily Telegraph* during a silly season, and successfully hidden my real preference for the *Daily Chronicle* above all other newspapers; and yet—and yet I hate respectability—despise and loathe it; and am lost, I am happy to say.

It makes me mournful to think of the lives my unredeemed brethren live. East or west, north or south, poor or rich, it is all one similar tale so far as concerns the essentials. All men and women—except us the privileged few—for the sake of the worthless good opinion of their neighbours make believe to be wealthier and better connected than they really are. Mrs. Smythe-Browne, whose furs are the wonder and envy of Doubledene-road, has hardly the strength to wear them because, in order to live up to their grandeur, she must save money by depriving herself of the food her declining body needs. Many a little tragedy is being unnecessarily enacted behind the venetian blinds of Villadom, for the reason that Mrs. Jabez Ponsonby-Jones and her weird sisters, who have tongues with a tang, shall believe wrongly, and not truly know. Heigho! the red altars of Baal were less cruel and guilty than some of the white doorsteps of Putney. Respectability has, indeed, its disadvantages.

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Its worst disadvantage, to the minds of such wise ones as I, is the routine work; and yet there are men who really like labour in an unimaginative office. It is, almost, too painful to write about. Picture the life of him who every morning must eat a porridge and bacon breakfast, catch a particular train, no matter how insistently the woods may be calling; plod through crowded streets, perhaps to the jingle of tram-car bells and the raucous cries of street hawkers, to a dingy office in a dingy court, there to write letters about mere wealth—mostly somebody else's—to think of barges, and railway rates, and the mass of things called goods, until the clock tells him it is time to eat. And so on—nothing but long-drawn out drudgery—through the very best hours of the day, till again the timepiece says he must go home, when the travelling process of the morning is reversed, and the modern slave returns to his penny-plain abode to listen to a wifely account of the chronicling of small beer and the troubles of Tommy. Oh, what a painful, painful story, unpicturesque, colourless, drab! Better have been Prehistoric Man, with flint pointed spears hunting huge elks and woolly elephants; better even—yea far better—be a present-day Fijian, one of the Esquimaux, a Pigmy of wild Africa worshipping Mumbo-Jumbo amid malarial swamps; or an ant, a humming bird, a mountain goat.

But best of all be what I am—a man content with a little more than no material wealth, healthy because I am free of worry and dulness, happy because I have liberty and opportunity to live with my Lady Nature during the seasons when she is gentle. Vagabondage is the only reputable calling—it is so disinterested. I am a companion to the poorest; the friend, comrade, counseller of the lowest and the lost. I hobnob with tramps, have listened to the secrets of gypsies; can tread with confidence and without inspiring fear through the haunts of birds and animals, flowers, yes, and fairies. The poor wretches who live respectable lives, and sell their birthright of happiness for a mess of made-up dishes, have lost five fortunes at

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least. To them the realm of nature is—wasted hills, choked woods, empty fields which some day may be built over with jerry-made houses, or profitably sown with turnip seeds.

There are times, it is true, when the man of the open-life knows pinches; but they only accentuate the after-joy. Sometimes one has to keep an involuntary fast-day, and the mind is haunted with an exasperating mirage of pudding. Then, too, when cloud-land has a fit of the sulks, and weeps in showers of rain, one feels shivers and knows dampness. But even those uncomfortable hours have the consolations of their sure approaching end. Half the cottagers in England will spare an acceptable something from the larder to the suppliant who asks prettily and with a genial eye; and as for the wetting of rain, if the sun does not come and do his own work properly like a gentleman, there is always a barn or stable or haystack, supplying most of the comforts of hotel-life without charge for attendance.

And then, the evening happiness of the little country inn, far away amongst the silences, where Tom and Harry of the plough foregather, on Sunday nights especially, and discuss—theology! It is generally religion, in some adroitly unorthodox form, which affords intellectual interest to these debaters of the public-house. The theories I have hearkened to, and the way in which they are put; the calm manner in which the results of the studies of the scholars are brushed aside with one sweep of a long-stemmed clay-pipe, are enough to make a cynic marvel and a satirist silent. The most real fact in country-side theology is the demoniacal gentleman—or no gentleman—whom Robbie Burns affectionately addressed as "Auld Hornie." He is almost as necessary to the rural idea of the scheme of things as the bailiff; and infinitely less to be spared than the parson, the policeman, or the Nonconformist minister. Hodge and Jarge do not fear auld Clootie—not a bit of it; he is—as he often was to the mediæval wight—a good-natured fellow who has had a misfortune it were impolite to mention, a jolly practical

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joker, an angel with a sense of humour, the fount and father of comic pantomime. Ah, those tap-room discussions; how, while we slowly absorbed the mellow liquid, drew lines in the sawdust on the floor, and sent rings of tobacco-smoke playing about the dark ceiling, we did battle for the honour of England, denounced Pro-Boers and every other kind of unpatriotism; and shed tears—this was rather late in the evening—over the foolish doings of the Government or the Opposition, as the case might be. Respectability would have shrugged shoulders at the company, have sniffed at our good, bad, indifferent opinions; but I would not exchange the oracular freedom of that poor, raftered forum, and the foolishness we seriously expounded and hearkened to, for all the food and all the beverages of the Hotel ——.

The consummation of delight to the philosopher who refuses to moil and drudge and be respectable, is found within the sanctuary of the woods; there, to day-dream, to rest when tired of wandering, to observe respectfully Nature in her majesty and mysteries. He alone who has been willing to lie for hours under a thicket watching, watching, waiting, knows the varied delights of wild bird-life and the merry doings of the small deer. There is a feast of humour among wild creatures if one has the eyes and love wherewith to enjoy it, but caution and infinite respect are essential, otherwise the four-footed lodgers of Fairyland resolutely refuse to admit witnesses to their revels. One, sometimes, must not even breathe lest a bright-eyed timidity should be driven in panic back to its nest in the thicket or beneath the ground. One of the triumphs of the worshipper of Nature is to find field-mice at play. This, experience tells me, is only to be done after infinite patience, self-suppression, and tact. Fortunately, the man who is wise and brave enough to avoid a life-time of work, and refuse to worry, can afford to be careful and patient; and so sees pictures and doings in the wonder-world of the beasties which dwellers in towns can only read about in parish magazines, halfpenny papers, and other works of the laboured imagination.

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To sprawl under the trees on some shining sultry day, or amongst bluebells on a bank when the cuckoo is calling; drowsing over the dreams of some poet, or with half-shut eyelids—how easy it is for them in such delicious circumstances to close!—watching idly a quivering leaf, and fancying it the fluttering petticoat of one of Titania's company, ah—that is joy—treble, quadruple joy if at the same time the world is working, and you know it. To be idle, to be useless, to be free, when respectable man is dirtying hands and soul with sordidness and worry—that is recompense full to over-flowing, for the little wants and sacrifices so easy to endure. They are a very small price to pay for the sweet freedom. The vagabond gives it with the cheerful indifference he treats all the demands of his creditors; it is so little exacted for, oh, so much! One natural sight—a trout lying lazily among the rushes, a bee visiting a tangle of flowers, a waterfall playing over sparkling stones, a kingfisher flashing through the sunshine, the restless myriad leaves of a tree sun-lighted, thrushes and blackbirds feeding, the lazy progress of browsing cattle—is recompense enough. Pan, I salute you for the joy of the woods you give! Alone of all those rascally Greek gods you live, rule, are worthy to be loved and worshipped. The next time I have the wherewithal to pour an appropriate libation I will remember you; then—turn down the empty glass to that poet of singing phrases and laughing sad philosophy, old, ever-young Omar, who truly was, is, and will be always one of *us*. Respectability despises Pan. Pan, Autolycus and I, in our wisdom, freedom, and laughter, despise Respectability. And we, Brothers of the Open Road, have the last, best word in the controversy, and the latest laugh. Give me Pan, his pipes and their echoes in the woods; you, who follow the commandments of Mrs. Grundy are fully at liberty to do as she desires, though I pity you. I could not do as you do, I confess for all the wealth of Jericho. I would as lief kiss Mrs. Pipchin.

Then comes the sweet night-time, when as with magic

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silver keys, the realms of faëry are opened to dreaming, imaginative man. The summer moon is high and large and bright; the myriad stars, splendid, ubiquitous—quivering gems in the purple robe of evening—are paled through her superb luminance. On such a night, you remember, Jessica and Lorenzo loved in Belmont. On such a night Portia and her little-worthy lord came home again. On such a night Selene kissed Endymion. On such a night he who is glad to be houseless, tramps gladly with songs in his heart through a paradise of visions. Every tree, shrub, thicket shines silvery in the moonlight; and casts shadows grey and black, leaving infinite occasion for pretty wonderings. There is a rustling in the undergrowth. Who goes there? Oberon in his revels; or—no less poetical to the mind of worshipful man—some lone creature lurking in sanctuary? Silence rules everywhere. In the magical May-time when birds are wooing and nesting, the nightingale lifting his brief voice, makes the young-leaved avenues rich with a throbbing wonder of melodies; but now when the summer moon governs and beautifies, there is the full magnificent peace of sleep-time. The worn ways of the wood and the long white country-road are full of possibilities and mystery.

The men one meets are curious, all. Away from the theatricalities and evasions of town-customs, the human being becomes more truly human. He gains in sincerity of manner and speech; and confesses strange things—of nobility and weakness, generosity and mirth. The comedy and tragedy which beset all our lives appear and move us in these times of openness and confidence.

I shall never forget a lonely hour spent with a religious madman one summer morning early, two years ago. I had marched since the previous evening through strange country, and was somewhat weary, wishing the sun would awake and dry the dew, that I might find a comforting meadow and sleep. I was caught up by a large loose-jointed man. A dog slobbered and trotted moodily at his heels. Being

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brothers of the long road the big fellow and I gave greeting and paced on together. I came to wondering what kind of creature he might be. There was that about his eyes which made me curious and cautious. I kept my talk to the way-side flowers and the different calls of the waking birds; but he had to be himself and proved—cracked religion. He had the greatest tangle of verses I ever heard in my life. His conversation was a mesh of misquotations. He told me with pride of his madness. He had been five times in prison and seven or eight times under restraint in a lunatic asylum, and really a tone of exultation came into his voice as he talked of his own insanity. I answered with words of sympathy: a strange expression flying over his poor weak countenance told me that was the wrong tack; so I luffed, and congratulated him as if his possession of broken wits was something like genius, to enjoy. He almost sang with gratitude as I flattered him; and looked as if he loved me.

We parted where the road branched, shaking hands like comrades. A little later, hearing speech, I looked back, and saw him standing where I had left him, preaching hard and with rapture at the emptiness around, while the slobbering dog stood moodily waiting. Poor harmless prince of the wounded mind, may you always be free!

He was the strangest example of humanity I ever met, though many of the men and women of the road have something of madness or genius within them. There are many poets of thought in the ever-moving multitude, though they lack the power and means of expression; while of simple astronomy and the lore of the woods, hedgerows and hill-sides they are masters and teachers. They can poach or rob a hen-roost; be true squires of St. Nicholas, like Falstaff; but—no more of that, Hal! Never from any of those fortunate, courageous beings who have cast their burden of respectability behind them, have I received anything but words or deeds of kindness. I, who know them, can afford to be their champion. They will share their happiness or their misery gladly with

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anyone of the true spirit who shows the proper willingness to receive or give. The pity of it that Mrs. Grundy and her cotton-gloved bleating imitators could not get something of the great grand charity which these folk of the pilgrimage have. In that case Respectability would be more tolerable; and this protest and appeal would probably have remained unwritten. (The reader is requested not to sigh.)

The country-side and summer-time of the story are only half the happy tale. I must come to the iron-grey winter season, when our uncompromising British climate drives Autolycus and his brother-lovers of liberty, willy-nilly, into the towns. Then, of course, London, for its largeness, lights and variety, is the Mecca which most attracts the feet of the pilgrims. But oh, the difference to us! Gog, Magog and the Progressives are proud of their overbuilt metropolis, and make postprandial and platform orations—true-blue and purple—about its greatness of size and wealth; but the man who has come from the illimitable country knows better than the puppets of Cockayne the true littleness, narrowness, ugliness, poverty and disadvantages generally, of their colossal brickwork wilderness. He looks with eyes which can properly measure happiness and true wealth; and sees very little of those desires of humanity about Wapping and Holloway, Whitechapel and West Brompton, Lambeth, Marylebone, North Kensington, Soho and King's Cross. He recognises in such angry reversals of Eden the defects of the Suburbs—grown worse—and wonders why——!

It is with serious qualms of heart and rebellious senses that the man of the Open Road comes into squalid, shrieking, stony London; but needs must when Nature drives. The goddess requires her months of rest after the labours which end with the autumn; and when woods are sodden, trees bare, and bleak winds sweep over ploughed and waiting fields, there is indeed no alternative to entering the invisible gates of this combination of cities; to endure as best one may its flood of noisy traffic, bustling, careless crowds; its flavoured

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air and pervasive dust and grime; its gloom and murkiness, excitements and make-believe. Bumble is still a power in high parochial places. Mrs. Grundy, of course, looks well after the consciences and customs of the metropolitan goody-good: nevertheless, one can ignore these nuisances and make the most of what interest and amusement may be extracted from the strange streets and odd people. There is one invariable rule which the vagabond who follows the pipings of Pan must observe absolutely whilst in town. He must choose his company with almost pharisaical strictness—otherwise he is lost. He must avoid like leprosy the cheap and nasty doss-house; he must keep out of the way of the unctuous tract-and-soup brigade; and studiously refrain from becoming too intimate with the soft-handed, feeble-faced bipeds who infest the free reading-rooms, and for the sake of having the wherewithal to lean against and warm air to bless their poor bones with, affect for hours to study some such impossible literature as the finance columns of the *Times*. If once the modern Autolycus—while in the metropolis—becomes intimate with any of those institutions or individuals, he is lost; his self-respect, his zest for freedom are gone. The country ways know him no more. He might as well touch his hat with subtle intent to a borough councillor or respectfully request to be permitted to polish the ponderous black knocker on Mrs. Grundy's door.

Weary William of the Public Reading-Room never gets far away from the place of stuffy atmosphere he haunts. Let him find energy enough to pass through the suburban ways into Nature-land; and he would be at once accepted into our commonwealth, one of and one with us. But he will not do so. Poor William has no imagination, no philosophy wherewith to fight that long disease, his life, no independence. He is the shadow and caricature of the Respectable; the sorry product—invertebrate, depressing, doomed—of a Bumble-built system of patronage and pauperism. Poor, feeble, hopeless, unhelpable wretch! He is deeply, deeply to be

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pitied, and his example of characterless negation avoided like the plague by all true happy idlers.

But, say my mentors, if you dislike routine labour, and work of any kind when the flowers are blowing; if you are too independent and proud to accept the benefactions of those who do drudge and possess wealth, how do you live?

Easily enough! The evil of to-day is a rushing after what is not really desirable, and not truly necessary. A man is still passing rich on forty pounds a year, and can do, as some of us do, with less. It is fashion—in all grades of society—which rules expenses and expenditure. Join the luxurious throng, and you pay like a prince, rashly, even for simple things. Sir Bertie de Vere and Sir Solomon Goldstein in their West-end circumstances, do not get a half-pennyworth more happiness out of their old and new fortunes than do the merely respectable from their middle-class plenty—than do I out of the little my easy, idle articles earn. Nay, not so much! I certainly would not sell my freedom for their golden worrying lot. I can see, enjoy, know, as much as they can, whatever it is, and generally a great deal more, because I am not fashionable, and not fettered by the cloying customs of Society. I can go where they dare not penetrate; and as to their dull social doings—that dreadful round of duty-calls, receptions, dinners, hurry and rush, involving many changes of clothes and dresses and tempers—I can see it all from a distance, or imagine it, or read about it in the journals which gush for the giddy, and picture such tinplate glories for the joy of the drapery mind.

There is a humour in the streets and theatres utterly lost to the rich and the respectable. They might as well live in silver cages, for all they witness of the wonderfully interesting world which throbs around them. I have heard of a noble lord who never lunches in his loneliness without a butler and six footmen waiting on him, watching his glass and plate. Give me, for choice, a crust to nibble in Trafalgar Square! I cannot endure footmen. I only once saw the creatures endowed with sufficient self-respect to look ashamed of their humiliating

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dependence, and then they were on the boxes of carriages containing members of a procession of suffragettes, who were wending their way, loquaciously, to Exeter Hall. Those uncomfortable men were an obvious argument for the cause of their voteless mistresses, and looked the part thoroughly.

The Respectable cannot know many innocent joys and experiences. To them the "Penny Gaff" is as meaningless as the latest silly song of the streets; yet the ghost-haunted melodramas of that cheapest of cheap theatres are as full of curious historical interest as the time-honoured doings of Richardson's Show. There is nothing more laughable—though politeness requires the laughter to be hidden—than the small play's sober seriousness; except perhaps, in a more ambitious sphere, the attitude and emotions of the sixpenny gallery in a provincial theatre during the progress of the ordinary sensational play. I remember that dear creature of tears and plumpness, somebody's Aunt Maria, forgetting her half-eaten orange in sympathy with the woes of the forlorn Lady Muriel on the stage, whose golden hair was hanging down her back, while slabs of snow fell beautifully about her. Also the brave lad with his coat off in the gods—ah, the dear old Brit.!—who energetically implored the much-wronged hero to retaliate by hitting the villain "in the waistcoat." What interesting developments might occur if the shouted advice of the audience were followed! That insufferable child, with a squeaking voice and pasteboard sentiments, who regularly dies to slow music in the third act, would never be allowed to meet the fate it richly deserved, while the villain would be murdered and the heroine married at least five times in every scene. Here is an idea for the enterprising manager.

The cheap theatre is an institution closed to the world of fashion. We can enjoy the stalls for ninepence, a seat in the boxes for a shilling; and are at liberty to sit in our shirt-sleeves if we please. I must confess, though, that on these occasions the audience is vastly more entertaining than the drama. The play is usually lurid, loud, sentimental, wooden; but its patrons

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are magnificently alive and keen. They miss nothing of the pathos and excitement, and rock with laughter over the old-time humour of the low comedian. A hundred years look solemnly down on most of his jokes.

The audience of the cheap music hall is obviously on a lower plane of enjoyment than that of the theatre where the "legitimate" is housed, and often wears the expression of utter boredom. When a new "turn" is announced the dulled enthusiasts will help the orchestra by whistling the crude refrain of the coming song; but as soon as the singer has run on, bowed, giggled, and begun to mouth and make the expected noises, they relapse into their wonted condition of troubled, indefinite wonder, suggesting the self-imposed question, "Why are we here?" Echo, and my heart, answer, "Why?"

Yet in the very minor music-halls there is much off the stage which is amusing. I was one evening, long, long ago, in the pit of Sadler's Wells—threepence, I think, was the price of the privilege—and happened to be seated behind a gentleman who had once been thirsty. A damsel, in tights, was dancing on the stage.

"Now she has three legs," commented my friend in the immediate foreground. "Now she has two legs. Now she has three legs again. Yes, it is so. I can see them. You needn't laugh. I'll tell you when she has two legs again. Now she has two! Now she has two!"

Episodes of pathos and humour, kindness and pride, are to be witnessed almost nightly in out-of-the-way places of entertainment, as that admirable Bohemian and good penman, Pett Ridge, has shown us.

The streets are themselves full of queerness and a kind of poetry. London at night, at dawn, at sunrise, is indeed a poem in three cantos, which only the out-all-nights can know. *I* know. So did Wordsworth, just one hundred years ago, as *he* watched its towers and steeples while riding over West-minster Bridge.

Dear God! the very houses seem asleep!

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So do they now, especially in the City, where ledgers are written full of riches; and whereto, in the daytime, the pitiful drudges come, to push pens over ruled paper and think in figures.

The only part of London worth living in is this square-mile Lord Mayoralty—though fortunately for me and the few caretakers who nightly share this domain with me, the world and his wife are not aware of it. I have a friend with an attic; and when the winter comes, that attic, and its furniture—chiefly old volumes of immortal poetry and dead sermons, the waste-words of buried preachers—are mine for a wee and tiny consideration. I sleep there during the day, soothed by the buzz of the world at work. At night-time, in the quiet, I roam abroad, and talk to my friends and fellows in the street, who in the lonely hours are glad of a companion with ideas. The police, City and Metropolitan, are my very good friends; every individual, among these men of the law, has his idiosyncrasies, if you cautiously look for them. This one has a hobby for rhyming about names over shop-windows; that has studied the stars and every night watches their courses, as well as the London atmosphere and narrow lanes permit. This big man has a passion for children, and carries about with him a secret store of sweetmeats for any little poor ones he may meet. That gentle fellow is fresh from the green meadows of Hertfordshire, and talks wistfully of young lives and old loves in the flower-world, down fairy-land way. Politics and theology, the weather and football—everything which plagues and pleases the mind of man—is to be amiably discussed with these honest, genial guardians of the public wealth and peace.

The folk, not on duty, to be met in the night streets are, of course, still more odd and curious. Each one of *their* lives would make a romance too mean and wild, too furious and sad, for success at six-shillings. There are men to be met at certain times—under the Adelphi Arches, in Hyde Park, along the Embankment, in Trafalgar Square, and the many other bed-chambers of the Hotel of the Beautiful Star, who once

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acknowledged the bearing of honoured names and still retain some habit of daintiness, but now their epitaph is—done for! Poor wretches! Gambling and the seven deadly sins have wrecked them;

Drink and the devil have done for the rest!

To hear them talk makes you wonder why they are—where they are. You see a white bottle labelled gin, and then you know.

It is unnecessary and useless to see and picture the seedy side of life as Maxim Gorky shows it, though the grey unfortunate truth is everywhere—where waste, greed and grinding poverty are. It is far better and kinder to take laughter and dear memories of sweet scenes into those shady places; they are the mind-medicine, the salve and solace, which drive the ghosts away. I shudder sometimes when I watch the face of the haunted man; and know that within his mind remorse is holding her court, judging the foolish past and frightening with fears of the future All the texts of scripture in my lips would not bring comfort to that self-convicted wastrel. I could not drive away the ghostly vision—the sheeted skeleton which sits within the horror of his brain, had I all the tracts of Stiggins, all the platitudes of Chadband, all the violent virtue of Mrs. Grundy. But a joke does it, so I joke; and in the rumble of laughter which follows, the present trouble and old remorse are, for a while, forgotten.

There is plenty of work for kindness to do in the world's wilderness; and they who are merely respectable cannot afford to do it—nay, their patronage would be misunderstood, resented, ineffectual. We who know, and love, and are the poor, can help ourselves, without the tracts and charity of the dullards. Happiness does not always rule where collars are clean. Many a man who has not a shirt to his back is rich with a heart full of merriment, as that old ballade of the Abbot of Canterbury and King John—one of Percy's "Reliques," is it not?—has reminded us. I know that, to me, the birds sing as melodiously,

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the grasses wave as brightly, the wind blows as cheerily, the waters ripple as prettily, the flowers smell and bloom as sweetly, as they do to anyone else in the world; and yet—through many weeks of the year I have not a cent to bless my thirst with, or a copper to turn in my pocket when the newest of new moons comes. But I have liberty, health, the joy of knowing much of the secrets of Nature and the hearts of my unrespectable comrades and fellow-men. Is not that as good a fortune as any made by American millionaire out of canned goods which I, for one, will not eat, and who for all the happiness golden wealth may bring, often cannot sleep because of the haunting weight of his pyramid of riches. I know that mine is a finer fortune than mere money can buy, and am glad of it, and entirely contented.

Life is a very little while in which man may laugh, love, and then go gladly to sleep. Only a few of us are wise enough to live it properly.

But whist! Mowgli calls! It is time for the sweet Spring run. Let us go! We will find you this evening, Pan, in your quickening woods. Away! Away!

Mrs. Grundy, in my best Californianese, I invite you to go to the——to the gentleman who made you.

C. E. Lawrence.

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THE MIND AND MANNERS OF A FLORENTINE MERCHANT OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY

ALTHOUGH the exterior life of all classes in the present day seems very different from that of our early forefathers, it must, nevertheless, be admitted that the mental and moral progress has, so far, not corresponded with that achieved in material and outward things. For this reason, especially in all that concerns the acquiring of wealth, which is the fruit of egoism, the modern human mind differs not very largely from the minds of men dead centuries ago, and this fact will be the more apparent from the perusal of the following pages, wherein a Florentine merchant of the fourteenth century has left us the record of his mental, moral and material condition.

In the Riccardiana Library of Florence, that city not only of art and literature, but also of mediæval crafts and commerce, there is preserved a quaint "Book of Good Examples and Good Manners," written by a Florentine of the fourteenth century, and affording more than a passing glimpse into the lives of those early Italian merchants, when they had not yet made their fortunes, but were still labouring in their shops and warehouses, striving for the achievement of riches and nobility for their families, much in the same way, although

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by far simpler methods and less speculation, as nowadays the Chicago packer superintends the amassing of the millions which are destined to purchase a title, if not a kingdom, for his immediate decendants. Indeed, this ancient manuscript forms a quaint contrast to a certain well-known modern book which came from America, and the worthy Florentine in his little shop, with his parchments and quill pens, his transports of mules and slow oxen, his hand-looms and his warehouse beneath his dwelling, is outwardly a very different, if perchance a more dignified, figure than the fictitious, but typical John Graham, in the "Letters of a Self-Made Merchant," who, fortified with all the modern paraphernalia of telegraph, telephone and express trains, watches over the endless procession of beasts entering his stockyards, never to leave them again save within the narrow compass of a tin box!

The Italian poet, Giusti, says that at a certain age a man takes pride no longer in his firm muscles, but in the number of wrinkles his face exhibits, wherefore he is inclined to overstate his age rather than otherwise. Thus, in the land of the *nouveaux riches*, instead of pride of race there is pride of humbleness, which makes every rustic who has raised himself ever so little above his original station strut about like a peacock and consider himself covered with a sort of anticipatory glory as the possible head of a yet unborn family of celebrities! Upon us, ancient races, these young nations look with compassion not unmixed with contempt, whilst we gaze with amazement at their audacity of scheme and action. But there is one thing we possess, one treasure they envy but of which they cannot rob us, namely, the wisdom born of experience and the long line of generation following generation, which for centuries have handed down from father to son honoured names, lofty principles, and precepts and traditions of life and work which all the dollars of the States cannot purchase in one stupendous deal.

But everything must have its beginning, and the old world

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once had its way to make just as the new world is doing now. In the old Florentines of the twelfth to fourteenth centuries we find prototypes of the modern merchants, and may even study them at a very early period, when they laboured in tiny shops and the first hardly-earned savings were yet a hope rather than a reality. But even in those primitive days we find abundant evidence of that natural courtesy and love of refinement and beauty which led the early merchants to spend the first money they could spare upon the beautifying of their houses and gardens, the collecting and ordering, for pure love of art, of pictures and illuminations and manuscripts, thus forming the nucleus of many a famous library. But their unconscious instinct for beauty in all its forms, their impulse to make their private surroundings accord with the lovely land in which they lived, is but too often represented in these restless, rushing modern days by the dollar-wizard's watchword and formula, "How much?" Desire of possession for love of a thing's value, rather for love of its beauty, is but too often the motive that carries so many of our treasures across the Atlantic. And not only upon business matters has this old Florentine left his opinions and advice; spiritual welfare, the care of the body, personal security, family, social relations, civil obligations have all their share of his serious consideration. Here again it may not be unprofitable to form a comparison with the advice of the modern merchant, who considers that, in order to push his way to the front, he must divest himself of every prejudice and look things squarely in the face, leaving to less energetic people such vain and useless things as sentiment and beauty and love of art and nature. This old manuscript of the Riccardiana Library was originally bound in boards and bears upon its second cover the arms of its author. Paolo, son of Messer Pace of Certaldo, who wrote it with his own hand in a somewhat clumsy caligraphy, has left us a medley of valuable advice upon matters of morals and practical life, proverbs and notable sayings, put together without any attempt at classifi-

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cation and drawn partly from traditional sources and partly from his own observation of contemporary manners and customs. His father, Pace, son of Messer Jacopo of Certaldo, doctor of laws, was one of the Priori in 1315-16 and again in 1318-19; in 1319 he went as ambassador to Siena, was again one of the Priori in 1322-23, and after holding other posts of honour, was eventually Gonfaloniere in 1337. Our Paolo, whether he was actually a merchant or not, certainly possessed the foresight, the prudence, and sometimes even the craftiness of one! We know that one of his descendants was an apothecary, by name Cristofano di Fuccio, and that he greatly cherished the "Examples" of his great-great-grandfather, as is proved by a declaration which he appended to the manuscript in a handwriting of the fifteenth century. I have had neither time nor desire to make further researches into the history of Paolo and his family; my only object is to call forth from the pages, yellow with age, of the Riccardiana manuscript a sufficiently vivid presentment of the old Florentine to make us realise once more the truth of the saying that all the world is kin.

Thus it begins:

> In the name of God. In this book will we write down many good examples and good customs, and good proverbs and good instructions; wherefore, my son or my brother, or my dear friend, neighbour or companion, or whoever thou art who readest this book, hearken well and understand that which thou shalt find written in this book and put it into action; and much good and honour shalt thou derive therefrom, both for body and soul.

As is seen from the introduction, the book has a moral intention, not differing in this respect from many others which have been written since; but for us the chief and most interesting thing is to discover, amongst all the precepts drawn from or suggested by ecclesiastical tradition, those which were directly inspired by personal experience and which reveal some hidden inclination in those ancient souls, some rebellious instinct, some curious aspect of a life differing so widely from our own, which is nevertheless descended from it. Paolo di Ser

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Pace has written with spirit, but without any pre-arranged order or that economy which is found in works of greater literary elaboration; but it is all the better for that, as the spontaneity and sincerity of thought and expression are not marred by any preoccupations of style, and the uncertain and often incorrect writing is proof of the abundance of the ideas that came too quickly for the pen to follow. Thus within these rough pages we find the picture of the good Florentine of the fourteenth century, who, either in his shop or in a chamber of his own house, adds from time to time another page of counsel or example to those he is preparing to leave to his dear ones, making immortal his own memory in the minds of those who were destined to read his pages and meditate upon the wisdom they contained. This longing to go down to posterity which armed the pens of the most obscure and unknown amongst the ancient writers is a sufficiently strange phenomenon. Monuments, statues and marbles fall into decay, neither stone nor bronze can resist the ravages of time, yet a fragile scrap of paper has survived to unveil to us the existence of a long dead forefather, whose identity has been lost in the darkness of centuries, but whose mind was inflamed not with the hope only, but almost with the certainty, of being remembered by future generations. In perusing the old manuscript we seem to feel the pulsations of a living hand moving over it in obedience to the dictates of the mind, we seem to hear the faint voice of a distant soul revealing to us its being, its intimate life, and holding out to us imploring hands of friendship after long centuries of silence and neglect. But these are idle fancies, and we had better keep strictly to our facts, for Paolo di Ser Pace threatens to be a more prolix and long-winded gossip than his modern American brother!

Let us begin with the "Proverbs," amongst which there are some strange sayings which deserve to be recorded; many are in rhyme which cannot be exactly translated, and their quaint crispness is therefore lost in the English rendering. For instance:

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Hearken and behold and keep silent if thou wouldst live in peace.

It is better to stand upright by the side of a good man until thy legs ache than to sit upon a bench by the side of a wicked man.

Like unto the body without a soul is the man without a friend.

Thou wilt more often repent having spoken than having kept silence.

Speak not of those who are present.

Be not so bitter that every man spitteth thee out of his mouth, nor yet so sweet that every man sucketh thee dry.

It is good to live in strange cities, but bad to die there.

And many others could we mention of these sayings scattered here and there amongst moral and religious warnings, which, as is natural, occur the most frequently. For the safety of their souls and their duty towards God were the most important things in the eyes of these simple and valiant men, who, notwithstanding the preoccupations of their business and the necessity of protecting themselves against enemies and rivals, kept ever in mind the urgency of their own spiritual advancement. But they thought of it and fulfilled their religious duties without being in any way bigots: "Go to church upon Feast Days, and upon the other days when thou canst safely and properly leave thy shop or thy warehouse." Moreover, there is a certain use in church-going. "Frequent the preachers, for of them wilt thou learn many good examples and manners." It was also a duty to "go and visit the sick, to encourage and comfort them, and likewise to watch them die, that thou mayest take an example therefrom; and likewise must thou go and see men executed, not for the pleasure of beholding them killed, but in order that they may be examples unto thee." Such brutal lessons were necessary for the instilling of good into the minds of these still rude and uncivilised men; nowadays morality is inculcated by the flowery descriptions in the police records and daily papers.

For the mortification of the flesh the good Paolo recommends fasting.

Make it thy custom to fast upon Saturday in honour of the blessed Virgin Mary, and take heed that upon that day thou sinnest not, for it is not sufficient

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to fast only from food, that is, from the sin of gluttony, but thou must fast also from all the seven mortal sins.

Then he advocates almsgiving:

And almsgiving consisteth not only in giving money, or bread or shelter for God's sake, but there is also great charity in supporting widows and children and orphans, in making peace, in taking men out of prison. And these are things which wipe out sin, having with them confession and repentance.

Take heed that thou givest offence to none; nevertheless, if thou dost give offence, see that thou dost not show thyself glad because of that which thou hast done, nor of that which thy son or thy kinsman hath done, because those persons may forget the hurt done unto them, but they will never forget the gladness thou didst show over it, and it will prevent every chance of reconciliation.

He bids his readers overcome "the sin of envy, by thinking of those who are worse off in this world, some because of greater poverty, some because of more sickness, some because they have fewer kindred, some by reason of less understanding, and some because they are in a lower position." The sins of luxury and gluttony are to be similarly avoided, but of all vices the worst is pride, because from that "descend all the others." Whilst on this subject it occurs to him "to give a good example."

Compare this life of ours unto a great cask of wine; there cometh one every day for a cup of wine, and he poureth in a cup of water in place of the wine he hath taken out; and this he doth until the cask, which at first was full of good wine, becomes full of water. And thus do we little by little lose our natural heat, and in time become feeble and die of ourselves without any other cause; and there can help thee neither money, nor kindred, nor friends, nor powers, nor good eating, nor any other worldly thing; wherefore mayest thou see how this our pride doth wax feeble of its own self!

Not less severe is Paolo against those who will not forgive injury and meditate revenge—

because thou canst hardly ever carry out thy vengeance entirely; thou dost either too much or too little; if thou dost too much thou offendest thine enemy and he hateth thee, and people speak of it and say that thou hast acted badly; and if thou dost too little the people say, "He had done better not to have put himself to the proof than to have done it to his shame." So that thou must always be the one who pardoneth if thou wouldst be the victor.

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But it would take too long if we were to repeat here all the good and wise things which the merchant-moralist offers as counsel for the good of the soul and peaceful living. In his mouth the precepts acquire a greater practical value, inasmuch as they leave the field of abstract ethics to descend to earth and adapt themselves to the needs of daily life. And life in those times was fraught with constant dangers; men had to protect themselves against many more things than at present, and treachery and threats were serious and frequent. The Commune troubled itself but little about the individual safety of its citizens, who had usually to take justice and vengeance into their own hands, much as though lynch-law had already been invented then. The city at that period was of small area, and the houses were huddled together one against the other, consequently there were frequent and terrible fires, on account of which they adopted many precautions useful still to-day:

Keep always ready in thine house twelve large sacks, they are useful for removing thy goods when there is a fire in the neighbourhood, or near thee, or in thine own house. Keep always ready also a hempen rope, long enough to reach from the roof unto the earth, so that thou mayest let thyself down from any window of thine house onto the ground if there should be a fire; but forget not to keep it locked within a chest, in order that neither a servant nor any of thy family may use it without thee or without thy leave. Make it always thy custom to see the lights and the fire in the house extinguished, and be thou always the last to go to bed in thine house, and search the house for lights or fire, and see that the door is securely fastened, and likewise the windows. Search also the cellar and see that the casks are well stopped, and the door and windows fastened, the fire covered, and the lights extinguished; then go thou to bed and sleep as long as thou hast need.

But now let us penetrate a little further into the privacy of that simple life of the fourteenth century:

Beware of going out of thine house at night; but if thou art obliged to go forth, then take with thee a trusty companion, and a large and good light.

If thou goest into any dangerous place, go without telling any person where thou art going. In like manner, if thou goest to Siena, say that thou art going to Lucca, and thou wilt be safe from evil persons.

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Never lend thy weapon unto any person who may ask it of thee, and for two reasons—firstly, because thou knowest not what he will do with it; and secondly, because thou knowest not how soon thou mayest have need of it thyself.

Always cause the door of thine house to be locked at night, in order that during the night none may go forth and none may enter into thine house without thy knowledge, which thing is too great a danger; and, most especially, if thou hast any dispute, keep the key of the street-door in thine own chamber at night, and lock it always day and night when thou sleepest.

It is needful to be well provided with the necessaries of life, Paolo says:

There are certain years when there is great famine and scarcity (tinned meats were not then invented!) wherefore remember always, if thou canst do it, to furnish thine house with corn sufficient for two years, and if thou canst not get corn, then take some other grain that can be eaten; and if thou canst not get sufficient for two years, get at least enough for a year and a half, and buy always in good time; and do the same thing with oil, in order that when the time of scarcity cometh thou mayest not be without these two things in the house; for the other things thou must do as best thou canst; and see that thou hast always a cask of vinegar.

Be not ready to run forth from the house whenever there is a noise without, but stay in thine house and feign to know nothing, and thus shalt thou escape dispute and vexation and wilt keep thy person in safety.

Then there is advice upon the care of the person and matters of health which reveal the simplicity and uncivilised ways of our forefathers:

Arise early in the morning, even before daybreak, if thou canst, and perform thy duties in the house. It is better and more healthy to arise early than to stay up late at night. But although thou risest very early, do not leave the house until thou hearest that the neighbours and artisans have opened their houses and shops; and make thou the sign of the Cross and go to church, and always repeat a short prayer at the door before thou goest forth out of the house. Thou must only eat twice a day, in the morning at dinner and in the evening at supper, and never drink except at meal-times, and if thou dost this thou wilt keep in good health; moreover, it is the life for a man, and eating every hour is the life for a beast. Drink as little as thou canst, twice at each meal-time; if many wines are placed before thee, choose one that is good and drink of that until it is finished, and drink it mixed with water. When thou arisest in the morning always wash thy hand

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and thy face before thou leavest the house, and likewise before thou sittest down to table to dine, to break thy fast, or to sup; and also, when thou risest from table after dinner or supper, wash thy hands and thy mouth and thy teeth, and thus wilt thou be clean; and likewise is it good manners.

On matters of family life we find very valuable advice! The expectant mother must "take heed that she do not fatigue herself or drink unmixed wine, and she must have a care that she do not sit or lie upon the ground either in summer or in winter. If she desireth to eat anything, let her have it temperately and with discretion." The child "must be kept clean and warm, and it must be often looked at and examined limb by limb." During the first year of its life the child is to have nothing but mother's milk, and after that it may have other things little by little, together with milk; when it is six or seven years old it must be taught to read, and then it must begin to learn the trade it most prefers. Paolo has but little faith in nurses; he says:

See that the nurse is wise and honest and of good manners, and that she be not given to drinking or drunkenness, for children do often drink in the nurse's nature together with her milk. And see that she doth not give the child the milk of goats or sheep or asses, or other beast to drink, for the boy or girl who is nourished upon the milk of a beast hath not a perfect understanding, but seemeth always to have a vain and foolish countenance, and to be without full powers of reasoning.

It would be interesting to know if the foolishness and vanity with which we come into daily contact is the result of artificial feeding?

The girls shalt thou dress well; do not let them grow too fat, and teach them to perform all the work of the household; that is, to make bread, wash the body, sift grain, to cook, to wash linen and make beds, to spin and sew, to weave French purses or to embroider in silk with the needle, to cut out garments in linen and cloth, to put new feet upon the hose, and all such like things; so that when they marry it may not be said of them that they come out of the woods.

It appears that he had no very high opinion of women:

Woman is a light thing and vain, wherefore she is in great peril when

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she hath no husband. If thou hast women in thine house keep them shut up as much as possible, and return thou home very often and keep them in fear and trembling; and take heed that they have always something to do in the house, which they never neglect, for an idle man or woman is in great danger.

Nevertheless, in certain circumstances our good man is indulgent enough, but perhaps with an ulterior motive: "If thou hast maidens and young women in thine house, and if, as often happeneth, some of them are gazed upon by young men, do not thou be moved to fury or anger against those young men." When it is a question of disposing of the goods it is wise not to be too particular!

In the contrary case, however, one must keep one's eyes open.

When thou takest a wife have a care that she is born of a good father and a good mother, and that her grandmother is of good repute, for it doth not often happen that when the mother of a damsel is good and likewise her grandmother, that the damsel herself is bad. Take great heed that the wife thou choosest is not born of a family where there is sickness, or consumption, or scrofula, or madness, or scurvy, or gout, for it often happeneth that the children who are born of her have all or some of these faults or blemishes!

But besides questions of pathological heredity, the man must pay attention to the wife's appearance, manners and morals: "See that thou choosest a woman of wisdom and a fine figure, and thou shalt have fine children of her, and if she is wise she will be good." Moralists in general are against the marrying of widows, and neither does Paolo look upon them with a favourable eye:

If thou art able, beware of taking a widow woman for thy wife, because thou wilt never be able to satisfy her, and every time that thou refusest her anything she may ask of thee she will say, "My other husband did not treat me thus!" Truly, if thou hast already had another wife thou mayest take her with greater safety, and if she saith, "My other husband did not treat me thus," or "Blessed be the soul of so-and-so," thou canst reply, "Blessed be the soul of Madonna so-an-so, who did not cause me this tribulation every day!" And if it is thy misfortune to be obliged to marry a second time see that thy second wife be not better born than was the first, so that she may not be able to say unto thee, "It is more proper for me than it was

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for her, because I am born of a greater family and of more honourable parentage.'"

And if thou hast sons,

teach them divers trades and not all the same, because they cannot be all of the same mind. Inquire of them, each one for himself, which trade or calling he desireth to follow, then put him to that trade and he will become a far better master than if thou didst put him to one of thy choosing.

If thou desirest that thy sons should be citizens or inhabitants of any special country, town or city, send them that they may be brought up and grow up there, and there learn their trade or business, and say not, "I will send him as a child into France, and there he shall grow up and learn to trade with the merchandise of France." Because when he is thirty years old or thereabouts, and returneth to live in Florence, he will not be a good master, nor a clever and experienced merchant in Florence as he was in France, because, having grown up there and having many friends there, his mind is likewise always in France. And at everything contrary which happeneth to him in Florence, he will say, "If I had been in France this would not have happened unto me!" And it is the same thing with other countries. Nevertheless, it is sometimes necessary to go into strange countries.

If thou hast a son who is not doing well in thine opinion in thy country, place him immediately with a merchant who will send him into another country. Or send him unto some dear friend of thine; then he will forget the habits of his own country and will form new habits, and perchance he will amend his ways and do well; there is nothing else to be done, because if he remained with thee he would never change his ways.

Our good merchant also occupied himself with what we should nowadays call *social relations*.

Take heed to consort always with good persons, and with men who are older than thee, and whom thou believest to be wiser and better than thyself; and consort always with those who are richer and greater than thou art, and with men of good manners. Beware of speaking evil of thy friend or companion or neighbour, or of thy Commune, because when thou thinkest to speak evil of those with whom thou art accustomed to consort, thou speakest evil of thine own self; wherefore must thou never have dealings with persons who are evil or vicious, nor frequent their company.

Evil speaking is one of the great sins, and it is irremediable, because if thou wouldst be forgiven thou must give back his good repute unto him from whom thou hast taken it away. And how canst thou render it him again, for thou hast spoken ill of him unto twenty persons, and those twenty persons have repeated it unto an hundred, and those hundred will speak ill of him

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unto a thousand, and thus is evil repute spread about amongst many. And if thou shouldst say, "I will now speak good of him," the good will not come unto the ears of all those who heard the evil.

Then Paolo gives further moral directions regarding gambling, also on the subject of the "women belonging to others," of whom he says, "bethink thee that they are all made after one fashion and therefore do not love one more than another;" benefits bestowed should be esteemed but little and never remembered or regretted; of the *maltolto*, or money unduly obtained, he says, "beware of taking it, in order that thou mayest not have to render it again, which would seem too hard for thee." In a civil community like that of Florence in those days, in which it was necessary to be suspicious of everything, it was imperative to cultivate habits of caution. To trust anyone who has already deceived you is folly and "simplicity," wherefore, "beware of trusting a second time him who hath already deceived thee once; for there is a saying of a certain wise man which saith, 'whosoever cheateth thee once, God will curse him; whosoever cheateth thee twice, God will curse him and thee; whosoever cheateth thrice, God will curse thee alone.'" And in order not to find oneself in a position to be obliged to repeat this bitter saying "it is safer to keep silence thyself than to pray another to keep silence; wherefore take heed never to tell thy secret unto another, because thus thou becomest the servant of him whom thou prayest that he will not reveal the secret thou has told unto him."

But now let us come to the more practical advice which concerns business matters and merchandise.

The first maxim we come across is rather of an egoistical order, but it has the merit of being as sincere as though it came out of the American book! "Labour always rather for thyself than for others," to which our moralist adds:

A very fine and great thing is it to understand how to earn money, but a finer and greater thing is it to understand how to spend it with discretion and when it is needful, and always to know how to keep and guard that which hath

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been left thee by thy father or other kindred. Money which a man hath not earned is more quickly spent than that which he hath earned with the sweat of his brow and with labour and care.

With regard to expenses he gives minute and valuable advice:

Give good heed to the small sums thou spendest out of the house, for it is they which empty the purse and consume wealth, and they go on continually. And do not buy all the good victuals which thou seest, for the house is like a wolf, the more thou givest it the more doth it devour.

When thou dost establish a shop or a warehouse in thine own country or in a foreign country, see that thou choosest a house in the best part of the town, if thou canst obtain it. And see also that the workmen thou takest are the best and most expert that are to be had in the trade thou wouldst follow; and look not to the cost, for neither the hire of a good house nor the wage of good workmen ever was dear. Thou shalt not delight in going to law; do thou rather accept less from him who oweth thee without a lawsuit than more with a lawsuit. When thou makest an agreement of any kind, take a book and write down in it the day whereon the agreement is made, and the notary who maketh it, and the witnesses, and the reason and with whom it is made, so that if thou or thy children have need of it they may find it ready. Always have thy last will ready written, and if it happeneth that thou desirest to add to it, or to erase somewhat, then make thou another will and annul the first.

Whilst on the subject of wills our Paolo relates a delightful story, which would appeal even to an American merchant of to-day; it is an *example*, which he entitles, "The Will of Giovanni Cavazza":

This Giovanni Cavazza was a wealthy man who had two daughters, and when they were of a marriageable age he married them to two noble youths and gave to each one a large portion. Now, having given all that he possessed unto his sons-in-law, Giovanni was left poor, but this was not known either unto his sons-in-law or his daughters; and as he desired to live honourably, as he had been used to do all his life, he spake thus unto his sons-in-law and his daughters: "I have now grown old and have but a short while to live, wherefore I must make my will." And he procured a strong chest with two locks and placed inside it a very large bar of iron and a writing which said, "*This is the will of Giovanni Cavazza; he who unto others doth give himself and all, by this rod of iron shall he be killed withal.*" And he locked the chest very carefully with two keys, and one he gave unto the Brothers Minor and the other he gave unto the Preaching Friars (the Franciscans and the Dominicans), saying unto them, "Ye shall not give these keys unto any person so long as I shall live; after my death give them unto so-and-so, my sons-in-law, because I desire

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that they should be my heirs and should inherit after me that which I have reserved for myself in case I should fall into distress." Then he went unto one who was an old and dear friend and said unto him, "Lend me two gold florins." And he lent them, and Giovanni Cavazza invited his daughters and his sons-in-law to dinner; and after they had eaten he said unto them, "Wait ye for me here in the hall," and he shut himself up in his chamber. And there he began to count that money over and over again. The sons-in-law and the daughters watched at the keyhole and beheld the money. And Giovanni said aloud unto himself, "Whoever doeth good unto me, so will I do unto him; if these my sons-in-law and my daughters behave themselves well unto me, I will leave them the whole of this. And verily, if I should die of hunger, never in my life will I touch one penny of this money, for I desire that my daughters should have it all." And the daughters and their husbands heard all that he said; and when he had done this for a great while he made pretence of replacing the money and then issued forth from his chamber taking that money with him, but his sons-in-law believed that it was in the chest. Then he called his sons-in-law unto him and said, "Help me now and treat ye me well, and I will leave you rich men." And from that day forward they each strove who should do him the most honour, and clothe him and feed him and bear him company. At last he made his will and left much money to friars and priests and hospitals and to the poor, all for the love of God, and his sons-in-law did he leave to be his heirs, and they did bind themselves to pay the debts which he should leave unpaid. And he ordered that, so soon as he should be buried, the friars should give the keys unto his sons-in-law; and to these he said, "Bury me honourably, for ye can well do it, considering what I shall leave unto you." Each promised that he would do so. After this Giovanni lived with his sons-in-law and his daughters for a long time and in great honour, and at their expense. Then he died, and they caused him to be buried with much honour; and they returned home, thinking it a thousand years till they should obtain the keys. And they went to fetch them, but first they paid the debts, as Giovanni had ordered. And when the debts were paid they were given the keys, and they returned home and opened the chest and found therein the iron bar and the writing: "*This is the will of Giovanni Cavazza; he who unto others doth give himself and all, by this rod of iron shall he be killed withal.*"

Now this *example*, which is distinguished by that pleasant cheerfulness which enlivens some of Boccaccio's tales, this jest which pleased our moralist so much that he related it twice in his pages, and not without a touch of malice in his enjoyment, gives us an insight into certain hidden aspects of his nature, certain incorrigible defects in his character of astute and circumspect merchant. Beneath the habit of the devout moralist

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we discover the striped hose and the purse of the merchant; under the outward semblance of religious unction we recognise the furtive cunning of that native trickery which neither religion nor *examples* could succeed in restraining. That American merchant makes no pretences, because he belongs to a different age and a different race; he knows no waverings between good and evil, for the simple reason that he looks only to the useful, into which either of the other qualities may enter with varying percentage. The fourteenth-century merchant wants to make a good profit, but he always keeps an eye on the safety of his soul, and his consequent uncertainties are easy to read between the lines of his counsels. Listen to the practical and crafty advice he offers in matters of business:

When thou hast need that another should render thee a service, go into his house, that is, into the house of the man from whom thou art going to ask the service, because he will not refuse thee in his own house as he would do outside.

If thou buyest a field or a vineyard, see that thou buyest a field that is small and good rather than one that is large and barren, because thou wilt always find labourers in the good field.

If thou dost dwell at thy country house, beware of consorting together with the labourers when they take their rest, because they do all drink and are heated with wine and have their weapons about them, wherefore do thou let them alone upon feast days. If thou hast aught to do with the labourers go unto them when they are working in the fields and thou shalt find them humble and meek, with the goodness of the plough, the spade and the hoe. If thou hast to reckon with them, never do it at thy country house but make them come into the city and there do thy reckoning; because if thou dost it in the country all the other labourers will take the part of thy labourers against thee, and thou wilt not be able to prevent them getting the better of thee and always putting thee in the wrong.

When thou goest to dwell in a strange place, seek to have as many friends as thou canst, and especially a priest or friar of good and honest life, and a physician. Endeavour likewise to obtain the friendship of one or more of the great men of the place, not spending too much money upon them, however; by doing them a little honour, thou, who art a stranger, will incline unto thee any courteous and wise man. See that thou causest such things as will please them to be brought from thine own city and give them unto them once or twice a year; such things as a fine sword, or a fine knife, or bells for a falcon, or jesses or hoods, and similar things, or rings or belts, or bags or silken purses, which may be useful for him or for his wife or his children.

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But still more business-like is the technical advice Paolo gives:

When thou buyest corn or other grain see that the measure be not filled up at one pouring in, for thereby wilt thou lose always one or two *per cento*. But when thou sellest, then do this, and thy grain will increase.

If thou hast money to lay out and hast but a little money, then buy small grain rather than corn, because thou wilt thus gain two *soldi* upon every bushel of grain the same as though it were corn, and that grain will cost thee but the third of the price of corn. Moreover, in times of scarcity thou wilt be able to sell it more easily,

If thou buyest other merchandise, buy it when it fetcheth only a small price and is but seldom asked for, and thou canst not make a mistake; for in a little while thou wilt sell it to thine advantage and cannot lose thy money.

When thou buyest wine, always ask of the man from whom thou buyest in what manner he doth mix it and when is the time to put it into new vessels, and do thou the same and the wine will not be spoiled.

If thou art engaged in any business and other letters come tied up together with thine own (in those days there were neither posts nor stamps!), always remember to read thine own letters before giving the others unto those to whom they belong. And if thy letters advise thee to buy or sell any merchandise to thine advantage, send immediately for the broker and do that which thy letters advise, and then afterwards give the letters which came with thine own. But do not give them before thou hast concluded thine own business, because those letters could perchance advise something which would injure thy business, and the service which thou hast rendered with the letters unto thy friend or neighbour or unto a stranger might cause great hurt unto thee, and thou shouldst never serve others and thereby hurt thyself or thine own affairs.

It is advisable to be prudent and careful with one's neighbours:

Always stand well with thy neighbours, because people always inquire of them concerning thine affairs before they inquire of thee, and in matters both of honour and disgrace they can greatly harm thee.

And above all things be circumspect!

When thou art in the house of another, beware of speaking evil of any person belonging to that house.

Moreover, beware when thou art in the street, or against a division of planks or a thin wall, of saying aught that thou wouldst not that every man should hear. When thou enterest into a chamber, say nothing until thou

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knowest for a certainty who is in that chamber; because, behind the curtain or some other hidden place, there might be shut up or concealed a person who would hearken unto all thy deeds or sayings. If thou desirest to speak of secret things, go thou to speak thy secrets in an open place, or in a field, or meadow or open ground, but look well that there be no person near who can hear thee, and beware of hedges, of trees, caves, or walls, or the corners of streets, where other persons might be hidden.

But wherefore all these precautions? Perhaps to whisper into the ear of friend or companion advice like this last which I shall repeat here:

When thou sittest among the judges, receive though no gifts which have been sent unto thee from either side; but I tell thee, on the contrary, that if in a court of law thou hast need of the friendship of some lord or ruler of a place, his friendship is very easily gained if thou makest gifts unto him. Look and see who of his household is the most in his confidence, and make thou friends first with that person and bestow something upon him, and then ask help and counsel of him, and he will show thee how to obtain the love of his lord and how to present unto him the thing for which the man heareth his lord hath the greatest desire.

Truly this reads almost like a scene from Shakespeare! Iago in secret converse with Shylock!

GUIDO BIAGI.

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THE HOPE[1]

I

I HAVING youth yet in my blood,
Being yet the fool of dreams, would hold
What Epicurus taught of old,
That sober-minded demi-god;

Would live and love, would learn men's ways,
Some pleasure seek, not trust thereto,
Be what I am, do as men do,
And look on Heaven with tranquil gaze.

I would, but cannot. Ah, how dream
Without a hope, without a fear?
Infinity so close and clear
Can Reason see, nor ask the scheme?

This world—what is it? Man—why there,
A conscience cowering from the skies?
To walk, as beasts, with earthward eyes,
And say, Naught is but Now and Here:

This count you happiness? Not I!
This soul, chance-summoned from the deep,
Is seed of woman: laugh or weep,
Human I live and human die.

[1] A rendering of Alfred de Musset's "L'Espoir en Dieu."

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II

How live then ?—Heathen wisdom cries,
Eat, drink, and die ! God takes no heed.
Believe, returns the Christian creed,
Immortal soul 'neath sleepless eyes.

'Twixt these I falter, fain to see
Some byeway easier. But a voice
Cries, Faith or No Faith is the choice:
Earth here, Heaven yonder—which for thee ?

How gainsay ? To whate'er extreme
The soul run wildly, I know well
Worldling at heart is infidel;
One soul-quake ends the lotus-dream.

I yield; and since Earth cannot fill
My soul's desire, my heart's dismay,
I choose Belief; I kneel, and say,
What is my end, and what His will ?

III

Behold me in the hand of One
More awful than the sum of woe,
A mote of misery below
An eye unsleeping as the sun.

How can I fail offend His power ?
A pulse too quick doth disobey;
Hell's at my feet; one step astray—
Eternity atones an hour.

I see beneath the headsman's mask
The judge's eyes. All changes name;
Love he writes Sin, and Pleasure, Shame;
Sev'n deadly snares His sev'n days' task.

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Why then, farewell my human soul!
Can virtue or repentance be
With wage to work for, wrath to flee,
Terror for guide, and Death for goal?

IV

You say: To souls elect is given
An endless joy. But, were it vain,
Will you give this life back again?
If true, have you the keys of Heaven?

A lonely and unpeopled land
Should be the country promised there;
Our spirits too world-weary were,
Too white the raiment you demand.

I am but Man: I climb no higher,
I claim no less. Ah, where find ground
If in the Church it is not found?
Shall Doubt go of the World enquire?

V

I rouse me when such dreams oppress;
In things of sense I seek relief;
But Pleasure's cordial is too brief,
And leaves too deadly bitterness.

Aye, should I dare blaspheme outright,
And end all doubt by doubting all,
Whate'er Life offers have at call,
Beyond man's boundless appetite:

Let power be mine, health, riches, love,
Life's crowning good: in all her charms
Bring Aphrodite to my arms
From azure isle and cedarn grove:

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Let me have force from Earth to tear
The secrets of her motherhood,
Transform all matter as I would,
And mould my own ideal of fair:

Let those who once in Hellas trod,
Or Rome, the way of natural zest,
Sit at my side and call me blest,
Preach joy of Joy, and scorn of God:

To all one answer must be given:
I suffer in your soul-less mirth:
A splendid hope has touched the earth;
We cannot keep our gaze from Heaven.

VI

On Faith my reason cannot feed,
On Doubt my heart. The Christian way
Affrights me; yet if any say,
There is no God, I will not heed.

The faithful call me Infidel,
And Fool the worldly. Where betake
My stricken soul? What hand can make
The heart that Doubt hath wounded well?

VII

'Tis said Philosophy hath showed,
Untaught of God, a golden mean;
Hath found a way of life between
The Priest-path and the World's broad road.

Granted! Then bring me to the man
Who without Faith hath found out Truth!
What trusts he in? Himself forsooth,
Each small soul in his own small plan.

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One holds, Two principles at war
By turns prevail, undying each;
One finds a God no prayer can reach,
Alone in Heaven, aloof, afar.

Come Plato, Aristotle then;
Each age a new solution brings;
Where kings are, God is King of Kings;
Republics make him Citizen.

Some change the human shape of me;
Some whirl me in a vortex-dance;
Ask all things, answer none; perchance
Raise devils of their own and flee.

One doubts my eyesight; one my brain;
Down with all systems, cries Voltaire;
Spinoza thinks God everywhere,
But seeks Him everywhere in vain.

Man is mere clockwork, then 'twas taught;
And last that man of words appears,
Who pulled the house about our ears,
Showed Heaven empty, all things naught.

VIII

Amid the wreck of schools I sit,
And think what ages, year on year,
Have laboured to solve Doubt; and here
Behold the utter end of it!

Ah, vanity of vanities!
Poor creatures of a thousand dreams,
Ye saw the light of Heaven, it seems,
And only lacked the wings to rise.

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Your boastings hid the wound at heart;
Ye bore the selfsame pangs as I;
And gazing on Infinity
Felt all your pulses prick and start.

Come then! No more will we pursue
Your childish spellings, aimless groans;
For ye are dead, and o'er your bones
I bow my knees and pray for you.

Draw nigh, ye dreamers of to-day,
With those of old, the Pagans wise
And Christians. Prayer is Hope that cries.
Think! He may hear us!—Let us Pray!

For just He is and good, to grief
Most pitiful, and pardons sin.
What hurt, if Heaven hold none within?
Who heareth, let Him send relief!

IX

Thou whom none knoweth, yet they lie
Who say Thou art not, speak with me!
I am because Thou bidst me be,
And when Thou bidst me, I must die.

Much of Thyself Thou showest us;
Yet such a darkness hides Thy face,
Faith stumbles in the holy place.
Alas, why tempt Thy creature thus?

He lifts his head: the heavens to him
A Lord Omnipotent reveal;
The earth, that lieth 'neath his heel,
Is all a temple, vast and dim.

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Something that in his bosom reigns,
This too he thinks is Thee: his woes,
His agonies, his love, he knows,
A greater than himself ordains.

And this hath been, since earth began,
Of noble souls the noblest aim,
To prove Thou art, and Thy hid name
To spell in letters of a man.

Diverse the names men know Thee by,
As Brahma, Jesus, Jupiter,
Truth, Justice; yet I dare aver
To Thee all hands are stretched on high.

To Thee the meanest wretch will raise,
For but the promise of relief
In the murk midnight of his grief,
An unpremeditated praise.

Thee all Creation magnifies;
There sings no bird but doth adore,
Nor falls one rain-drop but therefor
A million benedictions rise.

All Thou hast made we find to be
Lovely and wonderful and good;
And at Thy smile the whole earth would
Fall at Thy feet and worship Thee.

X

Then, wherefore with all power to bless,
Hast Thou created strength so vast
Of evil, to let shrink aghast
Reason alike and Righteousness?

Google

While all earth's voices thus declare
The great divinity of things,
Attesting surely that all springs
From an Almighty Father's care;

How is it that so oft a deed
Is done beneath yon holy sky
So foul that even prayer will die
Struck dumb upon the lips of need?

Why discord in so sweet a strain?
Is plague Thy servant? Crime Thy will?
And Death—dear God, why reigneth still
This other king in Thy domain?

XI

Was not a great compassion Thine
When, weeping, out of chaos rose,
With all its joys and all its woes,
A world so sad and so divine?

Yet if it pleased Thee, Lord, to cast
Upon man's neck a yoke so stern,
Why give him eyesight, to discern
Thy presence in the cloudy Vast?

Man had not murmured, doomed to crawl,
Had no diviner dream been sent.
We perish of our discontent.
Oh, show us naught, or show us all!

If to approach Thy dwelling-place
The thing Thou madest is too mean,
The veil of Nature should have been
More closely wov'n before Thy face.

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Thine had been still the thunderclaps;
The bolts had fall'n on us the same;
But misery, unheard Thy name,
Had slept a dreamless sleep perhaps.

XII

If prayer may never reach to Thee,
O King of Glory, close the door
On Thy lone splendour! Evermore
From mortals hide Eternity!

But if an ear to earth inclined
Be yonder, and to grief awake;
If the Eternal Country take
Heed of the moaning of mankind;

Oh, rend the Heaven! Break up the height,
The depth, between Thy works and Thee!
Tear off the veil, that Earth may see
The Fount of good, the Judge of right!

XIII

Ah, what a world should then be found!
No loveless heart, no faithless soul.
Yea, all mankind, from pole to pole,
Should bow before Thee to the ground.

The tears, that from our earth-sick eyes
Run ever in unceasing fount,
Should like the dews of morning mount
A mist of silver to the skies.

No voice should any more withstand,
But all in concert sing Thy praise,
Sweet as the hymns that angels raise
Where Thou art in the Eternal Land.

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Doubts, blasphemies, an evil horde,
Should flee from the loud hymns of Faith;
And, last of all the vanquished, Death
With dying breath cry Praise the Lord!

F. W. Bourdillon.

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ON THE LINE

RIDICULE is often successful where plain logic fails. The politician who wishes to expose the weaknesses of an opponent's case is hard put to it if humour is not a part of his natural equipment. The author of **What Might Have Been** (Murray: 6*s.*) has no lack of that essential. He writes with the satire which burns. He has the gift of insight also; and sees the future as the Fabians do not paint it; but as it well might be if a certain order of Socialism were triumphant. We are shown England in the "Collateral Year." Things have changed since this present day of grace. Demos is in office, and absolute. His hobnailed boots have stamped upon most of our institutions. The House of Lords is gone, with no second Chamber to take its place. Home Rule is a fact. Peace at any price has become the Imperial policy; the House of Commons is overwhelmingly commonplace; Tammany has become Anglicised. The orators of Tower Hill make our laws, mismanage the departments and fill their pockets. Socialism, of the bowler-hat order, is a fact; and jobbery and doles its consequences.

The multitudinous effects of government by the mob's puppets are mordantly described in this humorous, angry book. Art and commerce, laws and learning do die, under this withering, soulless governance. The hope of England—of honesty and the high ideals—slumbers, until another Hampden rises to undo the people's wrongs. The story, of course, has its

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impossibilities; but it is a fair answer to the Utopian pictures drawn by Edward Bellamy and Mr. Wells.

The distinguished position occupied by Sir Oliver Lodge has caused his recent expressions of opinion on the great theme of religion to be received with profound interest and respect. It was recognised that they mark a new attitude on the part of science towards religion, and give earnest hope of some better understanding being come to between theologians and scientists than has existed since 1859, when the "Origin of Species" came to revolutionise old ideas and to rouse and stimulate new. Sir Oliver Lodge has cast his conclusions in the form of a catechism, and published it under the title, **The Substance of Faith allied with Science** (Methuen: 2*s.* net). This little volume combines deductions from the discoveries of modern science with a grateful recognition of the laws and power and glory of a Divine all-ruling Creator. Its author denies emphatically Herbert Spencer's idea that the world arose by chance, and is a mere fortuitous concourse of atoms; claiming that no science sustains such a notion. Of course, very many of the Christian dogmas are intentionally left untouched in this new catechism: it being felt by its formulator that the life of Jesus, His ideals and teaching, and, more even than that, His example of service and self-sacrifice, are enough to help and encourage humanity to its own amendment.

It is, no doubt, upon the rock of dogma that the storm of controversy—if this book rouses one—will break. There are so many good people to whom the letter of the Scriptures is an infallible word; and the doctrines of the Church necessary to be retained in their indefiniteness and entirety. But beyond them, there is a thoughtful multitude, whose infant faith has been seriously affected by the discoveries and theories of the evolutionists, who will be relieved to find it is possible to retain faith in Christ and the All-Father, and yet keep confidence that the reverent inquiries of scientific men have been trending steadily toward the truth.

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